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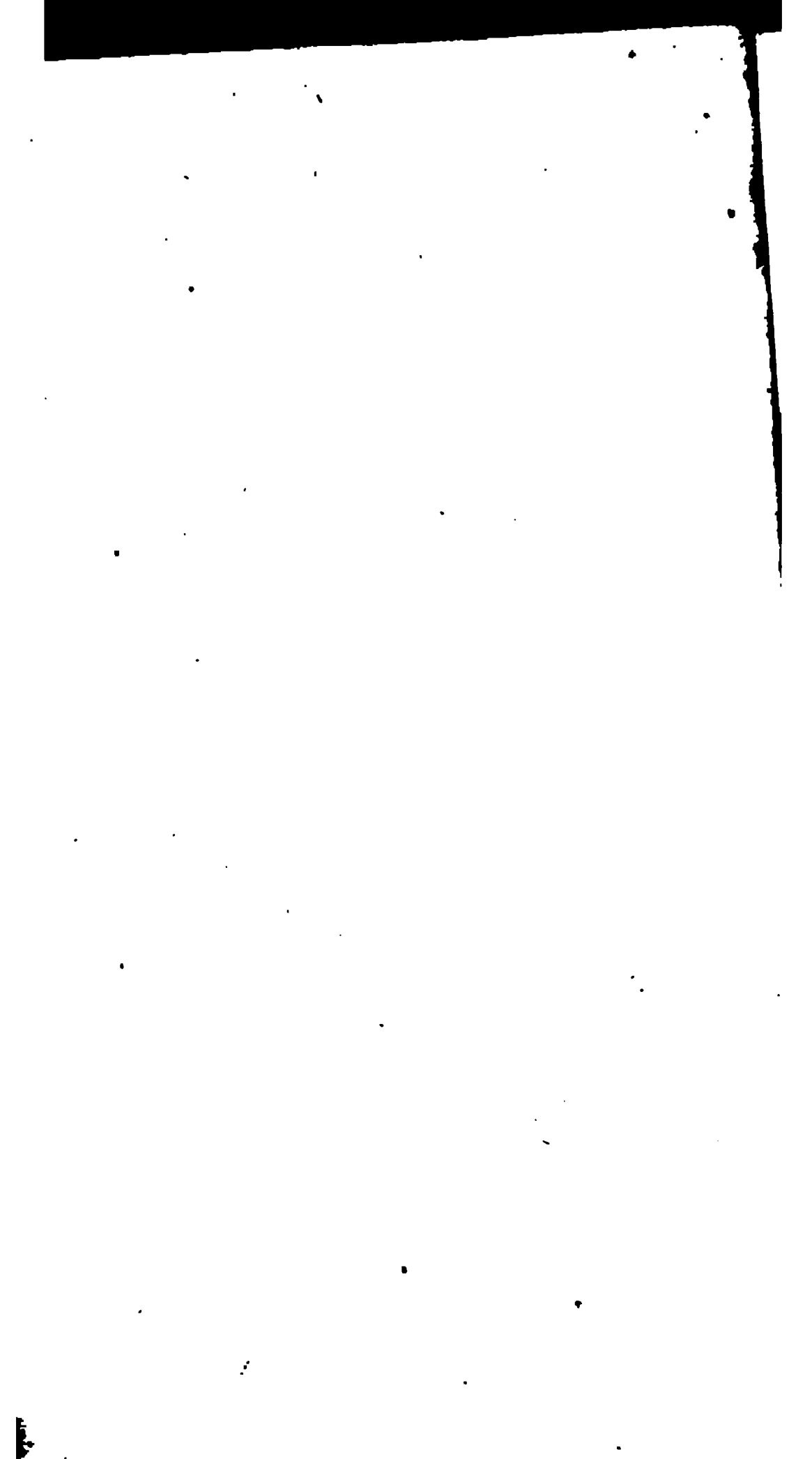
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7
New England
June 1818

PUBLIC WORSHIP,
OR

Devotion:

TAKE, FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS

OF THE LATE

EDDOME, A. M.

Recommendatory Words.

H. J. M. S.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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NOV 10 1891

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

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H Y M N S

ADAPTED TO PUBLIC WORSHIP,

OR

Family Devotion:

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED, FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS

OF THE LATE

REV. B. BEDDOME, A. M.

With a Recommendatory Preface

BY THE

REV. R. HALL, A. M.



LONDON:

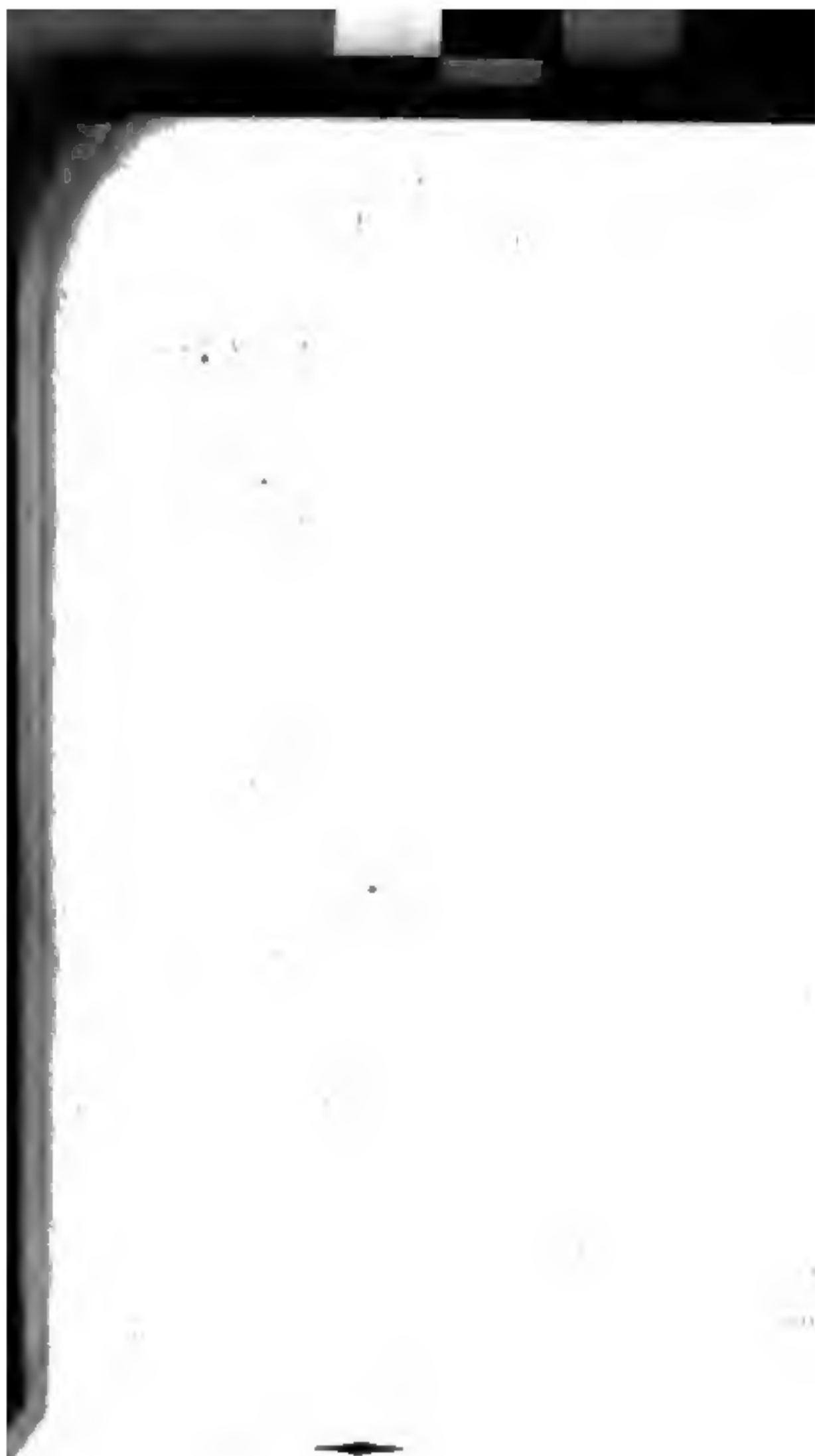
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1818.

147. g. 337.



RECOMMENDATORY PREFACE.

FAR be it from me to indulge the presumptuous idea of adding to the merited reputation of Mr. BEDDOME, by my feeble suffrage. But having had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with that eminent man, and cherished a high esteem for his memory, I am induced to comply the more cheerfully with the wishes of the Editor, by prefixing a few words to the present publication.

Mr. BEDDOME was on many accounts an extraordinary person. His mind was cast in an original mould; his conceptions on every subject were eminently his own; and where the stamina of his thoughts were the same as other men's, (as must often be the case with the most original thinkers) a peculiarity marked the mode of their exhibition. Favoured *with the advantages* of a learned edu-

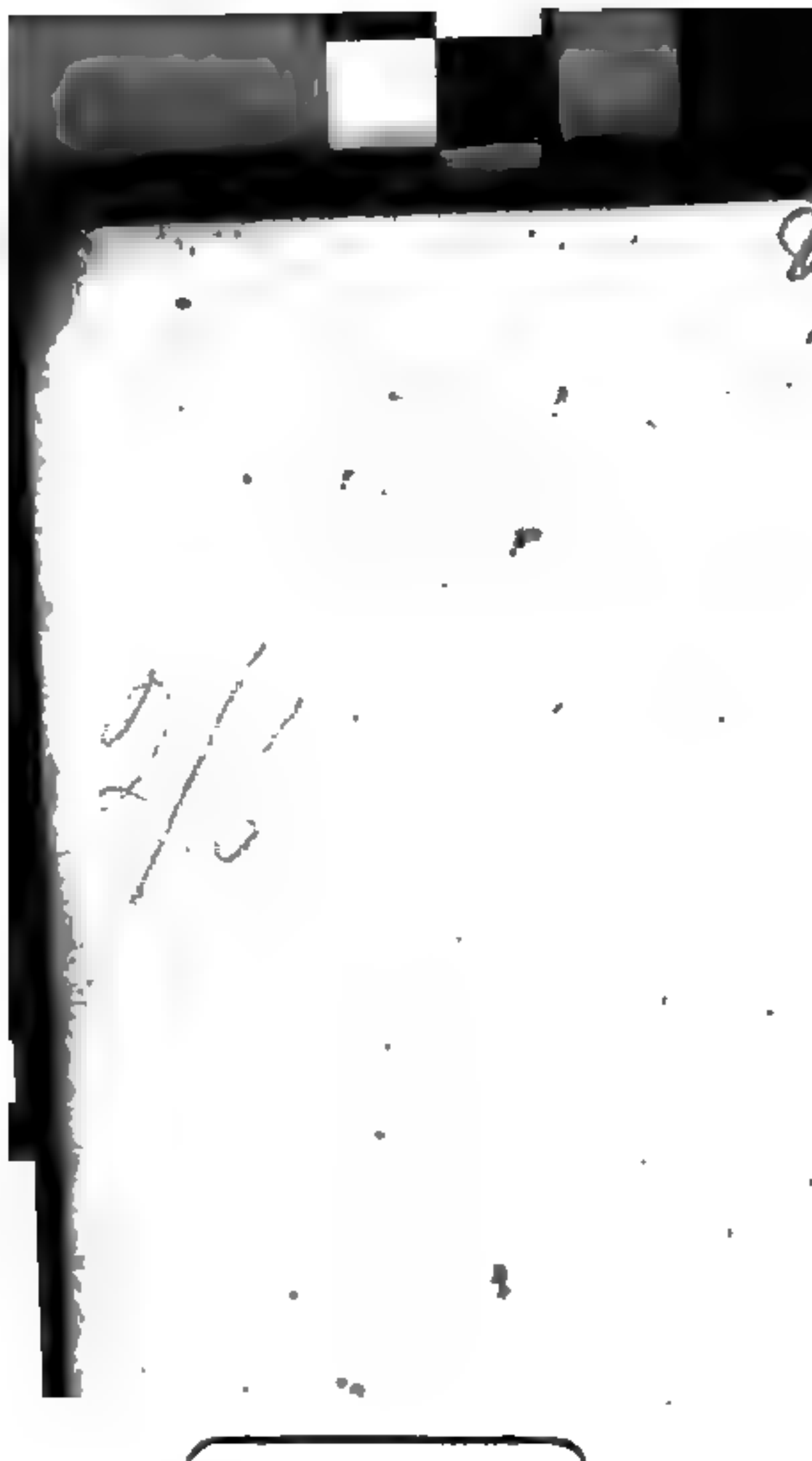
education, he continued to the last to cultivate an acquaintance with the best writers of antiquity, to which he was much indebted for the chaste, terse, and nervous diction, which distinguished his compositions both in prose and verse. Though he spent the principal part of a long life in a village retirement, he was eminent for his colloquial powers, in which he displayed the urbanity of the gentleman, and the erudition of the scholar, combined with a more copious vein of attic salt than any person it has been my lot to know.

As a Preacher, he was universally admired for the piety and unction of his sentiments, the felicity of his arrangement, and the purity, force, and simplicity of his language; all which were recommended by a delivery perfectly natural and graceful. His printed discourses, taken from the manuscripts which he left behind him at his decease, are fair specimens of his usual performances in the pulpit. They are eminent for the qualities already mentioned; and

thor concealed from himself, have been justly appreciated by the religious public.

As a religious Poet, his excellence has long been known and acknowledged in dissenting congregations, in consequence of several admirable compositions, inserted in some popular compilations. This however is the first time the public have been presented with a Volume of Devotional Poetry of his own production.

The variety of the subjects treated of, the poetical beauty and elevation of some, the simple pathos of others, and the piety and justness of thought, which pervade all the compositions in the succeeding volume, will we trust be deemed a valuable accession to the treasures of sacred poetry, equally adapted to the closet and to the sanctuary. The man of taste will be gratified with the beautiful and original turns of thought which many of them exhibit, while the experimental christian will *often perceive* the most secret *movements of his soul* strikingly delineated,

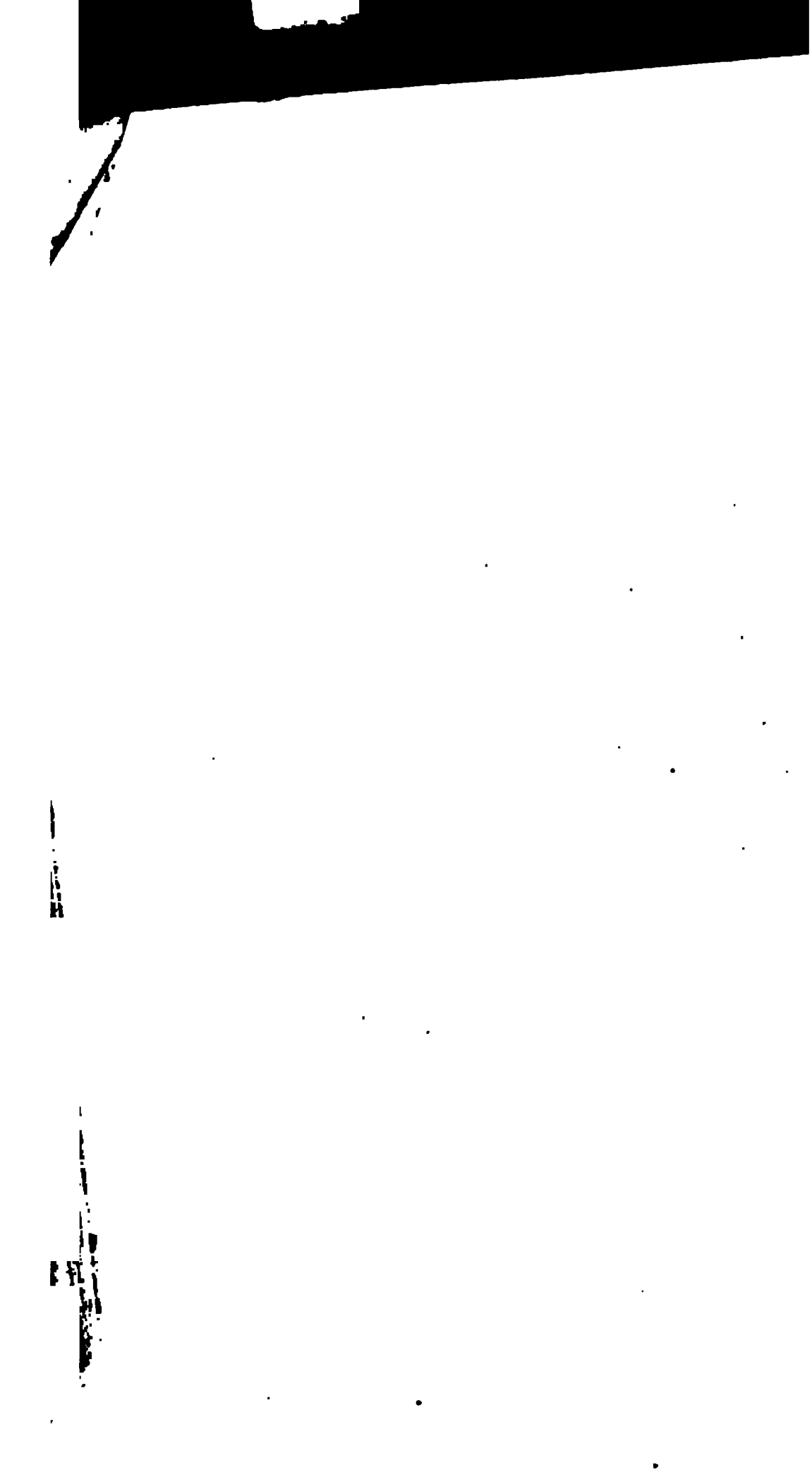


EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE venerable Author of the following Hymns did not compose them with the view of their being published. During a long-continued and highly useful ministry, he was in the habit of preparing a few verses suited to the subject of his pulpit discourses, and which were sung in his own congregation, more or less frequently, at the close of the public services. Many of these compositions were afterwards given away in manuscript ; others were taken down by some of the hearers at the time of delivery, and disposed of in a similar way ; so that in process of time, several hundreds of them were in private circulation among the friends of the Author, and some few found their way into the periodical publications of the day.

Some years previous to his death, Mr. Beddome collected and arranged a large proportion of these poetical effusions, and inserted them in a closely-written MS. *for the use of his own family after his decease, as also several volumes of Sermons, but still*

For England
June 1818.



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Lord let my prayer like incense rise	440
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 My soul with all its powers - - -
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HYMNS.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

1. *The Majesty of God.* (L. M.)

- 1 **WE** sing the majesty of God,
Whose wisdom spread the heavens abroad ;
To him creation owes its birth,
His mighty arm sustains the earth.
- 2 Should angels or archangels dare,
With him their glories to compare,
He soon in wrath would make them know,
Himself how high, themselves how low.
- 3 His essence fills unbounded space,
His ways our highest thoughts surpass ;
In worlds unnumbered and unknown,
He reigns unrivaled and alone.
- 4 The evening shade, the morning light,
The sun by day and stars by night,
Unite their voices to proclaim,
The awful grandeur of his name.
- 5 He sees our griefs with pitying eyes,
His liberal hand our need supplies ;
From him full streams of mercy flow,
To cheer this gloomy vale below.
- 6 Thou God of *grace* and matchless power,
With reverence we thy name adore ;
To thee our grateful songs we raise,
Though feeble are our notes of praise.

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

2. *Greatness of God.* (C. M.)

- 1 **THY** greatness, Lord, what thought can reach,
What mortal tongue can tell ?
Thy throne is fixed, thy power extends,
O'er heaven and earth and hell.
- 2 Who can evade or who resist,
The vengeance of a God ?
Thy wrath vindictive, once provoked,
Spreads terror all abroad.
- 3 The wide dominion and the power,
The sovereignty is thine ;
'Tis thine the universe to rule,
With majesty divine.
- 4 To thee, by all the hosts of heaven,
And all of human race,
Be everlasting honours given,
And universal praise.

3. *Greatness of God.* (L. M.)

- 1 **THE** highest heavens, the brightest sun,
Are but faint emblems of their Lord ;
He is the great the mighty One,
Strong is his arm, and true his word.
- 2 On earth what can with him compare ?
Princes from him derive their power ;
Riches but sordid trifles are,
And beauty but a fading flower.
- 3 He formed the stars, those glittering orbs,
Which move and shine at his command ;
He made the boisterous sea, and curbs
Its raging billows with his hand.
- 4 *His awful* thunder shakes the skies,
The dusky clouds he makes his throne ;
With fearful speed his lightning flies,
And storms of hail come rattling down.

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

- 5 The blustering winds his will obey,
All nature trembles at his nod ;
He governs with resistless sway,
And spreads his terrors all abroad.

4. *God's Dominion.* (L. M.)

- 1 **THY** throne, oh God, for ever stands,
Founded in truth and righteousness ;
Kingdoms dissolve beneath thy hands,
And tyrants dare no more oppress.
- 2 Angels before thee cast their crowns,
And humbly bow their lofty heads ;
Hell feels the terror of thy frowns,
And thy tremendous vengeance dreads.
- 3 Ye saints, adore your sovereign King,
To distant regions spread his fame ;
To him your daily offerings bring,
And sound the honours of his name.

5. *Omniscience of God..* (L. M.)

- 1 **THE** Lord beholds what mortals do,
All things are open to his view ;
Our words and thoughts and actions lie,
Exposed to his omniscient eye.
- 2 The secret sigh, the deep-fetched groan,
Rise with acceptance to his throne ;
He sees the sorrows of his saints,
And bows his ear to their complaints.
- 3 He is their shield when danger 's nigh,
Their refuge in adversity ;
He guides them through the wilderness,
And will with endless glory bless.
- 4 *What earth began will heaven complete,
Where all the kindred souls shall meet ;
Praise then will be their sole employ,
And every grief be turned to joy.*

DIVINE PERFECTIONS:

6. *The Allseeing God.*

(148th. Greenwich New.)

- 1 **G**REAT God, my inmost powers
Lie open to thy view ;
From thee there's nought concealed,
To thee there's nothing new :
With all my art,
I cannot fly
Thy mighty hand,
Or searching eye.
- 2 Thou know'st my secret thoughts,
Which creatures never knew ;
Each action's latent spring,
The ends I have in view :
The thickest shades,
Or darkest night,
Can ne'er exclude
Thy piercing sight.
- 3 Let falsehood and deceit
Be banished from my heart ;
Nor let me wear disguise,
Or act a double part :
Where'er I am,
Lord, thou art there ;
Let this excite
My humble fear.

7. *God's Goodness to his Creatures.* (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HOSE orbs of light which gild the sky,
Their Maker's skill proclaim,
While all below and all on high,
Bespeak his wondrous name.
- 2 *He clothes the verdant fields with grass,
Makes soft the earth with rain,
Creatures with all their numerous race,
From him their food obtain.*

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

The beasts that range the forest o'er,
Or in their coverts hide,
Are not excluded from his care,
Their wants are well supplied.

4 While grateful they for good possessed,
Their untuned voices raise,
Saints, with superior mercies blessed,
Should give him nobler praise.

8. *God the Fountain of all Good.* (C. M.)

1 LORD, all the blessings we possess,
Their being owe to thee;
And thou canst make our comforts less,
Or cause them not to be.

2 Thou giv'st us time, and strength and health,
And every needful good;
Both heavenly grace and earthly wealth,
Are by thy hand bestowed.

3 'Tis from thy goodness we derive
Our power to think and move;
Oh may we never whilst we live,
Forget thy boundless love.

9. *God Merciful and Gracious.* (L. M.)

1 THRICE happy they whose hopes rely
On him who built the earth and sky
Jehovah, holy, just and true,
Yet merciful and gracious too.

2 He hears the needy when they cry,
His hands their numerous wants supply;
In him the weary soul has rest,
And saints in every age are blessed.

3 He from his vast and boundless stores,
Innumerable blessings pours;
Thy mercies, Lord, how rich and free!
Blessed is the man who trusts in thee.

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

10. *The God of all Grace.* (C. M.)

- 1 **G**REAT God, 'tis from thy sovereign grace,
That all my blessings flow ;
Whate'er I am, or do possess,
I to thy mercy owe.
- 2 'Tis this my powerful lusts controuls,
And pardons all my sin ;
Gives life and peace to dying souls,
And makes our nature clean.
- 3 'Tis this upholds me whilst I live,
Supports me when I die ;
And hence ten thousand saints receive
Their all, as well as I.
- 4 How full must be the spring, from whence
Such various streams proceed !
The pasture cannot but be rich,
On which so many feed.

11. *Justice and Goodness of God.* (L. M.)

- G**REAT God, my maker, and my king,
Of thee I'll speak, and grateful sing ;
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Proclaim thee good, and wise and just.
- 2 Thy ancient thoughts and firm decrees,
Thy threat'nings and thy promises,
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel :
 - 3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
Thy chast'ning rod and smiling face,
Thy wounding and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restored :
 - 4 *While these my tuneful lips employ,
While these excite my fear and joy,
Accept, oh Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.*

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

12. *God's Universal Presence.* (L. M.)

- 1 **SHOULD** hostile powers against me join,
I have a helper all divine ;
To him my soul shall quickly fly,
On him my stedfast faith rely.
- 2 Torn from th' embraces of my friends,
Exiled to earth's remotest ends ;
Yet would I live devoid of fear,
Knowing that God is present there.
- 3 Laden with guilt, o'erwhelmed with grief,
From him I seek and find relief ;
When dread alarms spread all around,
In him alone is succour found.
- 4 When outward comforts are withdrawn,
I am content with him alone ;
No real loss can me befall,
For he is mine, and he is all.
- 5 He 's ever good, and ever nigh,
He lives when worlds of creatures die ;
This glorious God will ever be,
Sufficient for himself and me.

13. *God Alsufficient.* (C. M.)

- 1 'TIS faith supports my feeble soul,
In times of deep distress ;
When storms arise and billows roll,
Great God, I trust thy grace.
- 2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall ;
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope.
And thou my all in all.
- 3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To thee I all my fears disclose,
In thee my help is found.

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

- 4 In every want, in every strait,
To thee alone I fly ;
When other comforters depart,
Thou art for ever nigh.

14. *Divine Faithfulness.* (C. M.)

- 1 THE truth of God shall still endure,
And firm his promise stand ;
Believing souls may rest secure
In his almighty hand.
- 2 Should earth and hell their forces join,
He would contemn their rage,
And render fruitless their design,
Against his heritage.
- 3 The rainbow round about his throne,
Proclaims his faithfulness ;
He will his purposes perform,
His promises of grace.
- 4 Mountains and hills shall melt away,
But he is still the same ;
Let saints to him their homage pay,
And magnify his name.

15. *Divine Faithfulness.* (S. S. 6. Leach.)

- 1 COME, let us magnify the Lord,
Adore his name, revere his word,
And tell the world our joy ;
His promises are free and sure,
His truth and faithfulness endure,
Though time and nature die.
- 2 That mercy which he once displayed,
To Abraham and his chosen seed,
By oath and covenant given,
Is still our refuge in distress,

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

Neither he gives or takes away,
Neither he smiles or frowns to-day,
He 's merciful and kind ;
Midst the scourgings of his rod,
O, the all-wise and loving God,
Has all for good designed.

While creatures change, he 's still the same,
Let the whole earth his praise proclaim,
And own their sovereign King ;
But saints should raise their voices higher,
To more exalted notes aspire,
When they his praises sing.

His bounteous hands are opened wide,
Whence all their wants are well supplied,
Both temporal and divine ;
Still greater blessings are in store,
The more they ask, he gives the more,
Till they in glory shine.

16. *Faithfulness and Truth.* (L. M.)

- 1 **I**N grateful songs we will record,
The truth and mercy of the Lord ;
Whose kindness never shall remove,
From those he condescends to love.
- 2 With all his saints his covenant stood,
And now 'tis sealed with Jesus' blood ;
His faithfulness shall still endure,
His promise is for ever sure.
- 3 What though the earth's foundations move,
There 's nought can change eternal love ;
Let death dissolve our feeble frame,
In life and death he is the same.
- 4 *When called to pass that dreary vale,
With trembling steps and visage pale,
What sweet companions on the road—
A peaceful mind—a smiling God.*

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

17. *Mercy and Judgment.* (C. M.)

- 1 **A**LL ye who love your Maker's name,
And on his truth rely,
Through the wide earth his grace proclaim,
And raise his honours high.
- 2 All ye who make the Lord your trust,
His wondrous acts recite ;
The good, the faithful and the just,
Your terror and delight.
- 3 Sing of his mercies, all ye saints,
Declare his judgments too ;
Tell of his vengeance to his foes,
And all his love to you.

18. *The Wisdom of God.* (L. M.)

- 1 **W**AIT, oh my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still ;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise ;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals ;
And though his footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
He executes his wise decrees ;
And by his saints it stands confest,
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 *Then, oh my soul, submissive wait,
With reverence bow before his seat ;
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.*

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

19. *Divine Sovereignty.* (C. M.)

HE potter different vessels forms
Of the same lump of clay ;
And may not God, o'er sinful worms,
An equal power display ?

Is it not meet that he should deal
His sovereign favours still ;
And his own purposes conceal,
While he performs his will ?

Great Lord supreme, we must submit,
Nor call thy ways unjust ;
Thou art the Father infinite,
And we but worms and dust.

20. *Sovereignty and Mercy.* (C. M.)

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou,
How bright thy glories shine !
The whole creation bows to thee,
And owns thy power divine.

2 With pitying eye thy sight surveys
Our numerous scenes of woe ;
With equal skill thy hands divide,
Our varied lot below.

3 Sickness and health, and life and death,
Fly swift at thy command ;
Thy wisdom none can comprehend,
Or stay thy mighty hand.

4 From thee our wealth, our friends, our hopes,
And all our comforts flow ;
To thee our warmest gratitude,
And highest praise we owe.

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

21. *The Chastising God.* (C. M.)

- 1 **A**LTHOUGH Jehovah changes not,
Nor ere withdraws his love ;
Yet if his precepts are forgot,
He will his saints reprove.
- 2 If they his holy statutes break,
He then assumes the rod ;
And on their sins will vengeance take,
For he 's a righteous God.
- 3 But his compassions never cease,
His promises are sure ;
His mercy and his faithfulness,
From age to age endure.

22. *The Avenging God.* (S. M.)

- 1 **S**HALL mortals dare contend
With an almighty God ?
Who can resist his powerful arm,
Or bear his vengeful rod ?
- 2 He executes his will
In heaven, and earth, and hell ;
And while the angels prostrate fall,
Shall sinful man rebel ?
- 3 He 'll mock the vain design,
His wrath shall pierce them through ;
The wages due to every sin
Is everlasting woe.

23. *Divine Compassion.* (C. M.)

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
A tower strong and high ;
He pitying sees their various wants,
And will those wants supply.

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

aring foes against them rise,
ll their power is gone,
s of love he swiftly flies,
rings salvation down.

rows all around them roll,
ke a swelling tide,
o'erwhelm the fainting soul,
is those waves subside.

rapt in dismal clouds of night,
ut a cheering ray,
s a flood of sacred light,
ives the welcome day.

s then on his promise rest,
all they rest in vain ;
e who make the Lord their trust,
needful help obtain.

God our Guide to Heaven. (C. M.)

s our ever faithful guide,
ugh this dark wilderness ;
nt arm is our support,
ger and distress.

ap to step he leads us on,
dresses and love.

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

25. *Praise from all Creatures.* (S. M.)

- 1 **Y**E saints, in concert join,
Your tuneful voices raise ;
And celebrate in songs divine,
Your great Creator's praise.
- 2 He built the heavens on high,
Removed from human sight ;
He fixed the earth, he formed the sky,
With all its orbs of light.
- 3 The radiant sun and stars,
Shone forth at his command ;
'The sea he compass'd round with bars,
And made the solid land.
- 4 The beasts of various form,
And birds that cut the air,
'The summer's heat, and wintry storm,
His wondrous power declare.
- 5 But in superior ways,
Let Man his glories show,
Since God has formed him for his praise,
And made him lord below.

26. *God Unchangeable.* (C. M.)

- 1 **I**N awful grandeur, robed in light,
Jehovah sits and reigns ;
The rightful Lord of heaven and earth,
His sovereign power maintains.
- 2 All perfect and all wise is he,
And can no changes know ;
His throne is fixed for ever high,
Let worlds sink ere so low.
- 3 The radiant sun is still the same,
E'en while a cloud obscures ;
And though the Lord may hide his face,
His purpose still endures.

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

- 4 Nature convulsed, yet he enjoys
Eternal, sacred rest ;
And were the universe dissolved,
He in himself is blessed.
- 5 Peace then, my unbelieving heart,
Which fills me oft with shame ;
Let this a secret joy afford,
That God is still the same.

27. *God the Object of Fear.* (L. M.)

- 1 OH thou who sit'st enthroned on high,
So full of awful majesty !
From thee all kindreds of the earth
Receive their strength, derive their birth.
- 2 Thy potent arm confounds thy foes,
And deals insufferable blows ;
One look of thine has power to save,
One word can sink them to the grave.
- 3 At thy rebuke the mountains shake,
And hearts more hard are made to quake ;
When devils strive to break their chain,
Their struggles but encrease their pain.
- 4 The ruins of Jerusalem
Thy vengeance to the world proclaim,
(Whilst Sodom's flames thy fury tell,
And the more dreadful flames of hell.
- 5 Then to the world's remotest ends,
Or where thy wide domain extends,
Be thou both dreaded and adored,
The sovereign Judge, the mighty Lord.

28. *Immutability of God.* (C. M.)

- 1 NOW to thy footstool, mighty Lord,
Our humble thanks we bring,
And spread abroad thy wondrous works,
Thy matchless glories sing.

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

- 2 O'er worlds invisible, unknown,
Thy throne 's exalted high ;
In thee alone we live and move,
At thy command we die.
- 3 We through a thousand changes pass,
But thou art still the same ;
The same thy purposes and grace,
All glory to thy name.

29. *Divine Compassion.* (L. M.)

- 1 THE Lord will hear our sad complaints,
He loves and pities all his saints ;
His mercy calms the troubled breast,
And soothes the weary soul to rest.
- 2 He for a time may hide his face,
While we are plunged in deep distress ;
But still his covenant love is sure,
Nor will his anger long endure.
- 3 At length he brings the welcome day,
And chases all our clouds away ;
A heaven on earth is then begun,
And glad, we hail the rising sun.

30. *Omnipotence of God.* (L. M.)

- 1 THE Lord, how dreadful is his wrath,
How terrible his judgments are !
His anger shakes the guilty earth,
And spreads destruction and despair.
- 2 Lightnings fly quick around his throne,
And vengeance sits upon his brow ;
All nature trembles at his frown,
The floods congeal, the mountains flow.
- 3 None can resist his mighty power,
And none escape his piercing eye ;
Before him raging flames devour,
At his rebuke blasphemers die.

PROVIDENCE.

- 4 Rebels who scorn his milder voice,
At his loud thunders trembling stand ;
Th' impetuous sea starts at the noise,
And horror fills the neighbouring land.
- 5 Blessed then is he, for ever blessed,
Whose guilt is purged, whose soul is clear ;
Nor anxious grief disturbs his breast,
Nor sin excites tormenting fear.
- 6 Nature in wild disorder hurled,
He views, but hopes for joys to come ;
Sits on the wrecks of ruined worlds,
And waits for wings to waft him home.

PROVIDENCE.

31. *Sovereign and Mysterious.* (L. M.)

- 1 THE King of glory deigns to stoop,
And view his works beneath the skies ;
To him all nations are a drop,
The dust that in the balance lies.
- 2 The mountains at his presence quake,
And burning coals before him fly ;
The floods retire, the cedars break,
And rocks and hills in ruins lie.
- 3 His judgments are a boundless deep,
Beyond the reach of human sense ;
Unsearchable his works and ways,
Of nature and of providence.
- 4 *Armies of angels, hosts of men,
But execute his just decrees ;
He kills and makes alive again,
Works when and where and as he please.*

PROVIDENCE.

- 5 The Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Through endless ages still the same ;
Let heaven and earth his glory sing,
And all his matchless deeds proclaim.

32.

Universal.

(C. M.)

- 1 **TEMPESTS** arise, when God appoints
And mighty oceans roar ;
He bids the winds and waves be still,
And straight the storm is o'er.
- 2 What we perform, he can undo,
But what he doth shall stand ;
We at his sovereign pleasure live,
And die at his command.
- 3 Without him, not a sparrow falls,
Nor eagle cuts the air ;
But saints, amidst these changing scenes,
Are his peculiar care.
- 4 Through regions distant and unknown,
His providence extends ;
Then let his praises fly abroad,
To earth's remotest ends.

33. *Irresistible and Unsearchable.* (L. M.)

- 1 **BOW** down, my soul, and low adore,
The grace, the wisdom, and the power,
Which with a lustre all divine,
In every act and purpose shine.
- 2 How far above the reach of sense,
Are all the ways of providence !
By secret springs, concealed from view,
It guides our thoughts and actions too.
- 3 *It maketh rich, and maketh poor,
Our blessings lost, it can restore ;
The lot, though cast with free accord,
Is still disposed of by the Lord.*

PROVIDENCE.

34. *Overruling all for Good.*

(8. 8. 6. Leach.)

- 1 **I** **N** never ceasing songs of praise,
Let us to God our voices raise,
With harmony divine ;
The methods of whose providence
Are far above the reach of sense,
Yet fraught with kind design.
- 2 While clouds and darkness veil his seat,
While thunders roll beneath his feet,
And lightnings flash around ;
Still all his thoughts are thoughts of peace,
His counsels truth and righteousness,
And thus shall they be found.
- 3 His smiles, his frowns, and chastening rod,
All work together for our good,
The bitter and the sweet ;
By rugged ways and paths unknown,
He leads to his celestial throne,
To make our bliss complete.
- 4 Temptations, trials, doubts and fears,
Afflictions, losses, groans and tears,
Attend us through the vale ;
But if Jehovah be our friend,
These will ere long in triumphs end,
Nor more our peace assail.
- 5 Oh may this thought in deep distress.
Our hopes confirm, our fears suppress,
And soften every care ;
For those whom Jesus deigns to love,
Afflictions shall a blessing prove,
And brighter crowns prepare.

PROVIDENCE.

35. *Its Seeming Inequality.* (L. M.)

- 1 **THE** vast designs of providence
Lie unexplored by feeble sense ;
Wrapt up and hid from mortal sight,
In mystic clouds or dazzling light.
- 2 The wicked boasts his heart's desire,
His sumptuous fare and rich attire ;
Still he augments his useless store,
And still impatient craves for more.
- 3 He bears aloft his haughty eyes,
Mercy contemns, and wrath defies ;
No pangs attend his parting breath,
Careless through life, yet calm in death.
- 4 But lo ! successive troubles roll
O'er the believer's fainting soul ;
Satan assaults and breaks his peace,
And but with life his sorrows cease.
- 5 Thy judgments, Lord, a mighty deep,
We meditate—and silence keep ;
And though thy paths to us unknown,
We still thy truth and mercy own.

36. *Bereaving Providences.*

(8. 7. 4. Painswick.)

- 1 **SILENCE**, oh my soul, thy Father
Guides the rod with gentle hand ;
Still he loves, though he chastise thee,
Fruitless is it to withstand :
Yield submission
To his wise and just command.

PROVIDENCE.

- 2 Oh how short of sin's deserving
Are the strokes which I sustain ;
What 's a momentary anguish,
When compared with endless pain ?
Cease thy sorrows,
Thou shalt see his smiles again.
- 3 Though the storm appear in fury,
Winds from adverse quarters roar ;
Thou art safe, the Lord 's thy pilot,
Soon he 'll bring thee to the shore :
Thou shalt praise him,
Praise his name for evermore.
- 4 Fear not foes encircling round thee,
Faith and hope shall still prevail ;
Christ thy guardian will defend thee,
His support can never fail :
Rest in Jesus,
Foes will then in vain assail.
- 5 Though of earthly good bereaved,
Greater good hast thou in store ;
Jesus is thy loving Saviour,
Who for thee exerts his power :
Blessed treasure,
Worlds compared with thee are poor.

37. *Its Wisdom and Equity.* (L. M.)

- 1 THOU sovereign Ruler of the spheres,
Prostrate I lie beneath thy feet ;
And there, without an anxious thought,
Submissively thy pleasure wait.
- 2 Firm and unmoved thy counsels stand,
Thy power can crush, thine arm sustain ;
Sovereign and wise thy will appoints,
My days of pleasure and of pain.

PROVIDENCE.

- 3 Tho' clouds and darkness veil thy seat,
Yet mercy sits enthroned above ;
In health and sickness, life and death,
The same thy care, the same thy love.
- 4 Holy and righteous are thy ways,
Thy faithfulness I still would trust ;
Whate'er I fear, whate'er I feel,
My soul is silent in the dust

38. *Equitable and Mysterious.* (S. M.)

- 1 JEHOVAH sits in state,
And from his royal throne,
Scatters his blessings all abroad,
Or pours the vengeance down.
- 2 The sceptre and the rod,
He holds with steady hand ;
And in his sight, both kings and slaves,
Upon a level stand.
- 3 His wisdom, power and grace,
In all his actions shine ;
Yet they are high above our reach,
And deep beyond our line.
- 4 Then prostrate at his feet,
Let every creature lie ;
Such worthless worms can't fall too low,
Nor he be raised too high.

39. *Dark and Distressing.* (L. M.)

- 1 O'ERWHELMED with wonder and surprise,
'Mid the dark scenes of providence,
To heaven we raise our suppliant eyes,
And wait for light and guidance thence.
- 2 Saints for a time may be oppressed,
And broken with repeated woes ;
But God will give them ease and rest,
And plead their cause against their foes.

PROVIDENCE.

- 3 Or if his anger grow severe,
Tis but to purge away their sin ;
And though the furnace he prepare,
It is to make their graces shine.
- 4 Thick clouds may veil his awful throne,
And wrathful arrows fly abroad ;
Yet to his saints he still is known,
The righteous and the faithful God.

40. *Mysteries to be explained Hereafter. (C. M.)*

- 1 GREAT God of Providence, thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight ;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or clothed with dazzling light.
- 2 The various methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye ;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.
- 3 But in the world of bliss above,
Where thou shalt ever reign,
These mysteries shall be all unveiled,
And not a doubt remain.
- 4 The Sun of righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

41. *Providence and Grace. (L. M.)*

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns enthroned above,
All nature trembles at his nod ;
His acts of vengeance and of love,
I reclaim him *holy, just and good.*
- 2 *His providence and wondrous grace,
We in submissive forms adore ;
His secret counsels who can trace,
Or learn the hidings of his power.*

PROVIDENCE.

- 3 He the Supreme of heaven and earth,
O'er all presides with perfect ease ;
Angels, and men of meaner birth,
Accomplish his divine decrees.
- 4 Great God, our stubborn wills subdue,
And let them all thy will approve ;
Our wretched hearts when formed anew,
Shall better sing thy power and love.

42. *Providence and Grace unsearchable.* (C. M.)

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy wondrous works
Of providence and grace,
An angel's perfect mind exceed,
And all our pride abase.
 - 2 Stupendous heights ! amazing depths !
Creatures in vain explore ;
Or if a transient glimpse we gain,
'Tis faint, and quickly o'er.
 - 3 Though all thy mysteries lie concealed,
Beyond what we can see,
Grant us the knowledge of ourselves,
The knowledge, Lord, of thee.
-

THE LIFE, DEATH, AND EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

43. *Nativity of Christ.* (C. M.)

- 1 YE shepherds, lend a listening ear
To what the angels say ;
They bring good tidings from afar,
And wondrous news convey.

LIFE OF CHRIST.

- 2 To you, in Bethlehem's lonely town,
A Saviour's born to-day ;
Go, view the heir of David's crown,
And there your homage pay.
- 3 Behold the stranger, and adore
The mercy, love and grace,
Attested now, decreed before
For Adam's ruined race.
- 4 Glory to God in lofty strains,
At the Redeemer's birth ;
Let joy spread thro' the heavenly plains,
And peace abound on earth.
- 5 Let every heart and every tongue
Diffuse his praise abroad ;
Shepherds, begin the rapturous song,
All hail, Incarnate Lord.

44. *Song of Angels.*

(148th. Portsmouth.)

- 1 ANGELS in bright attire
Descend from heaven to earth,
And spread the joyful news
Of our Redeemer's birth :
Born in a house
Where oxen fed,
A manger was
His lowly bed.
- 2 Glory to God, they sing
In most exalted strains,
Peace and good will to men
So long as Jesus reigns :
And reign he shall
From shore to shore,
Till sun and moon
Shall shine no more.

LIFE OF CHRIST.

3 We'll join the heavenly song,
And sound his name abroad ;
Welcome, the wondrous Man,
The great incarnate God :
Hail, source divine
Of life and joy,
Thy praise shall still
Our lips employ.

4 For love so great as thine,
Ourselves to thee we give ;
'Tis all thou dost demand,
Nor less wilt thou receive :
Before thy feet,
We prostrate fall ;
Accept, dear Lord,
Our little all.

45. *Flight into Egypt.* (L. M.)

1 THE Saviour, of the Virgin born,
Was in a humble manger laid,
He Lord of all, our flesh assumed,
By whom the heavens and earth were made.
2 His life the tyrant Herod sought,
And every subtle art did try ;
To worship him he made pretence,
That he the infant might destroy.
3 But power divine his life preserved,
And now he reigns above the sky ;
To him who once from Herod fled,
Now multitudes for safety fly.

46. *Hosanna to the Son of David.* (C. M.)

1 HOSANNA to the Son of God,
Who deigned to dwell on earth !
Angels proclaimed the joyful news
Of our Redeemer's birth.

LIFE OF CHRIST.

- 2 Hosanna to the rightful heir
Of David's Royal throne,
Excelling earthly kings by far,
In greatness and renown.
- 3 To him who claims, and well deserves,
Our most exalted praise,
We with united hearts and tongues,
Our loud hosannas raise.

47. *Life of Christ.* (L. M.)

- 1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in feeble clay,
Prayer was his solace and delight ;
'Twas thus he spent the busy day,
And still employed the silent night.
- 2 Oppressed with sorrows, not his own,
But laden with our guilt and grief,
He bowed before his Father's throne,
And there he sought and found relief.
- 3 Each fleeting hour he passed away,
In sweet communion with his God ;
Oh let us learn of him to pray,
And tread the path which Jesus trod.

48. *Miracles of Christ.* (S. M.)

- 1 JESUS, thy name declares
Thy work and thy delight ;
To numerous sick thou gavest health
And to the blind their sight.
- 2 The man with withered hand
Implored relief from thee ;
That hand made whole, was stretched forth
In thankfulness to thee.
- 3 The lame are made to walk,
The deaf and dumb to speak ;
The graves thy high command obey,
And lo, the dead awake !

LIFE OF CHRIST.

- 4 The same thy power and grace,
My wants and griefs the same ;
Speak, Lord, and I shall be restored,
Thy wonders to proclaim.

49. *Miracles.*

(104th, Hanover.)

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus the Lord
Came down to our earth,
He meanly was clad,
And low was his birth :
Though Lord of creation,
And ruler above,
He chose in a station
Most humble to move.
- 2 His life was all toil,
When with us below,
Diseases he cured,
And softened our woe :
A friend to the friendless
He ever was found,
His blessings were endless
To sinners around.
- 3 The lepers he cleans'd,
The deaf heard his voice,
The dumb spoke his praise,
Were made to rejoice :
The dead, Jesus raised
To life from the grave,
His name then be praised,
Whose end was to save.

50. *Washing the Disciples' feet.* (L. M.)

- 1 **H**EAVEN'S lofty monarch now descends,
And leaves the realms of glorious light ;
His hasty course he downward bends,
On wings of love he takes his flight.

LIFE OF CHRIST.

- 2 The Prince of life no more appears
Encompassed with seraphic forms ;
A servile garb he humbly wears,
And deigns to dwell with sinful worms.
- 3 Jesus the Lord supremely great,
O'erlooks the titles which he bore ;
And stoops to wash his servants' feet,
Whose viler hearts he cleansed before.
- 4 Lord, take the laver once again,
Thy purifying grace impart ;
Let not a single spot remain,
But wash my feet, my hands, my heart.

51. *Prayer in the Garden.* (C. M.)

- 1 JESUS the Lord came freely forth,
And left his Father's throne,
To tread the winepress of his wrath,
And trod it all alone.
- 2 His sufferings, marvellous and great,
Do all our thoughts confound ;
And falling drops of bloody sweat
Bedew the hallowed ground.
- 3 Though sorrowful beyond degree,
And e'en to death oppressed,
Amidst the dreadful agony,
He thus his prayer addressed :
- 4 Father, remove this bitter cup,
And let it pass away ;
If otherwise, I'll drink it up,
And all thy will obey.
- 5 He with the Father's will complies,
And suffers on the tree ;
'Tis done, he bows his head and dies,
To set the captives free.

LIFE OF CHRIST.

52. *Gethsemane and Calvary.*

(8. 7. 4. *Jordan.*)

- 1 PROSTRATE on the ground, behold him,
He who is the Lord of all ;
Fixed the planets in their orbits,
Made this vast terrestrial ball ;
See him, sinners,
Drink the wormwood and the gall.
- 2 View the drops of sweat descending,
Hear his groans and plaintive sighs ;
See, he pours his tears and prayers,
Overwhelmed in agonies :
Then to save us,
Lo, he suffers, bleeds and dies.
- 3 He by wicked hands and cruel,
Is transfix'd upon the tree ;
May that tree of death to Jesus,
Be a tree of life to me :
From destruction,
Set a mourning captive free.
- 4 Let me hear his voice but call me,
In sweet strains of heavenly love ;
Tell me that for me he suffered,
This would all my griefs remove ;
Fill with transport,
Raise my strains like those above.

53. *Gethsemane and Calvary.* (C. M.)

- 1 YE saints, with deep attention see
The suffering Son of God ;
Behold him in Gethsemane,
Suffused with sweat and blood.
- 2 See him extended on the cross,
And view his pierced side ;
There he restored what we had lost,
And triumphed when he died.

DEATH OF CHRIST

- 3 The Father bid the sword awake
Against his equal Son ;
While rocks are rent and mountains quake,
He looks with pleasure down.
- 4 On him he laid our loads of guilt,
And storms of vengeance poured ;
Oh who can tell the griefs he felt,
The pains he then endured !

54. *Incarnation and Sufferings.* (S. M.)

- 1 STUPENDOUS was the love
Of God's eternal Son,
Who left the blissful scenes above,
And his imperial throne :
- 2 He waded through a sea
Of overwhelming wrath,
That wretched sinners, such as we,
Might be redeemed from death.
- 3 Expiring on the cross,
He Satan's empire broke ;
Surprise and horror seised his foes,
And hell's foundation shook.
- 4 From him we grace receive,
In him all good possess ;
And those who on his word believe,
Shall reign with him in bliss.
- 5 Hosanna to his name,
Let heavenly hosts adore ;
But saints, with pure seraphic flame,
Should love and praise him more.

55. *Humiliation of Christ.* (L. M.)

- 1 FROM that bright world where seraphs join,
In songs and services divine,
Where streams of purest pleasure flow,
Jesus descends, and dwells below.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

- 2 No glittering gems his robes adorn,
He meets with cruelty and scorn ;
He loads of guilt and sorrow bears,
Is bathed in sweat and blood and tears.
- 3 Exposed his people long had been
To sin and wrath, and endless pain ;
But lo, he dies to set them free,
Oh could I say, he died for me !

56. *Christ's Humiliation.* (C. M.)

- 1 **BEHOLD**, my soul, with grief behold,
The evil sin has done ;
The lowly birth, the shameful death
Of God's beloved Son.
- 2 Behold him in his bloody sweat,
And see him on the tree ;
Oh could I but indulge a hope,
That there he died for me !
- 3 Those hands stretched out upon the cross,
Are now with blessings filled ;
That mournful seed-time shall at last
A joyful harvest yield.
- 4 Then will I raise my grateful songs,
To him who deigned to die ;
None ever were abased so low,
None ever raised so high.

57. *Sufferings and Death of Christ.* (S. M.)

- 1 **FROM** his celestial throne,
Above yon starry skies,
The great eternal Son comes down,
To be a sacrifice.
- 2 Our sinful flesh he wears,
He sheds his vital blood ;
The load of all our guilt he bears,
To reconcile to God.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

- 3 The storms of wrath descend,
The billows o'er him roll ;
And earth and hell their power combined,
To oppress his holy soul.
- 4 His sufferings are our ease,
His stripes our health procure ;
And his expiring agonies
Eternal bliss ensure.

58. *Condescending Love of Christ.* (S. M.)

- 1 BLESS'D be th' incarnate Word,
Who dwelt in feeble clay ;
Ye saints adore your suffering Lord,
And learn like him to obey.
- 2 See how he sinks beneath
The pains he undergoes ;
Yet bears without a murmuring breath,
That load of heavy woes.
- 3 In the Redeemer's heart,
What boundless mercy reigns !
In all our griefs he bears a part,
And all our guilt sustains.
- 4 Had we ten thousand tongues,
His love should tune them all ;
For love so great, ten thousand songs
An offering were too small.

59. *Sacrifice of Christ.* (L. M.)

- 1 JUSTICE provoked, for vengeance calls,
And God's own Son a victim falls ;
'Twas he alone who could sustain,
The dreadful stroke for ruined man.
- 2 Deep floods of sorrow o'er him roll,
Severest conflicts rend his soul ;
He sweats, he groans, he bleeds, he dies,
A spotless, perfect sacrifice.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

- 3 All this did he endure for me,
Amazing love, beyond degree !
Oh may I feel its wondrous power,
In him believe, and him adore !
- 4 Attracted by his grace divine,
To him would I my all resign ;
And by my conduct ever show,
How great the debt to him I owe.

60. *View of Christ's Sufferings.* (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS, when faith with fixed eyes,
Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim !
- 2 With cold affections who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree ;
Thy flowing tears and dewy sweat,
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet !
- 3 Look saints, by faith, and view his side,
The breach how large, how deep, how wide !
Thence issues forth a double flood,
Of cleansing water, pardoning blood.
- 4 Hence, oh my soul, a balsam flows,
To heal thy wounds, and ease thy woes ;
Immortal joys come streaming down,
Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown.
- 5 Thus I could ever, ever sing,
The sufferings of my Lord and King ;
With growing pleasure spread abroad,
The mysteries of a dying God.

61. *Condescending Grace of Christ.* (S. M.)

- 1 HOW wondrous was the grace
Of God's eternal Son,
To save a lost and ruined race,
And make their sin his own

DEATH OF CHRIST.

- 2 He bore our griefs and pains,
For us he shed his blood ;
To wash away our crimson stains,
And bring us near to God.
- 3 To him our all we owe,
Our hope, our joy, our heaven ;
By saints above and saints below,
Be endless honours given.

62. *Love and Power of Christ.* (C. M.)

- 1 THE whole creation was undone,
The world in ruins lay,
When God sent forth his only Son,
To suffer and obey.
- 2 Jesus, with pity moved, forsakes
The glories of his throne,
Redeems the souls he loved, and makes
His Father's counsels known.
- 3 The death he died, but quickly rose
Majestic from the grave ;
And now he triumphs o'er his foes,
With sovereign power to save.
- 4 Freely he gives his promised grace,
To make our nature clean ;
And clothes us with his righteousness,
Till not a spot is seen.
- 5 His mighty arm shall be our trust,
His hand our wants supply ;
He 'll animate our sleeping dust,
And raise it up on high.
- 6 Thy praises, oh Immanuel,
Our lips shall spread abroad ;
And in harmonious accents tell
The wonders of our God.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

63. *Triumphs of the Cross.* (L. M.)

- 1 O'ERWHELMED with guilt and grief and woe,
Go forth, my soul, to Calvary go;
For Satan dreading fresh disgrace,
Dares not approach that sacred place.
- 2 Behold with fixed and wondering eyes,
The great atoning Sacrifice;
Christ bore thy hell, that he might be
A heaven, and more than heaven to thee.
- 3 Go view by faith that crimson flood,
Which quenched the fiery wrath of God;
That sovereign balm whose virtue flows,
To heal thy wounds and ease thy woes.
- 4 See thy Redeemer yield to death,
Then see him re-assume his breath,
Break the strong barriers of the tomb,
As the sure pledge of life to come.
- 5 Now may'st thou rise and sweetly sing
The dear-bought triumphs of thy King,
Who sets the groaning captives free
From Satan's hateful tyranny.
- 6 To him thy grateful anthems raise;
And in melodious notes of praise,
Spread through the earth the victories won,
The God-like deeds which he has done.

64. *Christ's Death & Resurrection.* (S. M.)

- 1 YE mourning saints, behold
The Lamb that once was slain;
See, see him on the cross expire,
In agonising pain.
- 2 The fruits of glory grow
On that accursed tree;
The Saviour dies, the sinner lives,
His bondage sets us free.

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

- 3 The law he satisfied,
And paid the debt we owed,
Atoned our guilt, our grief sustained,
A vast oppressive load.
- 4 'Tis from his dying groans,
Our loud hosannas rise ;
By faith in him our souls aspire
To mansions in the skies.
- 5 In our united songs,
Let us his grace proclaim ;
For us he died and rose again,
Exalted be his name.

65. *Christ's Resurrection.*

(7. 6. Amsterdam.)

- 1 JESUS leaves his throne on high,
To save a ruined race ;
Lo, he condescends to die,
And take the sinner's place :
In deep slumbers see him borne
'To the tomb, but soon he wakes ;
On the third the glorious morn,
Death's iron bands he breaks.
- 2 Soldiers at the entry stand,
The sacred place to guard ;
But behold, the time 's at hand,
The tomb must be unbarred :
Angels roll the stone away,
While the watchers' eyes are sealed,
Death reluctant yields his prey,
And Jesus stands revealed.
- 3 Raise, ye saints, your joyful eyes,
'The victory is yours ;
Jesus now above the skies,
Your endless bliss secures :
He the first-fruits from the grave,
Gives a pledge of all to come :
Trust in him, *whose power to save*
Shall bring you safely home.

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

66. *Resurrection and Ascension.* (L. M.)

- 1 **E**MERGING from yon silent grave,
What wondrous person do I see ?
It is Immanuel, strong to save,
Who loved, and lived, and died for me.
- 2 I see him mount the azure skies,
And seated on his royal throne,
Whence he looks down with pitying eyes,
And makes my cares and griefs his own.
- 3 Oh could I in a clearer light,
Behold the beauties of his face,
Divinely sweet, divinely bright,
How would I fly to his embrace !

67. *Ascension and Intercession.* (S. M.)

- 1 **G**OD'S equal Son comes down,
Assumes our flesh and dies ;
The law required, and justice called
For such a sacrifice.
- 2 But lo, he mounts on high,
With angels in his train,
To intersede for sinful men,
Nor shall he plead in vain.
- 3 Oh could I say he died,
And pleads for worthless me ;
In health and sickness, life and death,
How happy should I be !

68. *Intercession of Christ.* (L. M.)

- 1 **D**ID Jesus deign for me to bleed,
And does he live to intersede ?
Then to his care I now commit
My cause, and leave it at his feet.

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

- 2 To him will I present my prayers,
Before him spread my griefs and cares ;
These would I ne'er again resume,
May those ascend with his perfume !
- 3 Upon his arm, and on his breast,
He bears my worthless name impressed ;
For me he lives, for me he died,
What can I want or wish beside.

69. *Humiliation & Exaltation of Christ.* (L. M.)

- 1 LOOK up, my soul, in Christ behold,
Perfections human and divine ;
Greatness, simplicity and love,
In all his works and actions shine.
- 2 Behold him in a manger laid,
Extended, dying on the tree,
Then rising from the dreary grave,
And hope he died and rose for thee.
- 3 Behold him seated on his throne,
With myriads bowing at his feet ;
Abased, exalted, yet the same,
In grace and mercy infinite.
- 4 Honour supreme to him be given,
Once sunk so low, now raised so high ;
Angels and men his glory sing,
In time and through eternity.

70. *Christ's Love to his People.* (L. M.)

- 1 SO fair a face bedewed with tears,
What beauty e'en in grief appears !
He wept, he bled, he died for you ;
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do ?
- 2 Enthroned above, with equal glow,
His strong affections downward flow ;
In our distress he bears a part,
And shows his sympathising heart.

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

- 3 Still his compassions are the same,
He knows the frailty of our frame ;
Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
Heals all our sorrows and our pains.
- 4 What pity dwelt within his breast,
Pity, by flowing tears expressed !
Oh may those tears our griefs remove,
Which speak so loud a Saviour's love !

71. *Christ's Coronation.* (L. M.)

- 1 GO forth, ye saints, with joy behold,
The crown adorned with gems and gold,
Placed on his sacred head, who wore
A painful crown of thorns before.
- 2 See Jesus on the accursed tree,
Now raised to highest dignity,
Seated upon his royal throne,
More glorious far than Solomon.
- 3 That throne for ever shall endure,
When earthly kingdoms are no more ;
The Lord his honour will maintain,
And earth and hell oppose in vain.
- 4 Ye saints above, and saints below,
Before his footstool humbly bow ;
Let all the world adore his grace,
His wisdom, truth and righteousness.

72. *Christ and Solomon.* (C. M.)

- 1 WISDOM and wealth and high renown,
Belonged to Solomon ;
But what was Israel's mighty king,
To God's almighty Son !
- 2 His understanding infinite,
Unbounded is his power ;
Thro' heaven and earth his fame extends,
Let heaven and earth adore.

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

- 3 Treasures of grace and glory too,
He gives with liberal hand ;
Kingdoms and empires rise and fall
At his supreme command.
- 5 Monarchs are weak and dying worms,
But he the living God ;
Awake, my joyful powers and spread
His praises all abroad.

73. *Majesty of Christ's Kingdom.* (L. M.)

- 1 LET earthly kings encrease their stores,
And boast of honour and renown ;
Their conquests spread to distant shores,
And govern regions once unknown.
- 2 In greater glory Jesus reigns,
And brighter wreaths adorn his brow ;
Sinners are made to serve in chains,
And saints before his sceptre bow.
- 3 O'er every kingdom his extends,
With ease he rules the wide expanse ;
Nor can the world's remotest ends,
Set bounds to his inheritance.
- 4 On a resplendant throne he sits,
Dispensing justice and rewards ;
Whilst on his thigh his name is writ,
The King of kings and Lord of lords.
- 5 Let heaven and earth their tribute bring,
To him who sits enthroned on high ;
Angels and men unite to sing,
His wisdom, power and majesty.

74. *Preciousness of Christ.* (S. M.)

- 1 BE love, delightful theme !
The burden of my song ;
The love of Christ enflames my heart,
Let praise command my tongue.

EXALTATION OF CHRIS'I.

- 2 His condescending grace
My hourly thoughts employs ;
He 's the foundation of my hope,
The summit of my joys.
- 3 His voice delights my ear,
His presence cheers my mind ;
More than the universe affords,
In him alone I find.
- 4 Meekness and majesty
At once in him appear ;
Ten thousand suns are not so bright,
Nor heaven itself so dear.
- 5 How precious on the cross,
How glorious on the throne !
All things would I account but loss,
To know and make him known.
- 6 Encircled in his arms,
I am completely blest ;
He is my safety and delight,
And my eternal rest.

75. *Christ Supremely Adored.* (C. M.)

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
Thy wondrous love reveal ;
Let angels spread thy name abroad,
And men thy glories tell.
- 2 Let them with elevated voice,
Harmonious anthems raise ;
Be thou the spring of all their joys,
The life of all their praise.
- 3 Be thou exalted in the heavens,
And o'er this earthly ball ;
Let creatures into nothing sink,
And Christ be all in all.

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

76. *Christ's Incomparable Excellence.* (L. M.)

- 1 BLESS'D Jesus, what transcendant grace
Spreads o'er the beauties of thy face !
All that in saints we most admire,
All that exalts the angels higher.
- 2 Here let me fix my wondering eyes—
There 's nought below the azure skies,
Nothing above which can compare
With thee, supremely bright and fair.
- 3 No flowers so sweet in Sharon's field,
No chrystal fount such waters yield ;
Nor sun nor stars so glorious shine,
Thine excellence is all divine.
- 4 In thee I seek, in thee possess
A perfect, spotless righteousness ;
If thou art mine, from want I 'm free,
For thou art all in all to me.
- 5 Softly reclining on thy breast,
Midst dire alarms I feel at rest ;
Let foes be cruel, friends unkind,
In thee alone my bliss I find.

77. *Praise to the Redeemer.* (C. M.)

- 1 NOW let the Lamb that once was slain,
Our Sovereign and our Head,
Be loved, adored, and thro' the world
His lofty praise be spread.
- 2 He to redeem our souls to God,
Became a sacrifice,
Paid all our debts upon the cross,
And now our wants supplies.
- 3 Clothed in his perfect righteousness,
He guards us from our foes,
Participates in all our joys,
And shares in all our woes,

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

- 4 Blessed with his gracious smiles, we feel
An extasy divine ;
For him our utmost powers exert,
To him our all resign.

78. *The Redeemer's Glory.* (L. M.)

- 1 MY soul adores the matchless grace,
The wisdom, truth and righteousness,
Which in endearing forms appear,
In my Redeemer's character.
- 2 See how with lustre all divine,
In him all glories meet and shine ;
There 's none in heaven or earth can show
Such majesty and sweetness too.
- 3 Here will I fix my joyful eyes,
Enraptured gaze, as wonders rise,
Till death shall brighten all the scene,
Dispelling every cloud between.
- 4 Then I 'll explore with those above,
The higher mysteries of his love ;
Nor shall I ever more complain
Of time or labour spent in vain.
- 5 The glories of that blissful state,
No words or thoughts can e'er relate ;
But far more glorious still is he,
Who lived, and died, and reigns for me.
- 6 How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And triumphed o'er his hellish foes !
Awake my powers, and spread abroad
The praises of my Saviour God.

79. *Christ's Second Coming.* (S. M.)

- 1 EXALT the Eternal Son,
Ye saints who know his name ;
The wise, the just, the holy one,
Unchangeably the same.

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

- 2 He lives, ~~he~~ ever lives,
To plead for us above ;
His care preserves, his power protects,
The objects of his love.
- 3 And soon will he descend,
From his celestial throne,
The world to judge in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.
- 4 Then you shall see his face,
Not clouded as before,
But all unveiled, serenely bright,
And wonder and adore.

80. *Christ's Second Coming.* (S. M.)

- 1 SEE your exalted Lord,
Once numbered with the dead ;
A sceptre now adorns his hand,
A royal crown his head.
- 2 To him the heavenly hosts
Their humble tribute bring,
And with ten thousand thousand tongues,
His endless glories sing.
- 3 Lo, he again descends,
In awful majesty ;
Angels and saints, a splendid train,
Attend him from the sky.
- 4 The world he comes to judge,
In truth and righteousness ;
Ye sinners, tremble at his wrath,
Ye saints, adore his grace.

CHARACTERS AND FIGURATIVE REPRESENTATIONS OF CHRIST :

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

81. *An Advocate.* (L. M.)

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, at thy feet,
 We trembling, yet adoring stand ;
Though worthless, we are sure to meet
 A kind reception at thy hand.
- 2 Close by thy side, and on thy throne,
 Sits Jesus, our high priest and king,
Whose merits spread a rich perfume,
 O'er all the services we bring.
- 3 There as our Surety he appears,
 With all our names upon his breast,
Mingles his incense with our prayers,
 And thus obtains what we request.
- 4 With joy we see the mercy seat
 Sprinkled with his atoning blood ;
And in our glorious Head complete,
 Dare to approach a holy God.

82. *All in All.* (C. M.)

- 1 **J**ESUS, how fragrant is thy name !
 'Tis ointment poured forth ;
No tongue thy glories can describe,
 No heart conceive thy worth.
- 2 What yonder sun is to the world,
 Thou art, and more to me ;
How cheering is thy sacred light,
 How bright, and yet how free !

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

3 Thy righteousness is my defence,
It clears from every charge ;
A word of thine dispels my fears,
And sets my soul at large.

4 My daily wants are all supplied
From thine abundant store ;
I love thee, but my dearest Lord,
I fain would love thee more.

83. *Beauties of the Saviour.* (C. M.)

1 JESUS, thou fairest, dearest One,
What beauties thee adorn !
Far brighter than the noon-day sun,
Or star that gilds the morn.

2 The joy of all the saints above,
And hope of all below ;
Oh may I taste thy richest love,
And thine endearments know !

3 Here let me fix my wondering eyes,
And all thy glories trace ;
Till in the world of endless joys,
I sink in thine embrace.

84. *Brazen Serpent.* (C. M.)

1 WHEN poison spreading through the veins
Made Israel mourn their sin,
Eternal mercy eased their pains,
And healed the grief within.

2 A brazen serpent high was raised,
Salvation to procure ;
The wounded looked, the living praised,
The dying found a cure. . . .

3 Sinners who feel the deadly sting,
And mourn their follies past,
May now their sins and sorrows bring,
And free salvation taste.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 4 See Jesus crucified and slain,
Behold him raised on high,
One look will save from endless pain,
Oh look, and never die !

85. *Bread of Life.* (L. M.)

- 1 **CHRIST** is the bread which came from heaven,
The manna falling round our tent ;
Not dearly bought, but freely given,
'The daily food of every saint.
- 2 His sacred flesh is meat indeed,
Never were angels feasted so ;
On this believers sweetly feed,
And every grace is made to grow.
- 3 Our table in the wilderness
Is with this rich provision stored ;
Be thankful, oh our souls, and bless
'The sovereign bounty of the Lord.

86. *Chief among Ten Thousand.* (C. M.)

- 1 **IN** Jesus my exalted Lord,
Transcendant beauties meet ;
Like polished gold, his sacred head,
Like burnished brass, his feet.
- 2 In him all excellence is found,
Both human and divine ;
Through all his works, in all his words,
His matchless glories shine.
- 3 His name is music to my ear,
And transport to my heart ;
My hopes revive when he is nigh,
And droop if he depart.
- 4 Let the rich miser prize his gold,
The monarch boast his crown ;
'Tis all I crave and all I ask,
To call the Lord my own.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

87. *Compassionate Saviour.* (C. M.)

- J**ESUS ! that soft and tender word,
How melting is the sound !
His name a rich perfume affords,
Diffusing life around.
- 1 He knows how prone I am to sin,
How strong temptations are ;
When gloomy sorrow works within,
I his compassions share.
- 3 He sees the dangers which attend
My weak and ruined frame ;
When sore distressed, he 's still my friend,
For once he felt the same.
- 4 When cruel foes against me rise,
'Tis he diverts the storm ;
Nor can the mischief they devise,
Their wicked hands perform.
- 5 He pitying hears my mournful cry,
And drives despair away ;
Knows well the meaning of a sigh,
When guilt forbids to pray.
- 6 'Tis he upholds me when I faint,
And shows his smiling face ;
He will not scorn the meanest saint,
Nor slight the weakest grace.

88. *Condescending Saviour.* (S. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD, every look of thine
Attracts my soul to thee ;
And with an extasy divine,
I say, Is this for me !
- 2 Will he, before whose throne
Archangels stoop so low,
To dying worms, to sinful men
Such condescension show ?

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 3 Then his be all the praise,
To him be glory given ;
By me, by all the saints on earth,
Till earth resembles heaven.

89. *Conqueror.* (L. M.)

- 1 **WHAT** mighty hero comes from far,
Laden with all the spoils of war ;
In state he travels o'er the plains,
And hostile blood his vesture stains.
- 2 How full of majesty his face,
Adorned with each attractive grace ;
His purple robes, his victories show,
Who is this mighty conqueror, who !
- 3 'Tis I, Immanuel is my name ;
Let Edom's land my power proclaim !
There, slaughtered foes o'erspread the fields,
And every place a triumph yields.
- 4 Let not the trophies which I bear,
Fill Israel with desponding fear ;
I who am mighty to subdue,
Am strong to save and succour too.

90. *Covert from the Storm.* (S. M.)

- 1 **NOW** be my doubts suppressed,
Tormenting fears subside ;
My Saviour sits, when tempests rise,
And calms the swelling tide.
- 2 Whate'er destructive schemes,
Our enemies may form,
He will the gathering clouds disperse,
Avert the vengeful storm.
- 3 Should famine, plague or war,
Spread terror all around,
In Christ may I securely trust,
In him my help is found.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

His arm is my defence,
His hand my need supplies ;
He lives, the Saviour ever lives,
When nature sinks and dies.

91. *Deliverer.*

(8. 7. 4. *Mariners.*)

1 **JESUS** is both strong and mighty,
And his government shall stand ;
O'er the earth he sways his sceptre,
Creatures bow to his command ;
Own their Sovereign,
Yield to him their heart and hand.

Chains of sin he breaks asunder,
Sets the drooping captives free ;
Satan drives from his dominion,
Makes corruption swiftly flee ;
Oh what wonders,
He has wrought, my soul, in thee.

3 From the yoke of sin he saves thee,
While he substitutes his own ;
But his burden 's light and easy,
When by faith we put it on :
Holy Jesus,
Let thy will in me be done.

92.

Example.

(C. M.)

1 **I**N duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I fain would trace ;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

2 Enflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will ;
May the same zeal my soul excite,
Thy precepts to fulfil.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

Meekness, humility and love,
Through all thy conduct shine ;
Oh may my whole deportment prove,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

93. *Fountain Opened.* (L. M.)

- 1 **WHEN** on the cross my Saviour died,
A righteous God was pacified ;
My debts he paid, my sins he bore,
And justice now demands no more.
- 2 A healing balm his hand bestows,
To cure my wounds and ease my woes,
And a rich fountain still remains
To wash away my guilty stains.
- 3 Here will I bathe my spotted soul,
Here blessings without number roll ;
My hopes and joys I hence derive,
For Jesus died that I might live.

94. *Fountain Opened.*

(148th. Greenwich New.)

- 1 **FROM** thy dear pierced side,
Unspotted Lamb of God,
Came forth a mingled stream,
Of water and of blood :
My sinful soul, there I would lay,
Till every stain is washed away.
- 2 'Tis from this sacred spring,
A sovereign virtue flows,
To heal my painful wounds,
And cure my deadly woes :
*Here then I 'll bathe, and bathe again,
Till not a wound or woe remain.*

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 A fountain 'tis, unsealed,
Divinely rich and free ;
Open for all that come,
And open too for me :
Thither with speed will I repair,
Come sinners come, and meet me there.

95. *Gift of God.* (L. M.)

- 1 **G**OD from his radiant throne on high,
Sent his own Son to bleed and die,
To bear our sins, endure our pains,
And take away our guilty stains.
- 2 His best Belov'd he freely gave,
Our wandering souls to seek and save ;
On him the vengeance due was poured,
That ruined man might be restored.
- 3 He prayed, he suffered, groaned and died,
His hands were pierced, his feet, his side ;
A full atonement he has made,
The long arrears of justice paid.
- 4 Sinners, lift up your voice and bless
The Lord your strength and righteousness ;
To him immortal praise is due,
Whose love has done so much for you !

96. *Gift of God.* (L. M.)

- 1 **J**ESUS my Lord, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.
- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face which often I have seen ?
Arise, thou sun of righteousness,
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distressed ;
The first of all his gifts bestowed,
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Could I but say this gift is mine,
The world should lie beneath my feet ;
Though poor, no more would I repine,
Or look with envy on the great.
- 5 The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart ;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart.

97. *Glories of the Saviour.* (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS, how lovely is his face !
Innumerable sweets are there ;
Not one of all the human race
Is half so good or half so fair.
- 2 There heaven and earth their charms unite,
In full perfection there they shine ;
Nor sun nor stars appear so bright,
Nor spread a lustre so divine.
- 3 Compassion sits upon his brow,
There terror mixed with love appears ;
His lips with balmy spices flow,
His words are music to our ears.
- 4 These are thy glories, mighty Lord,
This the dear form thy saints adore ;
'Tis this will endless joys afford,
When earthly scenes delight no more.

98. *Head over All.* (S. M.)

YE angels, bless the Lord,
And praise his sacred name ;
Diffuse his glories all abroad,
His gracious acts proclaim.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 Praise him, ye heavenly powers,
And make his goodness known ;
Christ is your Head, as well as ours,
And you surround his throne.
- 3 Praise him, ye hosts of light,
In accents sweet and high ;
To him you owe your power and might,
At his command you fly.
- 4 Ye winged seraphim,
Your grateful voices raise ;
Created and preserved by him,
Let him have all your praise.
- 5 The lofty song begin,
And tune your harps anew ;
We 'll in the sacred concert join,
And strive to vie with you.

99. *Hidingplace.*

(8's Peculiar, New Jerusalem.)

- 1 **THE** powers of earth and of hell,
Whene'er they against me arise,
To Jesus my sorrows I tell,
My soul to its hidingplace flies ;
His favours he loves to dispense,
From him all my comforts proceed ;
I make him my rock of defence,
My refuge in seasons of need.
- 2 In darkness and deepest distress,
When night's sable mantle is spread,
And winds and the waves never cease,
And billows roll over my head ;
Then let the storm furious roar,
The noise of the water-spouts roll ;
I *quickly shall gain the blest shore,*
The haven of rest to my soul.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST

100.

Hidingplace.

(C. M.)

- 1 **THIS** world 's a dreary wilderness,
Where turbid waters flow ;
No blooming flowers of paradise,
But thorns profusely grow.
- 2 We lose our friends, our wealth decays,
And life is full of pain ;
For various good we wait and wish,
But wish and wait in vain.
- 3 Our hand outstretched to seize the prize,
The phantom flies away ;
And leaves us to relentless grief,
An unexpected prey.
- 4 Jesus our Saviour, now to thee,
With hasty steps we come ;
Our only refuge here below,
And our eternal home.
- 5 'Midst rising winds and beating storms,
Reclining on thy breast,
We find in thee a hidingplace,
And here securely rest.

101.

King of Saints.

(L. M.)

- 1 **LISTEN**, ye mortals, whilst I sing,
The glories of my heavenly King ;
With transport dwell upon his name,
To distant nations spread his fame.
- 2 Jesus my Lord, divinely fair,
No seraph can with him compare ;
Nor saints below, nor saints above,
Can equal his stupendous love.
- 3 He loved me first, he loves me still,
Subdued my soul, inclined my will,
Taught me to choose the better part,
And stamped his image on my heart.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 4 With steady feet I still would tread,
The path in which he deigns to lead ;
His life transcribe and make my own,
Till all his will in me be done.
- 5 But oh, how oft I step aside,
How apt to stray without a guide !
Fix me, dear Lord, and let me be
Afraid of sin, and true to thee.

102. *Lamb of God.* (S. M.)

- 1 **BEHOLD** the sacrifice
Upon the altar laid,
Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God,
A trespass-offering made.
- 2 An offering made for us,
For us he bleeds and dies ;
Hearken to his expiring groans,
And view his agonies.
- 3 The innocent is slain,
To set the guilty free ;
Immeasurable, boundless grace,
And love of high degree.

103. *Leader.* (C. M.)

- 1 **JESUS**, if thou vouchsafe to guide,
We will thy followers be ;
Nor earth nor hell shall e'er divide,
Our stedfast souls from thee.
- 2 If foes assail on every hand,
And threaten to devour ;
Lord, in thy strength we'll boldly stand,
Nor dread their boasted power.
- 3 Should we be called to take the cross,
The cross we'll gladly bear ;
Through death's dark valley, when we pass,
No evil will we fear.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST

- 4 Leaning upon the arm we love,
The strength in which we trust,
We 'll press to reach the world above,
The mansions of the just.
- 5 No longer groveling here below,
Our souls shall mount on high ;
Where streams of mercy ever flow,
And God is ever nigh.

104. *Life of his People.* (C. M.)

- 1 OH what a treasure all divine
Is hid in Christ the Lord !
From him what rays of glory shine,
What peace his paths afford.
- 2 In him our light and life are found,
Though we were dead before ;
And now he makes our joys abound,
Who all our sorrows bore.
- 3 When sore distressed, he to our aid,
On rapid pinions flies ;
And to the wounds which sin has made,
A healing balm applies.
- 4 'Tis from his fulness we receive,
And daily grace for grace ;
That to his glory we may live,
And see him face to face.

105. *Lord of All.* (S. M.)

- 1 SEE Jesus on his throne,
Of glory and of bliss ;
Chief Ruler of the heavenly world,
And sovereign Lord of this.
- 2 The saints encircling round,
In humble posture stand,
*And their resplendant crowns receive,
From his indulgent hand.*

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 The glory all is his,
The bliss supreme is theirs ;
He the refulgent mid-day sun,
And they the lesser stars.

106. *Morning Star.* (L. M.)

- 1 **A**RISE, thou bright and morning star,
And send thy silvery beams from far ;
Dispel the shades of dreary night,
And let me hail the dawning light.
- 2 Blinded by sin, I went astray,
And wandering left the heavenly way ;
Dart forth thy soul-reviving rays,
And guide me all my future days.
- 3 With growing strength may I pursue,
The course which heavenly wisdom drew,
Till I shall reach the blissful shore,
Where pilgrims rest and stray no more.

107. *Morning Star.* (L. M.)

- 1 **Y**E worlds of light, that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
Oh tell, how mean your glories are ;
How faint and few, compared with his !
- 2 We sing the bright and morning Star,
Jesus, the source of light and love ;
His purest rays, diffused from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.
- 3 'Midst gloomy darkness spread abroad,
This light directs the pilgrim's way ;
Still, as he goes, he finds the road,
That leads him safe to endless day.
- 4 When shall we reach the glorious height,
Where this bright Star shall brightest shine ;
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view the lustre *all* divine.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

108. *Name of Jesus.* (C. M.)

- 1 JESUS ! delightful, charming name,
 It spreads a fragrance round ;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
 In union here are found.
- 2 He is our life, our joy, our strength,
 In him all glories meet ;
He is a shade above our heads,
 A light to guide our feet.
- 3 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
 If Jesus shows his face ;
To weary heavy-laden souls,
 He is their resting place.
- 4 When storms arise and tempests blow,
 He speaks the stilling word ;
'The threatening billows cease to flow,
 The winds obey their Lord.
- 5 Through every age he 's still the same,
 But we ungrateful prove,
Forget the savour of his name,
 The sweetness of his love.

109. *Offices of Christ.* (C. M.)

- 1 SINNERS redeemed from endless woe,
 By Christ's atoning blood,
Now let your lips with praises flow
 To your incarnate God.
- 2 Give to his name the honour due,
 Who left the world of bliss,
Grace to procure, and glory too,
 For souls in deep distress.
- 3 In weakness he was crucified,
 But raised again with power ;
Stern justice now is satisfied,
 And endless life secure.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 4 He is your prophet, priest and king,
Your strength and righteousness ;
Then with transporting pleasure sing
The riches of his grace.

110. *Physician of Souls.* (C. M.)

- 1 JESUS, thou mad'st the lame to walk,
The deaf thy voice to hear ;
The silent tongue begins to talk,
The sick their couches bear.
- 2 Devils depart at thy command,
The blind their Saviour see ;
Thou bid'st the man with withered hand,
Stretch out that hand to thee.
- 3 Lepers from thee obtained relief,
Oh cleanse my spotted soul !
Ease every pain, and every grief,
Dear Jesus, make me whole !
- 4 Bodies bereaved of life and breath,
Thou calledst from the grave ;
Oh save me from the second death,
For thou hast power to save.
- 5 I 'm blind and lame, and deaf and dumb,
And every sickness feel ;
Oh come, thou great physician, come,
For thou alone can'st heal.

111. *Physician.* (C. M.)

- 1 JESUS, thro' heaven and earth and hell,
The universal Lord ;
The oracles of sacred truth,
Thy wondrous deeds record.
- 2 Thy mercy, like thy greatness, is
Of infinite degree ;
Oh let me feel its influence,
To draw me near to thee.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 3 In all diseases and complaints,
Thou hast unrivaled skill ;
Alike thou canst the broken bone,
Or wounded spirit heal.
- 4 Awaken thou my drowsy powers,
My dull affections raise ;
Cause me, though deaf, to hear thy voice,
Though dumb, to speak thy praise.
- 5 Wash in the fountain of thy blood,
My leprous soul, oh Lord ;
My head is sick, my heart is faint,
Thy speedy aid afford.

112. *Preciousness of Christ.* (L. M.)

- 1 WONDERS on wonders here I see,
One, free from sin, made sin for me ;
Jesus, the only Son of God,
O'erwhelmed in wrath, baptised in blood.
- 2 In him a thousand beauties meet,
His voice, no angel's harp so sweet ;
His heart how full of love, his face
Adorned with each superior grace.
- 3 Saviour, divinely bright and fair,
How manifold thy glories are !
Precious, most precious may'st thou be,
To all thy people, and to me !

113. *Priesthood of Christ.* (C. M.)

- 1 ABOVE yon stars the Saviour sits,
A priest upon his throne ;
There he presents our feeble prayers,
And with our pleas, his own.
- 2 Clothed in his perfect righteousness,
We find access to God ;
Secure from wrath, secure of bliss,
Through his atoning blood.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 3 Nothing can make our souls afraid,
When Jesus is so nigh ;
With boldness we lift up our head,
And Abba Father cry.
- 4 When the omniscient Judge beholds
The Lamb that once was slain,
Neither will he refuse to hear,
Nor bid us ask in vain.

114. *Ransom.*

(8. 7. 4. Helmsley.)

- 1 **WHEN** upon my state I ponder,
Oh how dark am I within !
Satan easily ensnares me,
Works upon a heart unclean :
Kind Deliverer,
Thou alone canst free from sin.
- 2 Guilt I feel a heavy burden,
Sinful thoughts, alas, encrease ;
Can a rebel so unworthy,
Ever hope to dwell in peace :
Blessed Saviour,
Thou canst make my sorrows cease.
- 3 Come, my soul, forbear this mourning,
Banish unbelief and pride ;
For thy hope there 's ground sufficient,
Jesus bowed his head and died :
As thy Ransom,
He was scourged and crucified.
- 4 Now before the great Eternal,
As thine advocate he stands ;
Having calmed the wrath vindictive,
Paid the debt the law demands :
Kindest Saviour,
Thus to free from Satan's bands.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 5 To his cross I 'll fly believing,
Seek and find my refuge there ;
On his promises relying,
I no more will yield to fear :
Blessed Ransom,
Thus to bring salvation near.

115. *Refuge.*

(Double Sevens. Hotham.)

- 1 **L**ORD, I own the sentence just,
Yet would in thy mercy trust ;
None by power can thee withstand,
Nor evade thy lifted hand :
Oh what course shall I pursue,
What can such a creature do !
Who has laboured long in vain
Help from Sinai to obtain.
- 2 Now in thee I place my hope,
Jesus, bear my spirits up ;
Let me view thee on the tree,
Know my sins were laid on thee :
Trusting in thy righteousness,
May I sacred peace possess ;
By the virtue of thy blood,
Find access to thee and God.

116. *Refuge.*

(104th, Hanover.)

- 1 **I**N depths of distress,
To Jesus my God,
I fly for redress,
Who ransoms with blood :
He came down from heaven,
He suffered and died,
And all are forgiven,
Who in him confide.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST

- 2 He in the rude storm,
A refuge is known ;
No blasts can alarm,
No waters can drown :
The soul that reposes
Its confidence here,
Whatever opposes,
He needs not to fear.
- 3 If friends should forsake,
When danger is nigh,
And troubles o'ertake,
Our peace to destroy ;
Yet Jesus still liveth,
The faithful and true ;
Salvation he giveth,
Our peace to renew.

117. *Refuge.*

(8. 6. 8. *François.*)

- 1 IN times of danger and distress,
To Jesus I will fly ;
He is the refuge of my soul,
A refuge ever nigh :
Quickly to him will I repair,
And hope to find protection there.
- 2 Should earth and hell unite their force,
My ruin to complete ;
Beneath the shadow of his cross,
I see a safe retreat :
Then to the cross will I repair,
And seek a timely refuge there.
- Christ is the patron of the poor,
He succours the oppressed ;
The saint's deliverer from wrath,
And his eternal rest :
Then to this friend will I repair,
Nor doubt to find deliverance there.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

118. *Rock and Refuge.* (S. M.)

- 1 **T**HE sins of youth and age
Aloud for vengeance cry ;
What satisfaction can I make,
Or where for shelter fly ?
- 2 Jesus, a rock thou art,
Ordained by heaven to be,
A refuge to the trembling soul ;
And why not such to me ?
- 3 Secured from every ill,
Exempt from every fear ;
Eternal wrath will never reach,
No arrows pierce me there.

119. *Christ our Shepherd.* (L. M.)

- 1 **H**IS flock the heavenly Shepherd feeds,
By purling streams in flowery meads ;
He guards them both by night and day,
And guides them lest they go astray.
- 2 Or if by Satan's wiles mis-led,
They in forbidden paths should tread,
He timely warns them of their sin,
And turns their wandering feet again.
- 3 In danger he is always nigh,
No evil can escape his eye ;
He calls his sheep, he knows their names,
And gently leads the tender lambs.
- 4 Beneath the shadow of a rock,
From scorching suns he screens his flock ;
And should the prowling wolf appear,
They still are safe, for Christ is there.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

120.

Shepherd.

(S. M.)

GREAT Shepherd of the flock,
To whom the sheep belong,
Be thou my trust and confidence,
My glory and my song.

2 From every devious path,
My wandering feet restore ;
Be thou my constant guard and guide,
And let me stray no more.

3 With thirst and hunger pained,
When faint and near to die,
With living water, living bread,
Do thou my wants supply.

4 Here let me often taste
Of thy distinguished love,
Till I a full repast obtain
In richer fields above.

121. *Shepherd.*

(8. 7. 4. Mariners.)

OH thou good and faithful Shepherd,
Whose kind hand my breath sustains;
Still preserve through life's dark passage,
Softened all my griefs and pains :
Gently lead me
In thy green and flowery plains.

2 In thy fold may I be numbered,
With thy humble chosen sheep ;
Suffer me no more to wander,
There my soul in safety keep :
Be my guardian,
Day and night, awake, asleep.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 3 Let my Shepherd's voice direct me,
Let me follow where he goes,
Till I reach the fold in glory,
Where the numerous flock repose :
Then for ever
I shall be secured from foes.

122. *Shepherd.* (C. M.)

- 1 'TIS he who spreads the heavens abroad
My faithful shepherd is ;
He guides me in the sacred road
That leads to perfect bliss.
- 2 He who the whole creation feeds,
Will food for me provide ;
To pastures green he gently leads,
Where living waters glide.
- 3 Jesus, to whom all nature bows,
My feeble soul will keep ;
My dangers and my fears he knows,
And will protect his sheep.
- 4 Angels, your tuneful voices join,
He is your shepherd too ;
But let the loftier song be mine,
I owe him more than you.

123. *Sun of Righteousness.* (C. M.)

- 1 SO many are my doubts and fears,
And so perverse my ways,
No wonder that my joys are fled,
And all my notes of praise.
- 2 I bid my drooping soul rejoice,
But it will not obey ;
As well could I a mountain move,
As drive my griefs away.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 3 Jesus, thou sun of righteousness,
With glorious splendour rise ;
And shed new beams of heavenly light
On these benighted eyes.
- 4 Dispel the darkness of my mind,
And set the prisoner free ;
Though I should search the globe around,
There 's help in none but thee.

124.

Sun.

(C. M.)

- 1 **R**ISE, glorious Sun, supremely bright,
Diffuse thy rays abroad ;
Scatter the shades of gloomy night,
And show the heavenly road.
- 2 With healing in thy wings, arise
On this dark soul of mine ;
Oh pour thy glories from the skies,
And give me life divine.
- 3 Though thorns and briars, and pits and snares,
Beset the path I go,
One ray of thine dispels my fears,
And guides me safely through.

125. *Surety of his People.* (C. M.)

- 1 **E**XTENDED on the accursed tree,
My Lord was crucified ;
There, oh my soul, he bled for thee,
Then let thy griefs subside.
- 2 From bands of death he now is free,
And sits upon his throne ;
There, there my soul, he lives for thee.
Then let thy fears be gone.
- 3 He is my surety and my head,
My strength and righteousness ;
He gives me grace in time of need,
Till glory I possess.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 4 Fleeting are my best comforts here,
And changeable my frame ;
I 'm raised by hope, depressed by fear,
But Jesus is the same.

126.

Surety.

(S. 1)

- 1 **LET** us proclaim abroad
The wonders God has done,
In the aboundings of his grace,
By his coequal Son.
- 2 • In pardon, he displays
His justice and his love ;
Mercy and truth their power unite
To make the curse remove.
- 3 The law for vengeance calls,
Nor does it call in vain ;
The vengeance due to man's offence,
Our Surety did sustain.
- 4 We all our comforts owe
To Christ's atoning blood ;
By it he sealed the promises,
And God will make them good.

127.

Teacher.

(S. M)

- 1 **JESUS**, I bless thy name,
Thou teacher sent from heaven ;
How sweet, how infinitely sweet,
The lessons thou hast given !
- 2 When storms and tempests rise,
Thy word creates a calm ;
Where sin its mortal wounds has made,
It proves a healing balm.
- 3 Never did angels' tongue
So charm the human ear,
So animate the trembling soul,
And chase away its fear.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 4 When plunged in deep distress,
This eased the killing pain ;
And what before had this effect,
I long to hear again.

128.

Teacher.

(L. M.)

- 1 **COME** Jesus, heavenly teacher, come,
Convey thine own instructions home ;
While men thy sacred truth impart,
Tis thine alone to reach the heart.
- 2 Whene'er I read or hear thy word,
Thine inward teachings, Lord, afford ;
To me thy holy will reveal,
Unfold the book, and loose the seal.
- 3 Call me, oh call me to thy feet,
And there transported may I sit ;
With joy thy heavenly features trace,
And feast upon thy richest grace.

129.

Christ Unchangeable. (C. M.)

- 1 **JESUS**, how boundless is his grace,
How bright his charms appear !
To those who here have seen his face,
How precious and how dear !
- 2 He died upon the shameful tree,
To bring us near to God ;
And bought our life and liberty
With his atoning blood.
- 3 His goodness still remains the same,
His mercies ne'er decay ;
He sees the frailty of our frame,
And pities mortal clay.
- 4 He from his shining seat above,
Beholds our helpless state ;
And all his bowels melt with love,
When we our woes relate.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 5 Amidst the honours of a throne,
He ne'er forgets his friends ;
Their numerous griefs he makes his own,
And speedy succour sends.
- 6 When earth and hell against them rage,
He keeps their souls secure ;
In every world, through every age,
His power and truth endure.


130. *Victory over Satan.* (L. M.)

- 1 SATAN confined in massy chains,
And doomed to everlasting pains,
The awful vengeance dreads and feels,
Which the almighty Thunderer deals.
- 2 No more can he obtain his will,
No more his dark designs fulfil ;
How great soe'er his strength may be,
Yet Christ is stronger far than he.
- 3 He breaks in twain his iron bands,
And rescues captives from his hands ;
Treads him beneath their feeble feet,
And makes their victory complete.
- 4 Exult, ye saints, your voices raise,
And shout your great Deliverer's praise ;
Let every tongue and every tribe,
Salvation to the Lamb ascribe.

131. *Various Characters United.* (L. M)

- 1 WHAT various lovely characters,
The condescending Saviour bears !
All human virtues, all divine,
In him unite, with splendour shine.
- 2 The corner stone on which we build,
The balm by which our souls are healed ;
The morning star, whose cheering ray
Dispels the shades, and brings the day.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 3 He is our rock, and our defence,
Nor earth nor hell can force us thence ;
Our advocate before the throne,
Who with our prayers presents his own.!
 - 4 He is the burdened sinner's rest,
Our prophet, and atoning priest ;
To him as our exalted king,
We homage pay, our offerings bring.
 - 5 He is our captain and our guide,
The friend, the husband of the bride ;
The counsellor, the prince of peace,
The Lord our strength and righteousness.
 - 6 The fountain whence our blessings flow,
A lamb, and yet a lion too ;
A sun for light and guidance given,
The door which opens into heaven.
 - 7 He is the shepherd of the sheep,
Who does his flock in safety keep ;
The conqueror he, the judge of men,
The faithful witness, the Amen !
- 

INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

132.

Invocation.

(S. M.)

- 1 COME, holy Spirit, come !
With energy divine ;
And on this poor benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.

INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 2 From the celestial hills,
Light, life, and joy dispense :
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.
- 3 Oh melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue ;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
- 4 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise ;
Cheerful to thee will I devote,
The remnant of my days.

133. *Sovereignty of the Spirit.* (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HE blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please ;
How happy are the men who feel
The soul-enlivening breeze.
- 2 He moulds the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.
- 3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood ;
Bids both our guilt and fear remove,
And brings us home to God.
- 4 Lord, fill each dead benighted soul
With light, and life, and joy ;
None can thy mighty power controul,
Or shall thy work destroy.

134. *The Comforter.* (C. M.)

NO more with sin and grief oppressed,
Our thankful lips record,
Salvation in its full extent
Belongeth to the Lord.

INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 2 He sends his Spirit from above,
Our nature to renew ;
Displays his power, his love reveals,
Imparts his comforts too.
- 3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
And shows our sins forgiven ;
Conducts us through this vale of tears,
And brings us safe to heaven.

135. *Sanctifier and Comforter.* (C. M.)

(Condescension.)

- 1 CELESTIAL Dove,
Come from above,
And guide me in thy ways ;
My heart prepare
For solemn prayer,
And tune my lips to praise.
- 2 Open mine eyes,
And make me wise,
My interest to discern ;
From every sin,
Without, within,
Incline my heart to turn.
- 3 Fly to my aid,
When I 'm afraid,
Or plunged in deep distress ;
My foes subdue,
And bring me through
This howling wilderness.

136. *Teachings of the Spirit.* (L. M.)

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truths thy word reveals,
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
The book unfold, and loose the seals.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
And excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

137. *Teaching and Leading.* (C. M.)

- 1 **D**ESCEND, descend, celestial Dove,
Display thy power divine ;
Inspire with zeal, enflame with love,
This languid heart of mine.
- 2 Point out the path which I should tread,
And lead me all the way ;
I'm safe, if I can keep the road,
In danger if I stray.
- 3 Oh teach me how to pray and praise,
Or my attempt is vain ;
To heaven my dull affections raise,
Nor let them sink again.
- 4 Descend, descend, celestial Dove,
With influence divine ;
Inspire with zeal, enflame with love,
This languid heart of mine.

138. *Leadings of the Spirit.* (S. M.)

- 1 **T**HAT we might walk with God,
He forms our hearts anew ;
Takes us, like Ephraim, by the hand,
And teaches us to go.

INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 2 He by his Spirit leads,
In paths before unknown ;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.
- 3 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way ;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.
- 4 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do ;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

139. *Guidance of the Spirit.* (L. M.)

- 1 B ESET with dangers all around,
And perfect strangers to the way,
Grant us, oh Lord, thy special aid,
Or we shall faint or go astray.
- 2 Show us the path that we should tread,
That leads direct to thine abode ;
And let thy blessed Spirit be
Our constant guide along the road.
- 3 Each moment fresh instructions give ;
For till we reach the blissful shore,
A thousand lessons we shall need,
And those obtained, a thousand more.
- 4 And if, dear Lord, thus taught by thee,
We join at last the ransomed throng,
We 'll tell of all thy mercies past,
And raise thy glories in our song.

140. *Dependence on the Spirit.* (S. M.)

1. W H E R E ' E R the Spirit works
With energy divine,
There sin will lose its reigning power,
And every virtue shine.

INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 2 The soul he 'll ne'er forsake
That 's moulded by his hand ;
Without his aid the strongest fall,
By him the weakest stand.
- 3 To dangers oft exposed,
With various griefs oppressed,
He leads his people safely home
To their appointed rest.

141. *Indwelling of the Spirit.* (L. M.)

- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
Send down thy Spirit from above ;
Let me his sacred influence feel,
To quicken, purify, and heal.
- 2 May he these stubborn lusts subdue,
And form my nature all anew ;
To thee my groveling spirit raise,
Excite to humble prayer and praise.
- 3 He is the source of every grace,
Of light and life and holiness ;
By him alone may I be taught,
And all my works in him be wrought.
- 4 Oh let thy holy Spirit come,
And make my heart his constant home ;
There his abundant grace display,
And lead me in a perfect way.

142. *Indwelling.* (L. M.)

- 1 COME, thou eternal Spirit, come
From heaven thy glorious dwellingplace ;
Oh make my sinful heart thy home,
And consecrate it by thy grace.
- 2 There fix, oh Lord, thy blessed abode,
And drive thine enemies from thence ;
There shed a Saviour's love abroad,
And light and life, and joy dispense.

INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 3 My wants supply, my fears suppress,
Abase me low, yet hold me up ;
Teach me in times of deep distress,
To pray in faith, and wait in hope.

143. *Renewing Influence.* (L. M.)

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit, source of good,
Too little known or understood,
Thy saving gifts to us dispense,
And bless us with thine influence.
- 2 Form every faculty anew,
Our lusts restrain, our hearts subdue ;
Our fears suppress, our guilt remove,
Inspire with zeal, enflame with love.
- 3 Let all our powers to thee submit,
And bow adoring at thy feet ;
Thy holy light may we receive,
And mourn whene'er Thyself we grieve.
- 4 Thus will we bless thy name, oh Lord,
And thine efficient grace record ;
Thou with the Father and the Son,
Art One in three and Three in one.

144. *Quickening Influence.* (L. M.)

- 1 **C**OME, holy Spirit, now descend,
With ardent zeal my soul inspire ;
Enflame it with seraphic love,
And kindle there a pure desire.
- 2 How oft has my deceitful heart,
Seduced me from the heavenly road :
Oh bid the wanderer now return,
And steadfast fix my soul on God.
- 3 O'ercome by thy victorious power
Before my Saviour's feet I'll bow ;
There as a humble suppliant lie,
Till grace and peace his hands bestow.

INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT.

145. *Quickening Influence.* (L. M.)

- 1 **D**ESCEND, celestial Spirit, down,
To quicken these inactive powers ;
Direct our feet in paths unknown,
Reveal thy love and kindle ours.
- 2 Rebellicious lusts do thou controul,
Dissolve our chains and set us free,
From Satan's arbitrary rule,
And sin's destructive tyranny.
- 3 With courage, Lord, our hearts inspire,
With faith and hope and ardent zeal ;
'Tis thine to fill with strong desire,
To comfort, sanctify, and seal.
- 4 Thy gifts of grace may we receive,
And then the fruits of grace return ;
And if through sin, thy love we grieve,
Cause us with anguish deep to mourn.

146. *Grieve not the Spirit.*

(6. 8s. Careys.)

- 1 **M**Y faith is weak, my foes are strong,
My wandering heart with anguish pained
Celestial Dove, where art thou fled,
Since I thine influence restrained !
Oh come again and ease my heart,
There dwell, and never thence depart.
- 2 Teach me thy sovereign will to know,
From paths of folly to return ;
Oh let me never grieve thee more,
Nor ever hence thine absence mourn :
Come then, celestial Dove, impart
Thy sacred peace to soothe my heart.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 3** Vouchsafe in answer to my prayer,
To form my inward powers anew ;
Confirm my faith, my fears dispel,
And guide me all my journey through :
Come then, celestial Spirit, come,
And lead a lonely pilgrim home.
-

CHRISTIAN GRACES AND DUTIES.

... ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

147. *Charity.* (L. M.)

- 1** IF he who rules the world's affairs,
For me an ample board prepares ;
My grateful heart to him shall rise,
Like burning incense to the skies.
- 2** Nor will I fail while I have store,
To give a portion to the poor ;
Those who are friends, my God, to thee,
Shall ever find a friend in me.
- 3** If I were great, I 'd not oppress,
If rich, be full of tenderness ;
Deprived of all, I 'll not repine,
But cheerfully my all resign.

148. *Circumspection.* (C. M.)

- 1** THE saint devotes himself to God,
And with unwearied pace,
Travels along the heavenly road,
Nor fears the world's disgrace.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 2 Strengthened by mighty power within,
He each command obeys ;
And lest his steps decline to sin,
Looks well to all his ways.
- 3 Still he improves the grace he hath,
And humbly seeks for more ;
Nor will he ere forsake the path
His Saviour trod before.
- 4 In all the duties he performs,
An upright mind appears ;
Sincerity his life adorns,
And mercy crowns his years.

149. *Circumspection.* (L. M.)

- 1 **WHEN** men of malice and deceit,
My goings watch, my failings wait,
Let them by my deportment see,
That I, oh Lord, have been with thee.
- 2 May I be upright, just and true,
Award to every one his due ;
And by my circumspection prove,
Thy holy name I fear and love.
- 3 Let every thought and word and deed,
From motives uncorrupt proceed ;
And should temptations bring new pains,
Oh wash me from my guilty stains.
- 4 Dear Saviour, let me see thy face,
Replete with majesty and grace ;
And by repeated visits know,
Something of heaven begun below.

150. *Cleaving to the Lord.* (S. M.)

- 1 **SATAN**, the world and sin,
Entice me from my God ;
Tempt me to leave the heavenly path,
And tread the downward road.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 2 Oh thou who on the cross
Didst for my sins atone,
Although rebellious and perverse,
Do not a child disown.
- 3 Thine by a thousand ties
I am, and still would be ;
Strengthen my faith, enflame my love,
And draw my soul to thee.

151. *Contentment.* (C. M.)

- 1 LET the voluptuous proudly boast,
What dainties crown his board ;
This is my meat, and this my drink,
To know and serve the Lord.
- 2 Let him his tens of thousands spend,
To satiate his taste ;
To me a conscience void of guilt,
Becomes a nobler feast.
- 3 Let him his appetite indulge,
And still in pleasures roll ;
In Jesus' love I seek and find,
A banquet for my soul.
- 4 The poorest fare shall give content,
If Jesus be but mine ;
Nor will I envy all the world,
Their corn and oil and wine.

152. * *Contentment.* *

(8. 7. 4. *Mariners.*) :

- 1 SWEET content, that balm all-healing,
Much enlivens every state ;
Though our wealth be not encreasing,
Our desires will it abate :
Calm the tempest,
Which tumultuous thoughts create.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 2 This will add to every comfort,
Give new charms to happiness ;
Are we poor, forlorn, despised ?
This will make our sorrows less :
Sweet contentment,
Soothes the mind in deep distress.
- 3 But the mortal still repining,
Daily aggravates his pain ;
Be he great and stored with riches,
Still he sighs for peace in vain :
True contentment
Is itself the highest gain.

153.

Contentment.

(S. M.)

- 1 **WHATEVER** state I 'm in,
Contented would I be ;
If wealthy, save me Lord from pride,
If poor from envy free.
- 2 The frowns of providence
I would submissive bear ;
And when my purposes are crossed,
No gloomy aspect wear.
- 3 But if the scene should change,
And light my steps surround,
My heart shall be with love enflamed,
My lips with praise resound.
- 4 Whate'er my lot may be,
'Tis fixed by thee my God ;
Cheerful I 'll bless the giving hand,
And kiss the scourging rod.

154.

Contrition.

(C. M.)

- 1 **GREAT** God, before thy mercy seat,
Abased in dust I fall ;
My crimes of complicated guilt,
Aloud for judgment call.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 2 I own my ways to be corrupt,
My duties stained with sin ;
Make thou my broken spirit whole,
My burdened conscience clean.
- 3 Lord, send thy Spirit from above,
Implant a holy fear ;
And through thine all-abounding grace,
Bring thy salvation near :
- 4 On my distressed benighted soul,
Oh cause thy face to shine ;
Make me to hear thy pardoning voice,
And tell me I am thine.

155. *Delighting in God.* (C. M.)

- 1 **W**HITHER, oh whither art thou gone,
Thou source of my delight !
Whose presence ushers in the day,
Whose absence forms the night.
- 2 Whither, oh whither art thou fled,
My Saviour and my God ;
Oh tell me in what distant land,
Thou makest thine abode.
- 3 Where'er thou art, thou still canst hear
The humble suppliant's cry ;
Shine on my soul, most gracious Lord,
Return, or I must die.
- 4 Then though my earthly friends may fail,
And worldly comforts flee ;
Thy lovingkindness, oh my God,
Is more than these to me.

156. *Delighting in God.* (C. M.)

- 1 **W**HEN earthly streams are passed away,
And creature comforts gone,
The Lord's my helper and my stay,
Sufficient and alone.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 2 My friend art thou where'er I go,
The object of my love ;
My kind protector here below,
And my reward above.
- 3 When foes intrude or tyrants frown,
Thou art my sure relief ;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And tell thee all my grief.
- 4 This world would be a wilderness, .
If banished, Lord, from thee ;
And heaven without thy smiling face,
Would be no heaven to me.

157. *Delighting in God.* (C. M.)

- 1 BE gone, ye glittering vanities,
You nothing are to me ;
To thee my best affections rise,
Are fixed, oh God, on thee.
- 2 Honour's an empty breath of wind,
And gold a splendid toy ;
Could I possess the world, thy smiles
Would give me greater joy.
- 3 If I could call the Indies mine,
I still should long for more ;
And destitute of grace divine,
Be miserably poor.
- 4 Whilst transitory pleasures yield
Content to carnal minds ,
My soul, dear Lord, to thee ascends,
In thee a heaven it finds.

158. *Devotedness to Christ.* (C. M.)

- 1 JESUS the cheerful labour claims,
Of all our hearts and hands ;
Ye saints, do homage to his name,
And keep his just commands.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 2 Receive him as your priest and king,
Your Saviour and your Lord ;
To him your daily offerings bring,
Believing in his word.
- 3 Seek the assistance of his grace,
To keep your conscience clean ;
Serve him in truth and righteousness,
Renouncing every sin.
- 4 Then will a gracious God approve
The course that you pursue ;
Give present tokens of his love,
And crown with glory too.

159. *Devotedness to God.*

(8. 7. 4. Helmsley.)

- 1 I AM thine, Lord, I 'll surrender,
To thy care my early days ;
Keep oh keep me lest I wander,
From thine own appointed ways :
Lord sustain me,
And to thee I 'll render praise.
- 2 Now the bonds which thou hast loosed,
Bind me faster still to thee ;
When in straits, to thee for shelter,
I in confidence will flee :
Thou art mighty,
And will bless and succour me.
- 3 With my every power I 'll serve thee,
Glorify thy name, oh God ;
Grateful for thy goodness, praise thee,
I will spread thy name abroad :
Tell poor sinners,
What thou hast on me bestowed.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

160. *Devotedness to God.* (S. M.)

- 1 **THOU** Parent of all good,
Preserve my soul from ill ;
Do thou direct my heart and hand,
To execute thy will.
- 2 My heart, how weak and frail,
How sinful and unclean ;
Renew it Lord, and sow the seeds
Of holiness within.
- 3 From every earthly charm,
Oh set my spirit free ;
May I my time and strength devote,
My life, my all to thee.
- 4 In wisdom's pleasant ways,
Help me to persevere,
Till I shall reach the world of bliss;
And serve thee better there.

161. *Diligence and Zeal.* (C. M.)

- 1 **I**F carnal men for earthly things,
Strive with their heart and hand ;
The blessings of the world to come,
A greater zeal demand.
- 2 And yet whilst they with all their might,
Those vanities pursue,
How slow the advances which I make,
With heaven itself in view.
- 3 Great God, with holy zeal inspire,
My soul with love enflame ;
Religion destitute of these,
Is but an empty name.
- 4 To gain the top of Zion's hill,
May I with fervour strive ;
And all those powers for thee employ,
Which I from thee derive.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

162. *Equity and Candour.* (L. M.)

- 1 **H**EAR what the holy prophets teach,
The scorner's seat with care decline ;
Keep silence still, or let your speech
Be seasoned well with grace divine.
- 2 Reproachful words put far away,
Seek to conceal your neighbour's blame ;
Dare not his secret faults betray,
Or his infirmities proclaim.
- 3 Give no offence to greek or jew,
But follow peace with all mankind ;
Let love through all your actions flow,
Ingenuous, free and unconfined.
- 4 Fly faction, strife and fierce debate,
From wrath and bitterness abstain ;
The measure you to others mete,
Others will mete to you again.

163. *Faith.* (L. M.)

- 1 **F**AITH is the glass by which we spy
Things far above the azure sky ;
The shield which guards from fiery darts,
And courage gives to trembling hearts.
- 2 It works by love, with zeal inspires,
'Midst rugged paths nor faints nor tires ;
From gloomy apprehensions frees,
And God its author seeks to please.
- 3 Oh thou from whom all virtues flow,
This precious grace on me bestow ;
It is thy gift, most rich and free,
Impart it, dearest Lord, to me.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

164. *Properties of Faith.* (C. M.)

- 1 **H**AVE I that faith, whose influence
Destroys the power of sin ;
Subdues the vain delights of sense,
And makes the conscience clean.
- 2 Have I that lively faith and strong,
Which checks th' insulting foe ;
And when thick dangers round me throng,
Will bear me safely through ?
- 3 Have I that faith which calms the soul,
When threatening storms arise ;
Bids the huge billows cease to roll,
And straight the tempest dies.
- 4 Have I that faith which looks to Christ,
Through clouds that intervene ;
The sovereign king, atoning priest,
And trusts him though unseen ?
- 5 If still this precious grace I want,
I seek it, Lord, from thee ;
'Tis thine and thine alone to grant,
Impart this gift to me !

165. *Faith the gift of God.* (S. M.)

- 1 **F**AITH, 'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed ;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.
- 2 Jesus it owns as king,
And all-atoning priest ;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 *On him it safely leans,
In times of deep distress ;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.*

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 4 All through the wilderness,
It is our strength and stay ;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
While it directs our way.
- 5 Lord, 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free ;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

166. *Faith and Hope.* (S. M.)

- 1 YE saints, no more indulge
Your slavish fear and dread ;
Abundant grace is treasured up
In Christ your living head.
- 2 Let not excessive grief
Your rising hopes destroy ;
God will your various wants relieve
And bring to endless joy.
- 3 Though enemies assault,
And may at times prevail ;
Yet your inheritance is safe,
The promise cannot fail.
- 4 The eye of faith can see,
A future rich reward,
Laid up above the starry skies
For those who love the Lord.
- 5 A kingdom and a crown,
God will on his bestow ;
For them the seeds of bliss are sown,
The fruits of glory grow.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

167. *Fear of the Lord.*

(6. 7s. Turin.)

- 1 **L**ORD, incline my wandering heart,
To revere thy holy name ;
Thou art good, the same thou art,
Through eternal years the same :
Plant thy fear within my breast,
Soothe my trembling soul to rest.
- 2 Whence I go and where I dwell,
Deign to be my guard and guide !
All my inward foes repel,
Bid my painful doubts subside :
Plant thy fear within my breast,
Soothe my trembling soul to rest.
- 3 Could I such a treasure prove,
Earth would sink with all its store ;
To enjoy thy fear and love,
Nothing I would covet more :
Plant thy fear within my breast,
Soothe my trembling soul to rest.

168. *Fear and Joy.* (L. M.)

- 1 **W**HAT wonders present to my view,
'Tend to alarm and comfort too !
The various scenes of providence,
Objects of faith, and those of sense.
- 2 My daily food, my nightly rest,
Sorrows encreased, and woes suppress ;
The strengthening staff, the chastening rod,
A just and yet a pardoning God.
- 3 A dying and a risen Christ,
My glorious king, atoning priest ;
Eternal pain and endless joy,
Alternately my thoughts employ.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 4 And be they thus employed, till I
In yon bright world above the sky,
Shall view them in a clearer light,
Transformed and ravished with the sight.

169. *Fidelity and Zeal.* (C. M.)

- 1 **I**S God the sovereign whom I serve,
His work my sweet employ ?
Do I his gracious favour seek,
Nor wish a greater joy ?
- 2 Do I my utmost power exert,
Those talents to improve,
Which were committed to my trust,
By his distinguished love ?
- 3 To God alone shall be the praise,
While I his will perform ;
'Tis he succeeds my weak attempts,
And helps a feeble worm.

170. *Following the Lord.*

(6. 8's. Wheat and Tares.)

- 1 **W**HAT wondrous condescending love,
That Jesus should for sinners die,
Should leave his throne of bliss above,
To bring rebellious creatures nigh !
Stupendous love beyond compare,
That Christ should tabernacle here.
- 2 By him my debts are all discharged,
And now my foes assault in vain ;
My future hopes has he enlarged,
And told me I shall with him reign :
Then let me his dear name adore,
And strive to serve him more and more.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

3 I now through fire and water too,
Would follow my redeeming Lord,
Assured his arm can help me through,
And also sufficient strength afford :
To him then I will live and die,
And join the triumphs of the sky.

171. *Following Hard after God.* (C. M.)

1 **BY** every means, in every way,
My soul shall seek the Lord ;
At home, abroad, by night, by day,
Till he his grace afford.

2 Does he retire ? I 'll still pursue,
And mend my heavy pace,
Till with rejoicing eyes I view
His lovely, smiling face.

3 I with his people will attend,
Expecting him to see ;
Jesus, my Saviour and my friend,
Oh come and visit me !

4 Were I of all the world possessed,
I would the whole resign,
If I might only once be blessed,
And say that thou art mine.

172. *Foraking all for Christ.* (L. 1)

1 **YES**, Lord, we would forsake our all, .
Obedient to thy heavenly call ;
Renounce the world's attractive charms,
And fly to thine inviting arms.

2 Wealth, honour, pleasure, all shall go,
If thou command it to be so ;
These fading scenes we 'll bid adieu,
Leaving a nobler prize in view.

GRACES AND DUTIES

- 3 In thee alone we place our trust,
The wise, the good, the ever just ;
And thine for ever would we be,
Nor suffer aught to rival thee.
- 4 Thou art the Shepherd, we the sheep,
And near thy side we still would keep ;
Do thou protect along the road,
Till we shall reach thy blessed abode.

173. *Forsaking all for Christ.*

(11's. Geard.)

- 1 HOW kind is my Saviour,
Who deigned to be,
So closely united
To sinners like me :
Though vile and unworthy,
He calls me his friend,
And to my distresses
Will ever attend.
- 2 My debts are discharged,
My foes are subdued,
My soul is enlarged,
My nature renewed
Then let my devotion
To Jesus encrease,
And he 'll be my portion,
When this life shall cease.
- 3 Through fire and through water,
I 'll go with my Lord,
In full expectation,
He strength will afford :
My Jesus I 'll follow,
For him would I die,
Then sound forth his praises,
In yonder bright sky.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

174. *Forsaking all for Christ.* (L. M.)

- 1 **T**HE paths of sin I now forsake,
And wisdom's course with gladness take ;
Here perfect safety I shall find,
And peace and pleasure well refined.
- 2 Fair Zion's sons shall be my choice,
For now I hear my Saviour's voice ;
One word of his will cheer me more,
Than all the songs I heard before.
- 3 Vile unbelief be swiftly gone,
Now faith and love ascend the throne ;
Vain world adieu, for Christ will be
More than a thousand worlds to me.

175. *Gentleness and Tenderness.* (L. M.)

- 1 **L**ET those who own the christian name,
Put spite and malice far away ;
Let not misguided zeal enflame,
Nor restless passions bear the sway.
- 2 Let them restrain a slandering tongue,
Nor to detraction lend an ear ;
Refuse to do their neighbour wrong,
Nor to his failings be severe.
- 3 No bitter thoughts, nor angry words,
Among the saints should have a place ;
We should forgive a brother's faults,
Nor seek to heighten his disgrace.
- 4 Gentle and mild was Jesus' life,
And love through all his actions ran ;
Lord free my soul from wrath and strife,
And form my temper like thine own.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

176. *Gentleness, Goodness, Faith.* (C. M.)

- 1 **H**APPY, for ever happy he,
Whose heart is purged from sin ;
His life is from reproaches free,
His conscience all serene.
- 2 Remote from anger, noise and strife,
Submissive and resigned ;
He leads a holy peaceful life,
Is loved of all mankind.
- 3 With tender pity for the poor,
He hears their plaintive cries ;
And out of his encreasing store,
Their urgent want supplies.
- 4 Not wilfully would he offend,
Or do his neighbour wrong,
Either with an oppressive hand,
Or with a slandering tongue.
- 5 Firm and unwavering is his faith,
Unfeigned his acts of love ;
Nor do his footsteps from the path
Of piety remove.
- 6 In sickness God will soothe his grief,
And be his constant friend ;
At death will yield him kind relief,
And crown his journey's end.

177. *Glorying in the Cross.* (L. M.)

- 1 **D**IDST thou, dear Saviour, shed thy blood,
To bring transgressors home to God ?
With satisfaction may I see,
'That blessed end fulfilled in me !
- 2 'Tis thou alone canst heal my soul,
And make my wounded spirit whole ;
Washed in thy blood I need not fear,
When I before thy bar appear.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 3 Then may I glory in thy cross,
For thee account all things but loss,
My heart and tongue and all combine,
To celebrate thy love divine.

178. *Glorying in the Cross.* (L. M.)

- 1 **F**AREWEL, ye transitory things,
The wealth of kingdoms and of kings ;
A nobler object far than you,
Appears to my enraptured view.
- 2 Jesus ! in whom all glories meet,
Holy and just, and good and great ;
Ever compassionate and kind,
My Saviour, Advocate, and Friend.
- 3 His blood redeemed my guilty soul,
On him I all my burdens roll ;
From him I seek, in him possess,
Wisdom and strength and righteousness.
- 4 His praise shall all my powers employ,
My present hope, my future joy ;
For him I count my gain but loss,
And glory only in his cross.

179. *Gratitude and Joy.* (S M.)

- 1 **A**LL ye who seek the Lord,
Before his footstool bow ;
With joy attend his holy word,
And pay the praise you owe.
- 2 'Tis his unbounded love,
His rich and sovereign grace,
That raised your thoughts to things above,
And bid you seek his face.
- 3 Come, magnify his name,
And all his love adore,
Since you have felt the sacred flame,
And owned his quickening power.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 4 Lord, let thy mercies crown
Our few remaining days ;
And when thy will on earth is done,
We 'll give thee nobler praise.

180. *Growing in Grace.* (L. M.)

- 1 **F**ATHER of spirits, grant that we
May more and more resemble thee ;
Daily from strength to strength proceed,
Christians in name and so indeed.
- 2 In our whole lives may we express,
The truth and energy of grace ;
A lively faith, a humble fear,
And be in truth what we appear.
- 3 By our exact obedience show,
What we ~~to~~ thy rich mercy owe ;
And thus a bright example give,
To teach the world how they should live.
- 4 Not tire nor stop, but still press on,
To finish well the course begun ;
And then receive the great reward,
For such and only such prepared.

181. *Growing in Grace.* (C. M.)

- 1 **D**RAW my desires to things above,
And wean from things below ;
Lord, make me know thy holy will,
And practise what I know.
- 2 Grant me those tokens of thy love,
I ne'er enjoyed before ;
No more may guilty fears distress,
And sin bear rule no more.
- 3 Let grace implanted grow and shine,
In all its beauty, Lord ;
Let others see that I am thine,
And love thy holy word.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

182. *Heavenly Mindedness.* (L. M.)

- 1 **NOT** heaps of wealth do I desire,
Nor yet to dignities aspire ;
From envy and ambition free,
A little is enough for me
- 2 So I can lead a tranquil life,
Remote from want and free from strife ;
Of lesser things I'll not complain,
A trifling loss, a little pain.
- 3 But still I'll lift my longing eyes,
To yon bright world above the skies ;
And forward press with hasty feet,
To joys refined and bliss complete.
- 4 There streams of purest pleasure flow,
Untasted and unknown below ;
Nor guilt nor grief can there be found
Nor thorns infest the sacred ground.

183. *Hoping in God.* (C. M.)

- 1 **TRUST** in the Lord, ye trembling saints.
For ever love his name ;
Amidst your numerous sad complaints
His truth is still the same.
- 2 When fears arise, and foes invade,
To him for shelter fly ;
In all your wants implore his aid,
And on his grace rely.
- 3 Men both of high and low degree,
False and inconstant prove ;
*But those shall ne'er forsaken be,
Whom he vouchsafes to love.*

GRACES AND DUTIES.

184. *Hope arising from the Cross.* (L. M.)

- 1 **BEHOLD**, my soul, the Son of God,
All bathed in tears, in sweat and blood ;
And may I know, when this I see,
That Jesus wept and bled for me.
- 2 Then why should I be now afraid,
Since he a full atonement made ;
My sins are many, it is true,
But many are his mercies too.
- 3 Glory to that unbounded grace,
Which fully meets my helpless case ;
Without it I should still have been,
A child of wrath, a slave to sin.

185. *Hope Fainting.* (C. M.)

- 1 **BEHOLD**, oh God, a soul oppressed
With various kinds of grief ;
Since nought below can give me rest,
Do thou afford relief.
- 2 From sins and snares on every hand,
I would but cannot fly ;
Come, Lord, nor at a distance stand,
When danger is so nigh.
- 3 My fears are great, my hope is small,
If any hope remain ;
Thou canst my gloomy fears dispel,
My feeble hope sustain.
- 4 Thick clouds spread darkness all around,
With scarce a twinkling ray ;
Bright sun of righteousness, arise,
And turn my night to day.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

186. *Hope Reviving.* (S. M.)

- 1 **AND** shall I sit alone,
Oppressed with grief and fear ;
To God my Father make my moan,
And he refuse to hear.
- 2 If he my Father be,
His pity he will show ;
From cruel bondage set me free.
And inward peace bestow.
- 3 If still he silence keep,
'Tis but my faith to try ;
He knows and feels whene'er I weep,
And softens every sigh.
- 4 Then will I humbly wait,
Nor once indulge despair ;
My sins are great, but not so great
As his compassions are.

187. *Humility.* (Sevens, Cookham.)

- 1 **LORD**, one thing I ask of thee,
That more humble I may be ;
Daily feel a lowly mind,
To thy sovereign will resigned.
- 2 Since I have a rebel been,
Let me ever weep for sin ;
Now I see how vile I am,
Fill me, Lord, with grief and shame.
- 3 Yet in depths of sore distress,
Let me lean upon thy grace ;
'Midst the terrors I endure,
Thou canst make the blessing sure.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

188. *Hungering after Righteousness.* (L. M.)

- 1 **H**APPY the man whose heaving breast
Bespeaks a mind with grief oppressed ;
Who pants for Jesus' righteousness,
And prays for sanctifying grace.
- 2 God will his various wants supply,
And all his longings satisfy ;
By living streams shall he be led,
And daily feast on living bread.
- 3 On those who thirst for holiness,
Christ will bestow both grace and peace ;
For them a heaven has he prepared,
And is himself their great reward.

189. *Integrity and Truth.* (L. M.)

- 1 **G**REAT God, thy quickening grace impart
Impress thine image on my heart ;
And thence let holiness divine,
In all its native lustre shine.
- 2 Cleanse me from vile hypocrisy,
And let my words and deeds agree ;
Integrity be still my guard,
Nor let me think thy precepts hard.
- 3 Oh may my help in thee be found,
When others fall, to stand my ground ;
'Midst gins and snares hold on my way,
'Till I arrive at endless day.

190. *Joy of Salvation.* (L. M.)

- 1 **G**OD'S cheering presence once withdrawn,
My life, my joy, my all is gone ;
Restless from place to place I rove,
To seek the object of my love.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 2 But when he makes his face to shine,
And gently whispers, I am thine ;
My joys revive, my fears are fled,
And faith lifts up its fainting head.
- 3 No longer then can I conceal,
The rapturous pleasure which I feel ;
But heart, and lips, and life express
The wonders of restoring grace.

191. *Liberality.*

(6. 8. Carmarthen New.)

- 1 **TO** your Creator God,
And everlasting King,
Your humble homage pay,
And choicest offerings bring :
A contrite heart, obedient will,
A soul enflamed with love and zeal.
- 2 His righteous cause maintain,
His holy laws obey ;
With gladness offer thanks, •
With warmth and fervour pray :
Their wants supply who fear his name,
And God for you will do the same.
- 3 To him your strong desires,
And best affections raise,
And in his service spend
The remnant of your days :
What you can give is but his due,
It was by him bestowed on you.

192. *Love to God.* (S. M.)

- 1 **LOVE** is the fountain whence
All true obedience flows ;
*The christian serves the God he loves,
And loves the God he knows.*

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 2 He treads the heavenly road,
And neither faints nor tires ;
That generous love which warms his breast,
With fortitude inspires.
- 3 No burden seems so great,
No task so hard appears,
But this he cheerfully performs,
And that he meekly bears.
- 4 May love, that shining grace,
O'er all my powers preside ;
Direct my thoughts, suggest my words,
And every action guide.

193. *Love to our Neighbour.*

(8's Peculiar, New Jerusalem.)

- 1 TRUE sympathy, kindness and love,
Our actions should ever display ;
This is the command from above,
And let us no longer delay :
In others' delights we should share,
And of their distresses partake,
Should tenderly wipe off the tear,
And do it for Jesus's sake.
- 2 Of this all delightful employ,
Divinest example is given ;
Our Jesus came not to destroy,
But to save us and lead us to heaven :
Oh may we regard his command,
And follow his pattern of love,
Thus show by our heart and our hand,
That we all his precepts approve.

194. *Superiority of Love.* (C. M.)

- 1 COULD I the massy rocks remove
To the remotest sea ;
Yet were I destitute of love,
How wretched should I be !

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 2 Should I submit to torturing pain,
Or for religion die ;
E'en that religion would be vain,
Unmixed with charity.
- 3 If fervent love my soul enflame,
There faith and hope are found ;
No other grace deserves the name,
Where love does not abound.
- 4 This is the grace which still prevails,
In the bright world above :
There faith and hope and patience fail,
But saints will ever love.

195. *Superiority of Love.* (L. M.)

- 1 IF I all heavenly mysteries knew,
And had the tongue of angels too,
To make those glorious mysteries known,
These would be nothing if alone.
- 2 Could I by faith the mountains move,
Faith would not save apart from love ;
Undone and ruined should I be,
If destitute of charity.
- 3 Should I tormenting pains endure,
Or sell my goods to feed the poor :
Through want of love to God and man,
My every act would be in vain.
- 4 Happy the breast where love resides,
Where it o'er all our thoughts presides ;
Love will exert its greatest power,
When faith and hope are known no more.

196. *Lowliness of Heart.* (C. M.)

- 1 THE humble soul is God's abode,
There he delights to dwell ;
To such his comforts will afford,
His love and truth reveal.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 2 In times of danger and distress,
He 'll be their strong defence ;
Nothing can hurt them at his feet,
And nought can drive them thence.
- 3 Thus streams descending from the hills,
Enrich the vales below ;
Thus oaks before the tempest fall,
While tender osiers bow.

197. *Meditation.* (L. M.)

- G**REAT God, my noblest powers engage,
By night and day to think of thee ;
Thus may I spend my present hours,
And thus employ eternity.
- 2 To meditate on what thou art,
And all the works which thou hast done—
A world created and preserved,
Millions redeemed and saved by One.
 - 3 By thee instructed, let my soul
From scene to scene with pleasure rove ;
Dwell on thy wisdom, truth and grace,
The wonders of redeeming love.

198. *Meekness.* (L. M.)

- 1 **D**ESCEND, celestial Dove, and bring
Sweet peace on thine expanded wing ;
Subdue my pride, my wrath appease,
And bid tumultuous passions cease.
- 2 Give me a temper all benign,
Let love in every action shine ;
And the soft cords of friendship bind
My heart to all of human kind.
- 3 Provoked, let me not do or say
What will not bear a strict survey ;
And should I injuries sustain,
Silent and calm may I remain.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

199. *Meekness and Forbearance.* (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conformed to thee ;
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like thine own.
- 2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
Share in his grief, supply his need ;
'The haughty frown may I not fear,
But with a lowly meekness bear.
- 3 Let the envenomed heart and tongue,
The hand outstretched to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast,
But such as Jesus once expressed.
- 4 To others let me always give,
What I from others would receive ;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor when provoked, with anger burn.
- 5 This will proclaim how bright and fair,
The precepts of the gospel are !
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

200. *Moderation and Charity.*

(8. 8. 6. Rochdale.)

- 1 WHEN I behold my table spread,
I'll bless the Lord who gives me bread,
And own his daily care ;
Nor e'er forget amidst my store,
The pious and afflicted poor,
But they of mine shall share.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 2 Whate'er's bestowed I 'll not abuse,
But all with moderation use,
As coming from my God ;
True sympathy would I possess,
Would feel for those in deep distress,
And help to bear their load.
- 3 Or if at home or with a friend,
Thy glory, Lord, shall be my end,
However mean the fare ;
I 'll wait to feast above the skies,
Where all thy saints to glory rise,
And round the board appear.

201. *Mortification of Sin.* (C. M.)

- 1 **DOES** no corruption reign within,
Have I no idol there ?
No bosom or besetting sin,
Which I would wish to spare ?
- 2 Jesus, exert thy mighty arm,
To thee for help I cry ;
Subdue the evil of my heart,
And make the traitor fly.
- 3 Assert the conquest once obtained
On awful Calvary ;
'There sin received its deadly wound,
'Then let it die in me !
- 4 Or if until my latest hour,
Its being still remain ;
Oh may I on the bed of death,
A perfect victory gain.

202. *Mourning an absent Saviour.* (C. M.)

- 1 **IF** Jesus hide his lovely face,
What griefs o'erwhelm my mind !
I search the whole creation round,
But no relief can find.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

All earthly beauties fade away,
If he withhold his light ;
His presence makes it shining day,
His absence gloomy night.

For thee I sigh, for thee I mourn,
To feel and taste thy love ;
Return, dear Saviour, oh return,
And never more remove.

203. *Mourning an Absent Saviour.* (C. M.)

LORD, when thy presence I enjoy,
What sacred peace it gives ;
My heart and hands find sweet employ,
My fainting spirit lives.

But when thine absence I bewail,
How many fears arise ;
My strength is gone, my spirits fail,
And every comfort dies.

When with affliction I 'm oppressed,
Death fills with dire alarms ;
My place of safety and of rest,
I find within thine arms.

Jesus, I long to see thy face,
And feast upon thy love ;
Oh visit me in my distress,
And never hence remove.

204. *Nearness to the Lord.* (S. M.)

WHEN sorrows round us roll,
And comforts we have none ;
Dear Jesus, say that thou art ours,
And all our griefs are gone.

When enemies assault,
With daring violence,
Thy presence will their force abate,
Or drive them far from hence.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

3 Is there no friend to cheer,
In times of deep distress ;
A smile from thee will help to bear,
Or make the burden less.

4 Passing the gloomy vale
Of death, we fear no harm ;
Supported by thy powerful grace,
Reclining on thine arm.

5 This is our utmost wish;
Dear Lord, that thou would'st be,
For ever, ever near to us,
And keep us near to thee.

205. *Nearness Desired.* (S. M.)

1 OH thou who dwell'st above,
My Saviour and my God ;
Laden with guilt, behold I wait,
For thine atoning blood.

2 For shelter and for ease,
I to thy bosom come ;
And there within thy circling arms,
Would make my lasting home.

3 Prostrate before thy feet,
I every fault confess ;
And look for all I want or wish,
From thy distinguished grace,

4 With pitying eye regard,
The sorrows I endure ;
And let thy Spirit and thy word,
Create my nature pure.

5 Oh turn me not away,
But grant me this request ;
Let me be ever near to thee,
And with thy favour blessed.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

206.

Patience.

(7s. Cookham.)

- 1 **L**ORD, though bitter is the cup,
Thy kind hand deals out to me,
Cheerful I would drink it up,
Nought can hurt which comes from thee.
- 2 Dash it with unchanging love,
Let no drops of wrath be there ;
Saints now ever blessed above,
Oft were most afflicted here.
- 3 From thy blessed incarnate Son,
True obedience I would learn ;
When thy will on earth is done,
I shall then no longer mourn.

207.

Patience of Hope.

(C. M.)

- 1 **T**HOU sovereign Ruler of the world,
To thee would I resign,
My future hopes and present joys,
And learn thy will divine.
- 2 I kiss the hand which holds the rod,
Nor will I dare complain ;
Although my brightest days be past,
My darkest still remain.
- 3 Compared with what my Saviour felt,
How light my sorrows are ;
Nor can the greatest pains I feel,
With pains of hell compare.
- 4 Then will I patiently submit,
Nor let a murmur rise,
While I possess a stedfast hope
Of bliss beyond the skies.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

208. *Patient in Tribulation.*

(7. 6. Amsterdam.)

- 1 **BOW**, ye saints, before your God,
The just and holy one ;
Humbly bear the chastening rod,
And say, thy will be done ;
Think, amidst your sad complaint,
Still he keeps your good in view ;
When he smites, lest you should faint,
He will your strength renew.
- 2 All the sufferings you endure,
Are light compared with sin ;
Soon these trials will be o'er,
And glory shall begin :
Now, though in the furnace cast,
'Tis your graces to refine ;
Hold the word of promise fast,
And brighter you shall shine.
- 3 Cease, ye saints, your strains of woe,
The cross ensures the crown ;
For the mourners here below,
The seeds of bliss are sown :
Cheerful then at his command,
Bow obedient at his feet ;
They shall most securely stand,
Who lowly now submit.

209. *Patience and Submission.* (C. M.)

- 1 **A** MIDST afflictions, great and small,
Oh may I be resigned ;
Whate'er calamities befall,
Lord, give a patient mind !
- 2 Whilst every lawful means I use,
To ease or cure my pain,
Forbidden aids I would refuse,
And murmuring thoughts restrain.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

Thy ways are ever good and wise,
Though clouds surround thy throne ;
Tis sovereign mercy bids me rise,
Tis mercy casts me down.
Then will I humbly wait, until
Thou lay aside the rod ;
The heaviest strokes that I can feel,
Come from a gracious God.

210. *Peace with God.*

(S. M.)

- 1 **SUBSTANTIAL**, lasting peace,
For saints the Lord ordains ;
He by his death the gift acquired,
And by his grace maintains.
- 2 'Tis this that cheers my soul,
When other comforts fly ;
Without it I can scarcely live,
And with it dare to die.
- 3 'Tis marrow to my bones,
A cordial to my heart :
And if my health and strength decay,
Will health and strength impart.
- 4 Lord, make this blessing mine,
To keep my heart secure ;
Then will I celebrate thy praise,
While life and breath endure.

211. *Peace of Conscience.*

(6. 7s. Refuge.)

- 1 **PEACE** of conscience to enjoy,
Is a rich perpetual feast ;
Carnal joys are mean and poor,
Sorrow is their constant guest :
Day by day discharged from sin,
May I feel a peace within.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

If from guilt of sin released,
What have I beside to dread :
When my faith and hope are strong,
I can raise my drooping head :
May it be my daily care,
'To preserve a conscience clear.

- 3 Many happy grateful thoughts,
Frequent occupy my soul ;
Cheerfully I run my race,
Longing to obtain the goal :
Be it then my daily care,
That the crown at last I wear.

212. *Peace and Contentment.*

(8. 7. Jewin Street.)

- 1 **H**APPY is the man and blessed,
Who preserves a conscience clear ;
Purged from sin, no more distressed,
He is free from slavish fear :
This supports his feeble spirits,
Makes him bend beneath the rod ;
Trusting in the Saviour's merits,
He has confidence in God.
- 2 Though by creatures he 's neglected
What to him are all mankind !
If he be of God accepted,
True contentment he will find :
When the nations in confusion,
Strive each other to devour,
Free from dread and consternation,
He can trust and still adore.
- 3 On a rock his faith is founded,
Proof against the swelling waves,
Knowing every surge is bounded,
Lo, the fearful storm he braves :
Crosses serve but to instruct him,
He 's a pilgrim here below ;
Angels will ere long conduct him,
Where he long has wished to go

GRACES AND DUTIES.

213. *Pity and Compassion.* (L. M.)

- 1 **DID** Christ the Saviour stoop so low,
That he for us could heaven forego ;
And shall I not myself deny,
His poor to feed, their wants supply ?
- 2 His liberal hand presented food,
To serve the needy multitude ;
By miracles of grace and power,
The numerous sick did he restore.
- 3 Then is my heart composed of steel,
That I no more compassion feel,
To those afflicted and distressed,
Smitten of God, by man oppressed ?
- 4 My dearest Saviour let me be
In temper more conformed to thee ;
And with benignity divine,
Let my whole life resemble thine.
- 5 Whate'er my neighbour's troubles are,
May I with him a portion share ;
Nor suffer him to sigh alone,
But mingle with his tears my own.

214. *Pressing towards Perfection.* (S. M.)

- 1 **INDULGED** with various means,
The good attained how small !
Perfection I would humbly seek,
But oh how short I fall !
- 2 Yet will I run and strive,
Still pressing to the goal ;
Nor be contented with a part,
Till I possess the whole.
- 3 The mark at which I aim,
Is likeness to my Lord ;
Till that 's attained I'm not at rest,
I'm only on the road.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 4 Oh thou eternal Source
Of light and strength divine,
Quickened by efficacious grace
This sluggish soul of mine.

215. *Christian Race.* (C. M.)

- 1 **G**IRD up your loins, ye saints, prepare
To run the heavenly race ;
Pursue your course in Jesus' name,
Depending on his grace.
- 2 Rest not in present good attained,
But still be pressing on,
Till you the distant mark have reached,
The palm of victory won.
- 3 Let erring creatures smile or frown,
Or censure or applaud ;
Be it your first and chief concern,
To be approved of God.
- 4 For him your active powers exert,
From whom they all proceed ;
Consult the honour of his name,
In word and thought and deed.
- 5 Oh may his love our souls inspire,
His grace be ever nigh ;
Then we will run with warmer zeal,
And end our course with joy.

216. *Race.* (C. M.)

- 1 **N**OW let us run the christian race,
With persevering speed ;
God's word, his Spirit, and his grace,
To active duty lead.
- 2 Did Jesus leave the realms of bliss,
To save our souls from hell ;
A love so wonderful as this,
Demands an ardent zeal.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- Those who to Christ for refuge fly,
And hope to win the prize ;
Must daily on his grace rely,
While pressing to the skies.

217. *Race.*

(7a. Feversham.)

- 1 **R**ISE, aspire, my groveling soul,
Vigorous run the heavenly race ;
Swift revolving seasons roll,
And reprove thy lingering pace.
- 2 Rouse thy dull inactive powers,
Careful tread the sacred road ;
Be the pilgrims footsteps yours,
Humbly walk before thy God.
- 3 If dread foes beset thy path,
Gins and snares before thee lie ;
These but call for stronger faith,
Fly to Christ, for succour fly.
- 4 Swiftly rise, why lingerest thou !
Angels bright invite thee home ;
Wilt thou midst the world's vain show,
Lightly think of joys to come.

218.

Repentance.

(L. M.)

- 1 **L**OW at thy feet, oh God, most just,
A sinner self-condemned I lie ;
Jesus alone is all my trust,
And can I trust in him and die ?
- 2 My sins are numberless and strong,
Mine enemies are mighty too ;
But power and grace to him belong,
And he is mighty to subdue.
- 3 *My guilt appears of crimson dye,
And has a voice that pierces heaven ;
But Jesus' blood can sanctify,
His Spirit show my sins forgiven.*

GRACES AND DUTIES.

He is my prophet, priest and king,
To endless ages still the same ;
His praise my feeble lips shall sing,
And spread abroad his glorious name.

219.

Repentance.

(L. M.)

THY laws, dear Jesus, I have broke,
And cast away thine easy yoke ;
Nor threats nor promises could move,
Nor frowns nor smiles, nor wrath nor love.

Soften this flinty heart of mine,
Then cause thy beams of love to shine ;
Make me to hear thy cheering voice,
And bid the broken bones rejoice.

Lord, should I perish, thou art just,
But while I tremble, I will trust ;
My dearest Saviour let me flee
From sin, the world and self, to thee.

220.

Repentance.

(L. M.)

WITH grief and shame I call to mind,
How base my conduct and unkind ;
What thou, dear Lord, hast done for me,
And what returns I make to thee !

The follies of my youth and age,
Like gathering clouds, a storm presage ;
Sick is my head and faint my heart,
Diseased, alas, in every part.

Sins long forgot come fresh to mind,
Oppressive now, no peace I find ;
Like a poor captive held in chains,
My struggles but encrease my pains.

Exhaustless source of every good,
Apply the Saviour's cleansing blood ;
By gracious visits, Lord repeat,
And still conduct me near thy seat.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

221. *Resignation.*

(8. 7. Jewin Street.)

- 1 **WHEN** the dreadful tempest rises,
Waves of trouble round me roll,
When the enemy surprises,
Blessed Saviour, keep my soul !
Save me from the fear of falling,
Bid tumultuous thoughts be still ;
While my soul on thee is calling,
Bow it to thy sovereign will.
- 2 Should a prosperous gale attend me,
Guard me from self-confidence ;
In temptation, Lord defend me,
'Midst the flattering joys of sense :
Whilst I live, and when I 'm dying,
May I find in thee a friend ;
On thy grace and truth relying,
Crown, oh Lord, my journey's end.

222. *Resignation.* (C. M.)

- 1 **MY** times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand ;
My chief enjoyments come from thee,
And go at thy command.
- 2 Oh Lord, shouldst thou withhold them all,
Yet would I not repine ;
Before they were by me possessed,
They were entirely thine.
- 3 *Nor* would I drop a murmuring word,
If all the world were gone,
But seek substantial happiness,
In thee and thee alone.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 4 What is the world with all its store ?
 'Tis but a bitter sweet ;
 When I attempt to pluck the rose,
 A pricking thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
 The honey's mixed with gall ;
 Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
 Be Thou my all in all.

223.

Resignation.

(6. 7a. Bath Abbey.)

- 1 **DOES** the Lord my profit seek,
 Does he chide me as a friend ?
 Yes, he knows that I am weak,
 And will timely succour send ;
 Will he through the vale of death,
 Safely lead the traveller home,
 Place paternal arms beneath,
 When the final sentence come ?
- 2 Then will I no more repine,
 At the strokes in mercy sent,
 But adore the hand divine,
 Never yield to discontent :
 When bewildered and oppressed,
 With submission will I wait,
 Till the Lord afford me rest.
 Be the season soon or late.

224.

Seeking the Lord.

(C. M.)

- 1 ' **SEEK** ye my face,' Jehovah said,
 And straight my heart replied,
 Thy face, oh God, I'll humbly seek ;
 What can I seek beside ?
- 2 Nor sun nor moon, nor midnight stars,
 With half such glory shine ;
 There majesty and mercy form
 A lustre all divine.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 3 To see that blessed and glorious face,
Creates a heaven below ;
And if of angels we enquire,
'Tis all the heaven they know.
- 4 Of this vain world with its delights,
Could I possess the whole,
One glimpse, one single glimpse of thee,
Would more content my soul.

225. *Self-Denial.* (C. M.)

- 1 **A**ND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee ?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go !—one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair !
- 4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
The loss of all things I could bear,
And glory in my gain.

226. *Self-Denial.* (C. M.)

- 1 **S**ATAN must from his seat be cast,
Each darling lust be slain ;
My carnal joy to sorrow turned,
My pleasure into pain.
- 2 This tempting world must be renounced,
And every sin abhorred ;
My soul with all its active powers
Surrendered to the Lord.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 3 Vain thoughts and sensual appetites,
Require to be subdued ;
The inward frame and outward man
By grace must be renewed.
- 4 How vast the change, the labour vast,
For mortal strength too great ;
Dear Lord, this mighty work begin,
'This mighty work complete.

227. *Self-Denial.* (S. M.)

- 1 **A**ND must I all forsake,
If I would serve the Lord ;
The profits and the pleasures too,
Which earth and sense afford ?
- 2 Must I all worldly good
Relinquish for his sake ;
And through the varied scenes of life,
Of sufferings partake ?
- 3 Jesus, to thee, myself,
My all would I resign ;
Would freely part with present things,
Let me but call thee mine.

228. *Self-Examination.*

(8. 8. 6. Chatham.)

- 1 **A**M I sincere and pure within,
Free from deceit, though not from sin,
A follower of the Lamb ?
What are my principles and views,
'The path I tread, the things I choose,
And what 's my end and aim ?
- 2 Whose superscription do I bear,
What mostly love and mostly fear,
Whence do my thoughts incline ?
Am I a slave or am I free,
Does sin or grace bear rule in me
The world or things divine ?

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 3 Uncertain, Lord, to thee I fly,
And beg the trial of thine eye,
Oh bow thy gracious ear ;
Search and direct me what to do
My crimes forgive, my powers renew,
And keep me in thy fear.
- 4 Let true uprightness be my guard,
Let every sin be more abhorred,
My love to thee encrease ;
And when I at thy bar appear,
Grant me, oh Lord, acceptance there,
Through thy distinguished grace.

229. *Self-Examination.* (L. M.)

- 1 **ROUSE**, dying mortal, rouse, awake !
Now of thyself a survey take ;
Closely examine every part,
But most of all thy treacherous heart,
- 2 What is thy state, and what 's thy frame ;
Art thou renewed—is heaven thine aim ?
Once thou wast filthy, art thou clean ;
Purged from the dross and guilt of sin ?
- 3 Art thou a slave or art thou free ;
In prison or at liberty ?
Or clothed or naked, rich or poor ;
A child of wrath as heretofore ?
- 4 Thine all, my soul, thine all 's at stake,
Arise, and strict enquiry make ;
Once and again the search renew,
And beg of God to search thee too.

230. *Self-Examination.* (C. M.)

- 1 **DOES** the old nature still remain,
Or am I formed anew ?
What are my leading principles,
The ends which I pursue ?

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 2 Do I with undiverted feet,
Press forward in the road,
Where only solid peace is found,
Which leads direct to God ?
- 3 Can I resign all earthly joys,
For my Redeemer's sake ;
Do I his lively image bear,
And of his grace partake ?
- 4 Is there no reigning lust within,
No idol in my heart ;
Nor bosom or beloved sin
With which I 'm loth to part ?
- 5 Great God, without thine influence,
Myself I cannot know ;
Light thou thy candle in my heart,
And search me through and through

231. *Self-Examination.*

(8. 7s. Hotham.)

- 1 **THINK** my soul how matters stand,
With thyself before thy God !
Dost thou love his just command,
Art thou in the heavenly road ?
Count thy sins' tremendous sum,
Daily ponder well thy case ;
Hast thou to the Saviour come,
Felt his quickening power and grace ?
- 2 Dost thou every sin abhor,
Or art thou its willing slave ;
Jesus' love dost thou adore,
Trust *his* mighty power to save ?
Dost thou still the world pursue,
Has it gained thine ardent love ;
Art thou dead to things below,
All alive to things above ?

GRACES AND DUTIES

- 3 Oh reflect upon thy frame,
Whence proceed thy hopes and joys ;
Learn thy prospects and thine aim,
What thy chiefest thoughts employs ;
Search me Lord, my heart explore,
Make and keep me thine alone ;
Guide me with thy love and power,
Till I reach thy blissful throne.

232.

Sincerity.

(S.

- 1 IF secret fraud should dwell
Within this heart of mine,
Purge out, oh God ! that hateful sin,
And make me wholly thine.
- 2 If any rival there,
Dares to usurp the throne,
Oh tear the impious traitor thence
And reign thyself alone.
- 3 Is any lust concealed ?
Bring it to open view ;
Search, holy Lord, my inmost soul,
And all its powers renew.

233. *Sincerity.*

(8a. Peculiar, New Jerusalem.;

- LORD, grant me this earnest request,
That I may in Jesus be found ;
Complete in his righteousness drest,
And show forth his praises around :
Illumine my mind and my heart,
Thou source of all comfort divine ;
Thy life-giving Spirit impart,
That I in thine image may shine.
- 2 Let faith, hope and zeal be alive,
And those with true charity joined ;
At sin may I never connive.
But show an uprightness of mind ;

GRACES AND DUTIES.

Then peace shall surround my abode,
And pleasure my pilgrimage crown ;
Religion alone is the road,
To honour and endless renown.

234.

Sincerity.

(C. M.)

- 1 **A**M I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise ?
Have I renounced my sins, and left
My refuges of lies ?
- 2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain
Or is it formed anew ?
What is the rule by which I walk ;
The object I pursue ?
- 3 Cause me, oh God of truth and grace,
My real state to know !
If I am wrong, oh set me right ;
If right, preserve me so.

235.

Submission.

(S. M.)

- 1 **A**FFLICTION to the saint,
A real blessing proves ;
God often spares the men he hates,
And chastens those he loves.
- 2 Into the furnace cast,
'Tis but to be refined ;
The gold comes forth unsullied thence,
The dross is left behind.
- 3 Fierce passions then subside,
Ye murmuring thoughts be gone ;
Lord, I submit, and thou shalt rule,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

236. *Submission.*

(6 7s. Firth's.)

- 1 **TRIALS** when in mercy sent,
Coming from a Father's hand,
Bid us banish discontent,
Humbly bow at his command :
Let us then submissive prove,
Own the strokes were sent in love.
- 2 Are we chastened day by day,
Do we languish through the night ;
All these sorrows pave the way,
For enjoyment and delight :
Let us then submissive learn,
Our true interest to discern.
- 3 In that world where Jesus reigns,
Troubles never can assail ;
Streams no more o'erflow the plains,
Where incessant joys prevail :
Let us then submissive prove,
Looking to that world above.

237. *Submission.* (L. M.)

- 1 **THEN** I can bear thy chastening, Lord,
When thou thy gracious aid afford :
In death's dark vale I will not fear,
If thou art present with me there.
- 2 If thy strong arm encircle round,
Let hosts assail I 'll stand my ground ;
But if thou hide thy face from me,
How weak and helpless should I be.
- 3 Put love into affliction's cup,
Cheerful I then would drink it up ;
Submissive bow before thy throne,
And humbly say, ' Thy will be done.'

GRACES AND DUTIES.

238.

Submission.

(C. M.)

- 1 **WHY** should I murmur or repine,
Beneath the smarting rod ;
When all the trials I endure,
Come from a gracious God.
- 2 He never lifts his hand to strike,
But I provoke the blow ;
Swift are the movements of his love,
Those of his anger slow.
- 3 With the great Sovereign of the world,
I would not dare to strive ;
He at his pleasure wounds and heals,
And kills and makes alive.

239. *Submission.*

(6. 7a. Firth's.)

- 1 **JESUS**, let our inmost powers
All be subject to thy sway ;
Thine it is to give command,
Ours the duty to obey :
May we then submissive prove,
Yield the tribute of our love.
- 2 Selfish passions all subside,
Murmuring thoughts no more arise ;
Jesus' counsels, though concealed,
All are holy, just and wise :
May we then submissive prove,
Yield to him the fruits of love.
- 3 If he frown or if he smile,
He his settled plan pursues ;
Mercy is his end and aim,
None can justly him accuse :
May we then submissive prove,
Own the sceptre of his love.

GRACES AND DUTIES

240. *Thirsting for God*

(8. 7. 4. Mariners.)

- 1 **A**S the thirsty hart when panting
After the refreshing brook,
'Thus my fainting soul for succour,
Eagerly to God would look :
Lord refresh me,
I for thee have all forsook.
- 2 If with wealth and power encompass'd
I in these no comfort find ;
Not the world with all its pleasures
E'er can satisfy the mind :
All 's a phantom,
Light and fleeting as the wind.
- 3 Let the Indies pour their treasures,
With redundance at my feet ;
These would I reject as trifles,
Thine endeared embrace to meet :
Bless'd Redeemer,
Thou canst make my bliss complet

241. *Thirsting for God.* (

- 1 **W**HEN God withdraws, and hides
I long for his return ;
No dove the absence of its mate
More plaintively can mourn.
- 2 The hunted hart with longing eyes,
Pants for the distant brook :
'Thus I for my departed Lord,
With equal ardour look.
- 3 The traveller on Lybian sands,
Perplexed to find the road,
Seeks for a guide to show his path,
And thus I wait for God.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 4 I crave the visits of his grace,
To him I lift my cry ;
Once more unveil thy lovely face,
Nor from thy suppliant fly.
- 5 He hears, and straight my hopes revive,
And lo, my fears are gone,
As morning mists or midnight shades,
Before the rising sun.

242. *Thirsting for God.* (L. M.)

- 1 **THOU** source of purity and love,
To thee my ardent passions move ;
Oh lend a kind and gracious ear,
And be propitious to my prayer.
- 2 To me thy sacred joys impart,
And heal an almost broken heart ;
Grant me the blessings of thy grace,
And lodge me in thy kind embrace.
- 3 All round the globe I cannot find,
A good that 's suited to the mind ;
What here I seek and seek in vain,
In thee, my God, can I obtain.

243. *Trusting in God.* (C. M.)

- 1 **BLESS'D** is the man, for ever bless'd,
Whose trust is in the Lord ;
He is of every good possess'd,
That 's promised in his word.
- 2 While he the heavenly path pursues,
Amidst a thousand snares,
His daily strength the Lord renews,
And scatters all his fears.
- 3 Should powers of earth and hell combine,
To make his soul a prey,
At once he 'll frustrate their design,
Who stronger is than they.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 4 Fresh conquests, faith shall still obtain,
O'er each rebellious lust ;
This is the portion of the man,
Who makes the Lord his trust.

244. *Trusting in God.*

(6. 7s. Refuge.)

- 1 **M**Y dependance is on God,
He is now my only hope ;
Should I feel the chastening rod,
He will bear my spirits up :
Trust in him then all ye saints,
He will hear your sad complaints.
- 2 With the powers of earth and hell,
If I 'm summoned to engage,
He their efforts will repel,
Bring to nought their impious rage.
Trust in him then all ye saints,
He 'll sustain when nature faints.
- 3 He my numerous wants supplies,
Kindly heals my painful wounds,
Listens to my plaintive cries,
And my foes with ease confounds :
Trust in him then all ye saints,
He will watch around your tents.
- 4 He restores my wandering feet,
Leads in paths of righteousness ;
Soon will be my joys complete,
And my numerous ills redress ;
Trust in him then all ye saints,
Cease in future your complaints.
- 5 Through death's valley when I pass,
I will never yield to fear ;
He 'll reveal his heavenly grace,
And will gently lead me there :
Trust in him then all ye saints,
He will help when nature faints.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

245. *Trusting in God.* (C. M.)

- 1 **T**O God I look, on him I wait,
For every needful good ;
When sick, 'tis he restores to health,
When hungry, gives me food.
- 2 With tender heart and pitying eyes,
He marks my griefs and cares ;
His ears are open to my cries,
Propitious to my prayers.
- 3 Mercy with suppliant voice I ask,
His mercy he displays ;
Allays the tumult of my soul,
And tunes my lips for praise.
- 4 'Tis he confirms my feeble knees,
In weakness makes me strong ;
His heaviest strokes are not in wrath,
Nor his withdrawments long.
- 5 My choicest comforts, dearest friends,
I to his goodness owe ;
He is the everlasting spring
From whence my blessings flow.
- 6 In every danger and distress,
I on his grace rely ;
And with my hope thus firmly fixed,
Resolve to live and die.

246. *Truth and Uprightness.* (C. M.)

- 1 **G**REAT God, our reigning sins controul,
From bondage set us free ;
Let sovereign grace renew the soul,
And form it all for thee.
- 2 In wisdom's paths direct our feet,
And guide us all the way ;
And if new trials we should meet,
Do thou new strength convey.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 3 Upright and just be all our views,
Our thoughts and words sincere ;
Be holiness our constant choice,
And sin our daily fear.
- 4 Yet will we never make our boast,
Of ought that we can do :
Jesus is all our hope and trust,
And cur salvation too.

247. *Uprightness and Truth.*

(8. 8. 6. Leach.)

- 1 **WHO** shall ascend that holy hill,
Where God and saints and angels dwell,
In yon bright world above ?
The man whose heart and hands are clear
From the defiling power of sin,
And seeks the Saviour's love.
- 2 The man alone who is renewed,
Whose heart is changed, his lusts subdued
By efficacious grace ;
Whose words and actions are sincere,
Where truth and honour both appear,
Through all his christian race.
- 3 Whose hope is fixed, whose faith relies
On Christ's atoning sacrifice,
For pardon with his God ;
This is the happy man who will
At last ascend to Zion's hill,
And make it his abode.

248. *Waiting and Hoping.* (C.

- 1 **PROSTRATE** before his throne of grace
God sees his mourning saints ;
With pity looks on their distress,
And hears their sad complaints.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

- 2 When for a moment he withdraws,
It gives them inward pain ;
He never frowns without a cause,
And soon he smiles again.
- 3 With humble patience then I 'll wait,
Till he his love displays ;
And then his mercy celebrate
In grateful songs of praise.

249. *Waiting for Returns of Joy.* (C M)

- 1 **L**ONG have I on the willows hung
This tuneless harp of mine ;
Heavy my heart, and slow my tongue,
Unfit for songs divine.
- 2 And shall I ever thus remain,
So dark, so sad, so dull ?
Awake my soul ! tho' streams run low,
The fountain 's ever full.
- 3 With new displays of pardoning love,
I will my songs renew ;
And could I feel as angels feel,
I 'd sing as angels do.

250. *Watchfulness.* (C. M.)

- 1 **A**ND does the taper burn so dim,
While death is at the door ?
Does endless bliss or woe depend
Upon the present hour ?
- 2 Be gone, ye tempters of the mind,
Ensnaring world, adieu !
Ye fleshly lusts and vain delights,
Here is no room for you.
- 3 I 'll trim the lamp, and watch and pray ;
And when my time is come,
Ye angels, bear me swift away,
To my eternal home.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

251. *Weeping for Sin.* (C. M.)

- 1 **WEEP** not for me, the Saviour cries,
Your sins claim every tear ;
These were the cruel instruments,
The thorns, the nails, the spear.
- 2 On the accursed tree I bore,
The wrath that was your due ;
Justice inflicted heavy stripes,
And awful wounds for you.
- 3 Weep for yourselves, and not for me,
My cross procured a crown ;
And had those sufferings been withheld,
Your souls had been undone.

252. *Weeping at the Cross.* (S. M.)

- 1 **YES**, I a mourner am,
And grieve indeed to see,
Jesus my Lord, my life, my all,
Extended on the tree.
- 2 His pierced hands and feet,
His deeply-wounded side—
The Father frowns, the heathen rage,
The jews their Lord deride.
- 3 All this did he endure,
Sustained it too for me—
Oh I could never weep enough,
Should tears create a sea.
- 4 Yet 'tis not tears, but blood
Must take away my sin ;
The precious blood my Saviour shed
Alone can make me clean.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

253. *Yielding Ourselves to God.* (L. M.)

- 1 **DEAR** Lord, I yield myself to thee,
And would henceforth thy servant be ;
At thy command to come and go,
And do whate'er I 'm bid to do.
- 2 Low at thy footstool would I lie,
Here let me live and joyful die ;
For thee improve each fleeting hour,
Employ for thee each active power.
- 3 Whether I have more vigorous health,
Or larger stores of worldly wealth,
I would devote my all to thee,
Whose bounties are so rich and free.
- 4 And when my labours here shall end,
Let me to brighter worlds ascend,
Where all thy saints in concert join,
To celebrate thy love divine.

254. *Zeal and Diligence.*

(8. 7. 4. Helmsley.)

- 1 **THOU** who of our hearts art sovereign,
May we now with joy pursue,
That fair path which leads to glory,
Keep it ever in our view :
Where thy blessings
Are complete and ever new.
- 2 With a holy resolution,
With an unremitting zeal,
May we yield to thine injunction,
And a sacred pleasure feel :
Love thy precepts,
Cheerfully obey thy will.

DOCTRINES.

Our strength is perfect weakness,
On thy grace must we rely ;
Thine alone it is to govern,
Thine to bring salvation nigh :
Lord support us,
Till we reach thy throne on high.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

255. *The Trinity.*

(8. 7. Single, Northampton Chapel.)

- 1 **MORTALS**, sing the Father's praises,
For his rich displays of grace ;
Lo, his special love embraces,
Sinners of the human race.
- 2 Glory to the Son be given,
Who became of humble birth .
To prepare our way to heaven,
He descended to the earth.
- 3 Glory to the sacred Spirit,
Who the stubborn will subdues ;
Sinners vile who claim no merit,
He both humbles and renews.
- 4 Glory to the Three eternal,
Yet the great mysterious One,
Author of all bliss supernal,
Be unceasing honours done.

256.

The Trinity.

- 1 **TO** God the Father, and the Son,
And God the Spirit too,
The One in three, and Three in one,
Ascribe the honours due.

(C. M.)

DOCTRINES.

- 2 To God will I my offerings bring,
And bless his holy name ;
The glories of my heavenly King
To all the earth proclaim.
- 3 To him my grateful voice I 'll raise,
In a melodious song ;
Still shall his love command my heart,
His praise employ my tongue.

257. *The Trinity.* (L. M.)

- 1 TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Equal in wisdom, grace and power,
Let heaven's innumerable host,
And earth's dispersed tribes adore.
- 2 Let angels first attempt the song,
With art and melody divine ;
Then saints of every name and tongue,
In the delightful concert join.
- 3 Ye children of the Father's choice,
And purchase of the Saviour's blood,
Sealed by the Spirit, now rejoice,
And bless and praise the triune God.

258. *God in Christ Jesus.* (C. M.)

- 1 IN the dear person of his Son,
The Father stands revealed ;
And he who truly knows the one,
The other has beheld.
- 2 In Christ as in a glass we see,
Unawed and undismayed,
The glories of the Deity,
Transcendantly displayed.
- 3 Here mingled beams of truth and grace,
In all their beauty shine ;
Angels and saints enraptured trace
The vision so divine.

DOCTRINES.

- 4 Here would I fix my wondering eyes,
With ever new delight ;
Compared with Christ, the brightest skies
Are but a darksome night.

259. *Divinity of Christ.* (C. M.)

- 1 JESUS, who sits enthroned on high,
Our loftiest praises claims ;
He made the earth and built the sky,
And formed our feeble frames.
- 2 Supremely good, immensely great,
Wise, holy, just and true ;
A servant in a low estate,
And yet God's Equal too.
- 3 In him the Father stands expressed,
And all his glory shines ;
He lives, he reigns for ever blessed,
Fulfil his own designs.
- 4 Myriads of happy spirits now
Fall prostrate at his throne,
And join with humble saints below,
To make his glories known.

260. *The Fall.* (L. M.)

- 1 WHEN Satan saw his rebel host,
His cause, and heaven for ever lost,
Malice and wrath his mind possessed,
And fury burned within his breast.
- 2 He knew how vain th' attempts to rise,
With impious rage against the skies ;
But bent on ill, another way
He turns his arms, and wins the day.
- 3 'Twas in a dark unguarded hour,
That our first parents felt his power ;
Soft innocence and virtue fell
An easy prey to death and hell.

DOCTRINES.

- 4 Ye sons of God, the tempter fly,
Nor the unequal contest try ;
By promised bliss the fiend decoys,
First he allures, and then destroys.

261.

The Fall.

(L. M.)

- 1 **WHEN**, by the tempter's wiles betrayed,
Adam our head and parent fell,
Unknown before, a pleasure spread,
Through all the mazy deeps of hell.
- 2 Infernal powers rejoiced to see
The new-made world destroyed, undone ;
But God proclaims his great decree,
Of grace and mercy through his Son.
- 3 ' Serpent, accursed, thy sentence read,
Almighty vengeance thou shalt feel ;
The woman's seed shall crush thy head,
Thy malice slightly bruise his heel.'
- 4 Thus God declares, and Christ descends,
In human form to bleed and die ;
Whilst by his death, death's empire ends,
And all the sons of darkness fly.
- 5 Rising, the King of glory deals
Destruction to his numerous foes ;
His power the daring tempter feels,
And sinks oppressed beneath his woes.

262.

Effects of the Fall.

(C. M.)

- 1 **WHEN** Adam sinned, through all his race
The dire contagion spread :
Sickness and death, and deep disgrace
Sprang from our fallen head.
- 2 Satan in strong and heavy chains,
Binds the deluded soul ;
And every furious passion reigns,
Without the least controul.

DOCTRINES.

From God and happiness we fly,
To earth and sense confined ;
Lost in a maze of misery,
Yet to our misery blind.

Whene'er the man begins his race,
The criminal appears ;
And evil habits keep their pace
With our encreasing years.

5 Corruption flows through all our veins,
Our moral beauty 's gone ;
The gold is fled, the dross remains,
Oh sin, what hast thou done !

6 Jesus, reveal thy pardoning grace,
And draw our souls to thee ;
Thou art the only hidingplace,
Where ruined souls can flee

263. *Original Depravity.* (C. M.)

1 LORD I confess, a traitor born,
I carly went astray ;
And to each foolish lust became
An unresisting prey.

2 As I encreased in years, I grew
More disinclined to good !
Trampled upon thy righteous law,
And Christ's atoning blood.

3 Thy fear, behind my back I cast,
And with disdainful pride,
Shook from my neck thine easy yoke,
And all thy wrath defied.

4 Mercy, dear Lord, I now would crave,
While on my bended knee ;
Oh may thy sovereign mercy shine
On one so vile as me.

DOCTRINES.

264. *Deceitfulness of Sin.* (S. M.)

- 1 **D**ECEIVED by sin, we feel
Averse to all that 's good ;
We cannot do the things we wish,
And do not what we could.
- 2 With seeming piety,
We oft ourselves beguile ;
And while our deeds are fair to view,
Our hearts may still be vile.
- 3 Although the flaming sword
Hangs o'er our guilty head,
How few, alas, salvation seek,
Or God's fierce anger dread.
- 4 Hardened, by sin deceived,
We feel no want, no pain ;
Waken, oh Lord, our drowsy powers,
Nor let us sleep again.

265. *Spiritual Blindness.* (L. M.)

- 1 **R**EASON immersed in flesh and sense,
In dreary shades but dimly shines ;
Thick darkness has the mind o'erspread,
We scarce can trace its feeble lines.
- 2 Eternal source of every good,
Thyself almighty and alwise,
Dispel these mists of ignorance,
And let thy glorious light arise.
- 3 Let reason, to herself restored,
Give thee thy right, assert her own ;
While we attentive to her voice,
With reverence bow before thy throne.

DOCTRINES.

266. *The Sinner's Helplessness.* (C. D)

- 1 **NOT** all that I can say or do,
Will e'er for sin atone ;
The streams of grace and glory flow,
Through Christ and him alone.
- 2 Not prayers nor tears, nor deepest sighs,
Can God's compassion move ;
My hopes and comforts all arise,
From free and sovereign love.
- 3 Then helpless, hopeless and forlorn
I to my Saviour fly ;
Renounce what I myself have done,
And on his grace rely.

267. *The Book of Life.*

(S. 7. 4. Jordan.)

- 1 **THEY** who hate thee, oh my Father,
Thou wilt clothe with endless shame,
But the righteous who revere thee,
Thou thy children wilt proclaim :
In thy records,
May I see my worthless name.
- 2 There should it be found inscribed,
It shall never know decay,
Though the rocks and hills may vanish, -
Time and all things pass away :
Blessed prospect,
Of a never ending day.
- 3 Then amidst unnumbered dangers,
I will dwell devoid of fear ;
Earth and hell can never injure
Those who are thy special care :
Whose inscription
Thou hast placed on records fair.

DOCTRINES.

268. *Book of Life.* (C. M.)

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, if in the book of life
My worthless name should stand,
Written in fairest characters,
By thine unerring hand :
- 2 My soul thou wilt by grace prepare
For crowns above the skies ;
And on the road, from thy rich stores,
Wilt grant me fresh supplies.
- 3 Then I to thee in sweetest strains,
Will grateful anthems raise ;
But life's too short, my powers too weak,
To utter half thy praise.
- 4 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be ,
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I 'd give them all to thee.

269. *Everlasting Love of God.*

(Sevens, Harts.)

- 1 **S**ING, ye saints, the love of God,
Let his grace attune your tongues ;
Spread his praises all abroad,
In harmonious grateful songs.
- 2 Ere were formed the earth and seas,
He in wisdom did ordain,
Jesus should the wrath appease,
Jesus should our peace obtain.
- 3 Pardon now is freely given,
Through his rich atoning blood ;
Sinners now are heirs of heaven,
Fully reconciled to God.

DOCTRINES.

Now no separation dread,
Lo, the veil is rent in twain ;
Ye are one in Christ your head,
And for ever shall remain.

- 5 Thousand thanks to him are due,
Highest praise to him be given,
By the churches here below,
And the fuller choirs of heaven.

270. *Wonderful Love of God.*

(8. 8. 6. Chatham.)

- 1 **L**ORD, dost thou love a worm like me ?
That love how wonderful and free,
To one so vile and base ;
A wretch forlorn, undone, unclean,
An heir of wrath, a slave of sin,
Yet subject of thy grace !
- 2 Love—such as not to spare thy Son,
The harmless, high, and Holy One,
But suffered him to die ;
To send thy Spirit from above,
My soul to cleanse, its griefs remove,
And yield me inward joy.
- 3 For love so great, I now to thee,
The Three in one and One in three,
Will dutious homage pay ;
My thankful heart and voice I'll raise,
In animated songs of praise,
To thee from day to day.

271. *Condescending Love of Christ.* (L. M)

I A WAKE, awake, my heart and tongue,
Begin a new melodious song ;
To him whose condescending love
Bids all my guilt and fears remove.

DOCTRINES.

- 2 To him who on the fatal tree,
Poured out his blood, his life for me ;
In lofty strains my voice I 'll raise,
And in his service spend my days.
- 3 The listening multitudes shall know,
How he redeemed my soul from woe ;
And how, reposing on his breast,
I lost my cares, and sunk to rest.
- 4 To him I owe my sins forgiven,
He ever pleads my cause in heaven ;
I 'll build an altar to his name,
And his unbounded love proclaim.

272. *Excellence and Love of Christ.*

(8. 8. 6. Mount Zion.)

- 1 CHRIST is the subject of my song,
Awake my heart, awake my tongue,
His honours high to raise !
'Tis fit that heart and tongue should join,
In work so pleasant, so divine,
And give him lofty praise.
- 2 No angel can with him compare,
There 's none so great and none so fair,
So lovely and divine ;
In heaven above, on earth below,
None can such love and pity show,
And conduct so benign.
- 3 Of all my joys he is the spring,
My Advocate and ruling King,
My safety when I call ;
My fears he soothes, my foes restrains,
My want supplies, my cause maintains,
And is my all in all.

DOCTRINES.

In deepest characters impressed,
He bears my name upon his breast,
Though mean and vile am I ;
Nor on his throne will he forget,
The meanest suppliant at his feet,
But notice every sigh.

273. *Redeeming Love.*

(Sevens, Feversham.)

- 1 **GOD'S** belov'd and equal Son
Suffered in the sinner's stead ;
Now to glory he is gone,
For his ransomed ones to plead.
- 2 All their load of guilt he bore,
Which would sink a ruined race ;
In a way unknown before,
He is made their righteousness.
- 3 Now is he exalted high,
Sits unrivaled on his throne,
Whence he hears the suppliant's sigh,
Pours unnumbered blessings down.
- 4 Lord, had I ten thousand tongues,
These should be employed for thee ;
Celebrate in lofty songs,
All thine acts of love to me.

274. *Eternal Salvation.*

(L

- 1 **SALVATION** to a guilty world—
How animating is the sound !
Whilst angels from their seats are hur
Rebellious man has mercy found.
- 2 Salvation from eternal woe,
Replete with justice, truth and grace
How great the debt of love we owe
To him who saves our ruined race

DOCTRINES.

From his dear cross a torrent pours,
Which bears our guilty stains away ;
From death's alarms his hand secures,
And Satan now shall lose his prey.

- 1 Believing souls, his name adore,
Who thus himself a ransom gave ;
For you have felt his quickening power,
And know him kind and strong to save.

275. *Salvation by Christ.* (C. M.)

- 1 CHRIST is the fountain rich and full,
Whence streams of mercy flow ;
The ever-living root on which
The fruits of glory grow.
- 2 Through the wide earth, ye humble saints,
His lofty praises spread ;
Wisdom and strength and righteousness,
Come from your vital Head.
- 3 Smitten by Moses' hands, the rock
Its waters sent abroad :
Thus everlasting life proceeds
From your expiring Lord.
- 4 Here every seeking soul shall find
Delights that never cloy ;
Sufficient these to fill the mind,
And yield eternal joy.

276. *Through the Atonement.* (C. M.)

- 1 GREAT God, the terrors of thy wrath,
What mortal tongue can tell ?
A fiery stream comes issuing forth,
Kindling the flames of hell.
- 2 No mitigation can it know,
Nor ever have an end ;
Its greatness and duration too,
All finite thought transcend.

DOCTRINES.

- 3 But thou, oh Lord, hast formed a plan,
Replete with wondrous grace,
To raise the fallen creature man
To perfect happiness.
- 4 Through the atonement of my Lord,
All sin may be forgiven ;
'Tis he removes the flaming sword,
Which kept the way to heaven.
- 5 Should the dread powers of earth and hell
Their force against me join,
His cross will all my fears dispel,
And fill with peace divine.

277. *Salvation not by Works.* (L. M.)

- 1 **HOW** shall vile man approach his God,
Before his righteous throne appear ?
Will offerings for his sins atone,
Or make a guilty conscience clear ?
- 2 Will slaughtered rams or flowing oil,
Appease the anger of a God ;
Or will a first-born sacrificed,
Avert the terror of his rod ?
- 3 Not all our duties, prayers or tears,
Can speak the smallest sin forgiven ;
Nor pains nor sufferings e'er suffice,
To cleanse or make us mete for heaven.
- 4 Not all the righteousness of men
Will find acceptance in his eyes ;
But humble, broken, contrite hearts,
The Lord of hosts will not despise.

278. *No Hope but in the Cross.* (S. M)

- 1 **NOT** faith, nor hope, nor love,
Nor any other grace,
Though blessings coming from above,
Can be my righteousness.

DOCTRINES.

- 2 Not all the pains I feel,
Can expiate my guilt ;
'Tis blood alone that can avail,
The blood which Jesus spilt.
- 3 When plunged in deep distress,
I to his cross repair ;
A ray of comfort darts from thence,
Salvation 's only there.
- 4 From his deep agonies,
My highest comforts spring ;
Glory to my atoning priest,
To my exalted King.

279. *Salvation by Faith.* (C. M.)

- 1 'TIS faith that lays the sinner low,
And covers him with shame ;
Renouncing all self-righteousness,
It trusts in Jesus' name.
- 2 Faith works with power, but will not plead
The best of works when done ;
It knows no other ground of trust,
But in the Lord alone.
- 3 It ~~gives~~ no title, but receives,
No blessing it procures !
Yet where it truly is possessed,
All blessings it ensures.
- 4 Its sole dependance and its stay
Is Jesus' righteousness ;
'Tis thus salvation is by faith,
That it may be of grace.
- 5 The more this principle prevails,
The more is grace adored ;
No glory it assumes, but gives
All glory to the Lord.

DOCTRINES.

280.

Works and Grace.

(S. M.)

- 1 LET others vainly boast
Of duties they have done,
And think that present good performed
Will former sins atone.
- 2 Lord, I such hopes disclaim,
And to thy mercy fly ;
Near to thy cross my soul would live,
And at thy footstool die.
- 3 In thee and thee alone,
I place my confidence ;
When God descends in flaming wrath,
Thou art my soul's defence.
- 4 I at his bar shall stand,
Acquitted, free from blame,
Since thy most perfect righteousness
Will answer every claim.

281. *Praise for Salvation.* (C. M.)

- 1 YE saints who know and serve the Lord,
To him your voices raise ;
Deep in your hearts his deeds record,
And give him endless praise.
- 2 To the whole world his grace proclaim,
And all his wonders tell ;
Sound forth the honours of his name,
Who saved your souls from hell.
- 3 Declare the kindness he hath shown,
To sinners such as you,
To lead you by a way unknown,
The way to glory too !
- 4 Year after year, and day by day,
His mercies still increase ;
Like his repeated mercies, may
Your praises never cease.

DOCTRINES.

282. *Redemption by Christ alone.* (L. M.)

- 1 **T**HOUSANDS of rams and bullocks slain,
Could not eternal life obtain ;
Rivers of tears and seas of blood,
Can ne'er appease the wrath of God.
- 2 But lo, Immanuel leaves his throne,
And treads the winepress all alone ;
His spotless soul an offering makes,
And all our sins and sorrows takes.
- 3 His servitude has set me free,
His bonds procured my liberty ;
I from his grief new joys derive,
And by his death am made to live.

283. *It is Finished.* (L. M.)

- 1 **H**ARK ! from the cross a solemn sound,
It rends the rocks and shakes the ground ;
'Tis finished, the Redeemer cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies.
- 2 Hell shook when he resigned his breath,
Dying he triumphed over death ;
He trod the winepress all alone,
And stamped his foes in fury down.
- 3 The jewish types are now unveiled,
The ancient prophecies fulfilled ;
Sinners from endless pains are freed,
The ransom price is fully paid.
- 4 Now dire destruction 's at an end,
The righteous God becomes a friend ;
And justice smiles which frowned before,
Wrath is appeased, and heaven secure.
- 5 *All glory to the atoning Lamb,
Sing loud hosannas to his name ;
Let every heart and tongue record,
The wonders of our dying Lord,*

DOCTRINES.

284. *Wonders of Redemption.* (C. M.)

- 1 **HOW** great the wisdom, power and grace,
Which in redemption shine !
Angels and men with joy confess,
The work is all divine.
- 2 Myriads of spirits round the throne,
Behold with wondering eyes,
God's holy undefiled One
Once made a sacrifice.
- 3 In rapturous strains they celebrate
The mysteries of his love ;
Redemption does new joys create
Amongst the hosts above.
- 4 Beneath his feet they cast their crowns,
Those crowns which Jesus gave ;
And with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.
- 5 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The sufferings which he bore ;
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.
- 6 Oh let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew ;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

285. *Praise for Redemption.* (S. M)

- 1 **COME** and exalt his name,
Whose wisdom, power and grace,
Combined to save from quenchless flame
A vile apostate race,
- 2 Praise the Eternal Three,
Who formed the glorious scheme,
To set unhappy captives free,
And rebels to redeem.

DOCTRINES.

Praise his unbounded love,
Whence streams of mercy flow ;
His work will never cease above,
Begin it here below.

To your incarnate God,
Your tuneful voices raise ;
He spread his honours all abroad,
In strains of lofty praise.

286. *Greatness of Divine Mercy.*

(6. 8a. Carey.)

GREAT God, how bright thy mercy shines,
How wonderful are its displays !
Forms the most unbounded plans,
Ports itself a thousand ways :
Now dispensed both rich and free,
Wretched creatures such as me.

the exhaustless source from whence
eternal streams of blessing flow ;
Without it we were all undone,
And with it we can all forego :
This world with all its boasted store,
Compared with this is mean and poor.

Pardons crimes of deepest dye,
And makes our sinful nature clean,
Removes our guilt, that heavy load,
Brings light and life and joy within :
May I feel its quickening power,
I praise and wonder and adore.

287. *Atonement of Christ.* (S. M.)

O, the eternal Word
Assumes our flesh and dies !
And I see his bloody sweat,
And hear his plaintive cries.

DOCTRINES.

By faith I view him there,
Nailed to the fatal tree ;
And realise the pains he bore,
For such a worm as me.
When my dear Saviour died,
All nature seemed to mourn ;
The sun in darkness veiled his face,
The solid rocks were torn.
Thus he atonement made
For crimes of deepest dye ;
And now he sends the Spirit down,
His merits to apply.
5 I'll make his name my trust,
And glory in his cross ;
For him I'd part with all my gains,
And count those gains but loss.

288. ' Christ's Satisfaction. (S. S. 6. Mount Zion.)

- 1 JESUS, thy sacrifice alone,
Can for my numerous sins atone,
And give the conscience rest ;
This to my wounds I find a balm,
It sinks the tempest to a calm,
And makes the wretched blest.
- 2 The law condemns, but this I plead,
My Surety suffered in my stead,
And did the curse endure ;
He gave his soul, his life for me,
Was bound and scourged to set me free,
My pardon to procure.
- 3 Should God the Lord to judgment call,
I prostrate at his feet would fall,
And plead redeeming grace ;
Nor mention ought that I have done,
But say, behold thy bleeding Son,
Who took the sinner's place.

DOCTRINES.

289. *It pleased the Lord to bruise Him.*
(8. 7. 4. Painswick.)

1 **COULD** the Father feel a pleasure,
To afflict his only Son,
When upon the cross extended,
And the blood descended down ;
Vengeance falling
On the holy harmless One.

2 Could he joy to see the scourges,
Cruel thorns and bloody spear,
View his much beloved expiring
On the tree our sins to bear ?
Love unbounded,

Thus to make his grace appear.
3 Thus it pleased the Lord to bruise him,
Put his holy soul to grief,
That he might his justice honour,
And provide for our relief :
Free salvation
Now attends on true belief.

4 Powers of earth and hell are shaken,
Christ has death itself subdued ;
Every promise he has spoken,
Grace divine will make it good :
Wondrous mercy,
On a dying world bestowed.

290. *Safety in the Cross.* (C. M.)

1 **CHRIST** and his cross, delightful theme !
The source of endless joy ;
May it engage my chief esteem,
My warmest thoughts employ.

2 Hence I derive a solid hope
Of happiness above ;
This bears my drooping spirits up,
Enflames my zeal and love.

DOCTRINES.

3 Christ is my glory and defence,
Through this wide wilderness ;
My sole support and confidence
In seasons of distress.

4 Midst dangers great, temptations strong,
To him for help I flee ;
And he shall be my ceaseless song
Through all eternity.

291. *Peace alone in the Saviour.*

(8. 7a. Bath Abbey.)

1 SIN has ruined all my frame;
Nothing here affords me rest;
Conscience rises to condemn,
But in Jesus I am blessed ;
'Tis his free and matchless grace,
Whence I consolation find,
'Tis his strength and righteousness,
That sustain my sinking mind.

2 I submissive at his feet,
Wait his will and trust his word ;
Deign to make my joys complete,
Oh thou kind and gracious Lord ;
Then will I with transport raise
Grateful anthems to thy throne,
Sound aloud thy highest praise,
Tell the wonders thou hast done.

292.

Adoption.

(S. M.)

1 SING the amasing love
The Father hath bestowed,
On us a vile degenerate race,
To make us sons of God.

2 Our wants are well supplied,
And all our sins forgiven ;
He will protect us in the way,
And bring us safe to heaven.

DOCTRINES.

- 3 His angels are become
Our guardians and our friends ;
In Christ shall they and we be one,
Where glory never ends.

293. *Pardoning Grace.* (L. M.)

- 1 **A**DMIRE, my soul, the wondrous grace
Revealed to an apostate race ;
God deigns the sinner to forgive,
And bids the dying rebel live.
- 2 Since Christ himself an offering made,
The sinner's debt is fully paid ;
Our numerous crimes like clouds arise,
Like clouds they vanish from our eyes.
- 3 Just as the billows cover o'er
The sands that spread along the shore,
Our varied sins of crimson hue
Are buried and concealed from view.
- 4 Now we in perfect safety dwell,
Fearless of wrath, secure from hell ;
Death's stroke we feel, but not its sting,
And o'er the grave a victory sing.
- 5 Oh let the ransomed of the Lord,
In lofty songs his love record ;
To him their tuneful voices raise,
Nor sing alone, but live his praise,

294. *Divine Forgiveness.* (L. M.)

- 1 **M**Y sins, alas, like mountains rise,
And spread as sands upon the shore ;
Nor can the utmost stretch of thought,
Their size or number e'er explore.
- 2 But God is ready to forgive,
His promises forbid my fears ;
Thus midnight darkness is dispelled,
When the bright morning sun appears.

DOCTRINES.

- 3 Jesus his precious blood has shed,
Nor shall that stream e'er flow in vain
This calms the tumult of the mind,
Pardon and peace I hence obtain.
- 4 Dear Lord, I bend before thy throne,
And offer there my grateful praise ;
But thy compassions far exceed,
My highest notes, my sweetest lays.

295. *Pardon and Grace from Christ.* (L. M.)

- 1 NOT my endeavours, nor my prayers,
Not rising groans, nor falling tears,
Not others' works, nor yet my own,
Can e'er my crimson sins atone.
- 2 Rivers of blood can't wash away,
The crimes of but a single day ;
Not costly rites nor bullocks slain,
Can make a guilty conscience clean.
- 3 Jesus, to thee alone I fly,
And at thy footstool prostrate lie ;
Thou canst my numerous sins forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.

296. *Pardon for the Guilty.* (C. M.)

- 1 WHEN I reflect on former sins,
Their vast and countless sum,
How they becloud all present hope,
And threaten wrath to come !
- 2 And endless woe had been my lot,
Had not my Saviour died ?
But everlasting life and peace
Come flowing from his side.
- 3 Then though I see those mountains rise,
Those clouds spread all around ;
To Christ my soul for safety flies,
In him my help is found.

DOCTRINES.

297. *Nothing to Pay.* (C. M.)

- 1 **W**HILE others say, 'Have patience Lord,
And we will pay thee all ;'
I with a contrite broken heart,
Aloud for mercy call.
- 2 The blessing which I want is this—
To see my sins forgiven ;
Those sins which fill with present grief,
And bar the way to heaven.
- 3 Father of mercies, show thy love,
And Jesus' blood apply ;
Raise from a state of deep distress,
And set me up on high.

298. *Forgiveness through the Atonement.* (C. M.)

- 1 **M**Y crimes, oh God, for vengeance call,
Stern justice lifts its hand,
Ready to strike the fatal blow,
And waits but thy command.
- 2 Bending before thy throne of grace,
I make my humble moan ;
But prayers, confessions, sighs and tears,
Can ne'er for sin atone.
- 3 The numerous duties I perform,
Only encrease my guilt ;
'Tis blood must cleanse my crimson stains,
The blood which Jesus spilt.
- 4 To that dear fountain, Lord, I'll flee,
To wash my nature clean ;
And thither would I oft repair,
Till freed from every sin.

DOCTRINES.

299. *Repentance and Forgiveness.*

(7s. Cookham.)

- 1 **L**ORD, my sins like mountains rise,
To a vast tremendous height :
Reaching to the frowning skies,
Forming clouds before my sight.
- 2 Numerous as the starry spheres,
Are my aggravated deeds ;
Now my guilty conscience hears
The just sentence which it dreads.
- 3 Whither can a creature go,
Guilty, wretched and unclean ;
Who by daily actions show
The polluted source within.
- 4 Yet thy word, my gracious God,
Still affords a gleam of hope ;
While oppressed beneath my load,
Thy kind mercy bears me up.
- 5 To the contrite who relent,
Thou wilt needful grace bestow ;
May I then in truth repent,
And thy great salvation know.

300. *Blessedness of Forgiveness.*

(7s. Harts.)

- 1 **H**APPY souls who are forgiven,
Blessed of God and meet for heaven ;
Be their present trials great,
Still how safe their future state !
- 2 Midst alarms the soul 's at rest,
Fears no more disturb the breast ;
They pursue the heavenly road,
Trusting in their Saviour God.

DOCTRINES.

- 3 Treasures boundless in the sky,
Now attract their longing eye ;
Where no loss can they sustain,
Where they 'll reap eternal gain.

301. *Pardon and Purity.* (L. M.)

- 1 **THY** saving grace, oh God, impart,
To soften and subdue my heart ;
Make my polluted nature clean,
Till not a single spot remain.
- 2 Christ came by water and by blood,
For different ends, a mingled flood ;
To reconcile and form anew,
To purify and pardon too.
- 3 His precious blood to me apply,
And bring his great salvation nigh,
That through his perfect sacrifice,
I may at length to glory rise.

302. *Pardon and Purity.* (L. M.)

- 1 **HEAR** me, dear Jesus, Prince of peace,
Whilst I my numerous faults confess,
And with encreasing fervour pray,
That they may all be washed away.
- 2 Do thou thy precious blood apply,
Nor let a trembling sinner die ;
Oh cleanse my soul from every stain,
Let not a single spot remain.
- 3 Thus pardoned and thus purified,
I 'll spread thy praises far and wide,
And loudly sing redeeming love,
Both here and in the world above.

DOCTRINES.

303.

Sanctification.

(S. M.)

- 1 **HOW** greatly blessed are they,
Whose garments now are clean ;
Washed in the fountain of that blood,
Which purifies from sin.
- 2 Their ~~once~~ rebellious souls
Are now by grace subdued ;
No tyrant lusts shall hence remain,
Or slavish fears intrude.
- 3 Their thoughts and words and ways
Are ordered by the Lord ;
Awake, our hearts, to lofty songs,
His wondrous deeds record.

304.

Sanctification.

(L. M.)

- 1 **HEAR**, oh my soul, the cheering word,
Thy righteousness is from the Lord ;
Then with a suppliant voice I 'll cry,
Lord make it known, and bring it nigh.
- 2 That blood which once was shed for sin,
Can ~~make~~ the guilty conscience clean ;
Oh then apply that blood to me,
For that is ~~now~~ my only plea.
- 3 From all pollution cleanse my heart,
Thy sanctifying grace impart ;
And let my conduct ever prove,
My interest in thy special love.
- 3 Then shall my varied life express,
My gratitude and thankfulness ;
And all thy saints shall with me join,
To celebrate the change divine.

DOCTRINES.

305. *Justification and Perseverance.* (L. M.)

- 1 **SAY**, who shall God's elect condemn ?
 'Tis Christ who for their ransom died ;
Rising, he intercedes for them,
And they in him are justified.
- 2 Not tribulation, nakedness,
 The famine; peril, or the sword,
Not persecution or distress,
Shall separate from Christ the Lord.
- 3 Nor life nor death, nor depth nor height,
Nor powers below, nor powers above,
Not present things, nor things to come,
Can change his purposes of love.
- 4 His sovereign mercy knows no bounds,
His faithfulness shall still endure ;
And those who on his word rely,
Shall find his truth for ever sure.

306. *Perseverance.*

(148th, Caermarthen New.)

- 1 **AND** are we saints indeed,
 From Satan's bondage free ?
How happy is our state,
 Yet happier soon shall be :
His promise, God will never break,
Though he withdraw, he 'll not forsake.
- 2 Let earth and hell unite,
 To rob us of our joy ;
He 'll mock the vain design,
 And all their schemes destroy :
Our faith though weak shall never fail,
Our fears though strong shall not prevail.

DOCTRINES.

3 Then wake our tuneful tongues,
 To celebrate his praise ;
 His counsels firmly stand,
 And stable are his ways :
He aids the birth to which he brings.
And grace shall crown what grace begins.

307. *Persevering Grace.* (L. M.)

- 1 **THOU** knowest, Lord, how vile I am,
 Nor word nor thought is free from blame ;
Defiled throughout and prone to sin,
Oh wash my sinful nature clean.
- 2 Sweetly attracted by thy grace,
 Lead me in paths of righteousness ;
My follies past, Lord, I would mourn,
And with my soul to thee return.
- 3 Should I perversely go astray,
 Again thy powerful grace display ;
May I the heavenly course pursue,
And keep the crown of life in view.
- 4 Arrived where bliss immortal reigns,
 I shall forget all present pains ;
Or if remembered, they will prove
Incentives to eternal love.

308. *Divine Direction and Support.* (L. M.)

- 1 **LORD**, by thy Spirit and thy word,
 Guide us in that delightful way,
In which thy saints have ever trod,
Which leads to realms of endless day.
- 2 If enemies beset us round,
 Our spirits raise, our strength renew ;
If thorns and briars infest the ground,
Help us to force a passage through.

DOCTRINES.

- 3 If earth and hell their powers unite,
Render their mighty efforts vain,
That we receive no lasting hurt,
Though we may feel some present pain.
- 4 Thy succour grant in times of need,
In health and sickness, life and death ;
Then shall we live to thee indeed,
With joy at last resign our breath.

309. *Divine Protection and Support.* (L. M.)

- 1 **SUPPORTED** by an unseen hand,
When others fall the saints shall stand ;
Their faith may faint, but shall not fail,
Their foes assault, but not prevail.
- 2 If Satan by some treacherous wile,
Should their unwary souls beguile,
Their God will break the hateful snare,
And make them his peculiar care.
- 3 If doubts and fears perplex the mind,
In him they consolation find ;
The midnight clouds he 'll chase away,
And turn the darkness into day.
- 4 Confiding in his power and grace,
They shall be safe in every place,
In heaven above that rest obtain,
Which here they sought, but sought in vain.

310. *Constancy of Divine Love.* (C. M.)

- 1 **WHY** should I doubt my Father's love,
Or disbelieve his grace ;
His pity he will not remove,
Although he hides his face.
- 2 How oft has he, when full of pain,
My drooping spirit cheered ;
And will not God appear again,
Where once he has appeared ?

DOCTRINES.

- 3 Has he not formed my soul anew,
And told me I was his ;
And will he now his work forego,
Or break his promises ?
- 4 Will he repent, or e'er deny
The gifts he once bestowed ;
Or are those streams of mercy dry,
Which then so freely flowed ?
- 5 No more shall groundless fear destroy
The peace which God has given ;
Still numerous blessings I enjoy,
And hope for more in heaven.

311. *Unchanging Love.*

(7s. Cookham.)

- 1 **O**FT my doubts and fears arise,
Weak and fickle is my frame ;
Yet the Lord will not despise
Humble souls who fear his name.
- 2 When he frowns at my neglect,
Makes me feel the chastening rod,
'Tis my follies to correct,
And to bring me near to God.
- 3 When I his withdrawments mourn,
Oft he condescends to smile ;
Then with love and zeal I burn,
Cheerfully obey his will.
- 4 He 's my refuge ever nigh,
Nor his love will I forget ;
If I perish when I die,
I will perish at his feet.

DOCTRINES.

312. *Divine Goodness Adored.*

(6. 8. 4. Leoni.)

- 1 **G**REAT things the Lord has done,
In providence and grace ;
He will complete what is begun,
In righteousness :
Ye objects of his love,
Exalt his holy name ;
To worlds below and worlds above,
His deeds proclaim.
- 2 In love, your lives he spares,
Your numerous sins forgives ;
And when oppressed with griefs and cares,
Your souls revives :
Then give the honour due,
Which Jesus' works demand,
The wondrous deeds performed for you,
By his kind hand.

313. *Lord God a Sun and Shield.* (C. M.)

- 1 **R**ETURN, dear Lord, make no delay,
Thy mercy is my plea ;
Confusion unto me belongs,
Forgiveness unto thee.
- 2 Be thou my safety and defence,
My light, my joy, my bliss ;
My portion in the world to come,
My confidence in this.
- 3 Remove my guilt and ease my load,
From thralldom set me free ;
Those very bonds which thou shalt loose,
Shall bind my heart to thee.
- 4 Thou art my shield, and thou my sun,
Send forth a cheering ray ;
And guide me through the dreary waste,
To realms of endless day.

DOCTRINES.

- 5 I envy not the monarch's crown
Nor miser's boasted store ;
Grant me thy gracious presence, Lord,
And I desire no more.

314. *Sun and Shield.* (L. M.)

- 1 **MY** soul with ardour thirsts for thee,
Thou God of truth and righteousness ;
Thy voice to hear, thy glory see,
To feel the power of quickening grace.
- 2 Were I of every good possessed,
Yet poor would be my treasure here ;
Nor heaven itself could make me blessed,
Did I not see thy glory there.
- 3 Thou art my shield, and thou my sun,
To guard and guide my doubtful way ;
Dark is the night if thou art gone,
Thy presence makes it shining day.
- 4 Thou art the source of all my joys,
To thee in deep distress I call ;
Thy goodness all my thoughts employs,
My God, my portion and my all.

315. *All things Working for Good.* (L. M.)

- 1 **PURCHASED** by Christ's atoning blood,
All things conspire to do us good ;
Objects of faith and those of sense,
With every change of providence.
- 2 The promises, the threatening word,
The lifted rod and piercing sword,
Angels and devils, friends and foes,
Those who protect, and who oppose.
- 3 Things past and present, old and new,
Things dreadful and delightful too ;
All these in sweet conjunction meet,
To make our future bliss complete.

DOCTRINES.

316. *All things are Yours.*

(8. 8. 6. Rochdale.)

HOW great the treasure saints possess,
From the rich fountain of his grace,
Who is their vital head ;
From Jesus their almighty King,
Their hopes and consolations spring,
And healthful streams proceed.

The strengthening staff, the chastening rod,
He wisely sends to their abode,
The bitter and the sweet ;
Though poor, they real wealth enjoy,
Treasures the world can ne'er destroy,
Sufficient and complete.

Angels are theirs, a flaming guard,
Kingdoms and crowns for them prepared,
Things present and to come ;
Rejoice ye saints, for all are yours,
This world with its abundant stores,
And heaven's your final home.

317. *God Almighty.* (S. M.)

WHEN earthly comforts die,
And thorns o'erspread the road,
Whither, oh whither shall I fly,
But unto thee, my God !

When anxious thoughts arise,
And sorrows compass round,
Amidst ten thousand enemies,
In thee my help is found.

Then at thy feet I'll bow,
And in thy mercy trust !
If I am saved, how good art thou,
And if I perish, just !

DOCTRINES.

- 4 Perish !—it cannot be,
Since Jesus shed his blood ;
The promise is both rich and free,
And he will make it good.

318. *God Alsufficient.* (L. M.)

- 1 **W**HY should I fear what men can do ;
With trials, God will strength renew ;
If they torment, or if they kill,
They but perform his sovereign will.
- 2 Should I be banished far from home,
Midst foes, where friends can never come ;
Knowing that God is with me there,
Nor friends I miss, nor foes I fear.
- 3 In sickness, poverty, distress,
A dungeon or a wilderness ;
If I can God my portion call,
I nothing want, for he is all.

319. *The Best Portion.*

(8. 3. 6. Havant.)

- 1 **L**ET the sinner prize his treasure,
I would love
Things above,
Yielding higher pleasure.
- 2 Sons of mirth your joys deceive you,
They are vain,
Will give pain,
And ere long will leave you.
- 3 Let men thirst for worldly glory,
Court renown,
Seek a crown,
All is transitory.
- 4 I shall still prefer my station,
Seek for peace,
Taste its bliss,
Free from observation.

DOCTRINES.

- 5 They who toil with pain and anguish,
To obtain
Earthly gain,
Soon will pine and languish.
- 6 Such the treasure I 'm possessing,
Nought on earth,
Can give birth,
To an equal blessing.
- 7 God my strength will still sustain me,
Though I 'm poor,
I am sure,
He will not disdain me.
- 8 May I feel encreasing pleasure,
In his ways,
All my days,
Own him as my treasure.

320. *God our Portion.*

(8. 7. 4. Jordan)

- 1 **G**OD of my life, for ever blessed,
I will love and honour thee ;
Thou my Father Friend and Saviour,
All in all things art to me ;
When in danger,
To thy guardian arms I flee.
- 2 Thou art still my shield and tower,
My strong fortress and defence ;
In the wilderness I make thee
My support and confidence ;
Dwell securely,
'Midst the snares of flesh and sense.
- 3 Let the worldlings count their treasure,
Boast of corn and oil and wine,
Them and theirs I need not envy,
While the bounteous Giver's mine ;
I have all things,
Present, future, and divine.

DOCTRINES.

321. *Safety in God.* (L. M.)

- 1 **JEHOVAH** built the earth and skies,
What cannot he with ease perform ?
To him my anxious spirit flies,
To find a refuge in the storm.
- 2 He formed my body from the dust,
Will raise it from the dust again ;
In him I firmly place my trust,
Nor will he let me trust in vain.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To bear my sins, to bleed and die ;
And will he now to souls undone,
All other needful good deny ?
- 4 When sorrows overwhelm my soul,
I call upon his holy name ;
And soon the billows cease to roll,
Or he supports my feeble frame.

322. *Safety in God.* (C. M.)

- 1 **IN** Judah is Jehovah known,
Our joy and yet our fear ;
There he has fixed his royal throne,
And he 's a refuge there.
- 2 When in distress, to our relief,
On wings of love he flies ;
Removes the causes of our grief,
And wipes our weeping eyes.
- 3 God is our fortress and defence,
Our rock and mighty tower ;
And all the sons of violence
Shall fall beneath his power.
- 4 *Though like a tree their branches spread,
Yet he will bring them low ;
That arm which bruised the serpent's head,
Shall crush his offspring too.*

DOCTRINES.

323. *God our Refuge.*

(6. 8. 4. Leon.)

- 1 **WHEN** storms hang o'er my head,
I hasten to my God ;
And under his refreshing shade,
Find safe abode :
When enemies within,
Attempt to break my peace,
'Tis God alone by power divine,
That gives me ease.
- 2 When winds tempestuous blow,
And floods of sorrow roll,
God is my help and refuge too,
And keeps my soul :
But oh when terrors seize,
Where will the sinner fly ?
He feels a thousand agonies,
And fears to die.

324. *God our Refuge.* (S. M.)

- 1 **I**F loads of guilt oppress
This tim'rous heart of mine ;
I 'll fly to God, my rock, my rest,
And trust his power divine.
- 2 If darkness veil my mind,
And conscience frown within ;
To him I 'll humbly tell my case,
My sorrow and my sin.
- 3 Supported by his arm,
I need no other aid ;
If he but look on my distress,
I will not be afraid.
- 4 *To him myself, my all
I cheerfully resign ;
Thankful, if smooth the path I tread,
If rough, I 'll not repine.*

DOCTRINES.

325. *Divine Illumination.* (S. M.)

- 1 ALL glory be to him,
Who makes the blind to see ;
At whose command the scales fall off—
Oh may they fall from me.
- 2 Whate'er I see, will then
In light divine appear ;
And what in part I knew before.
A different aspect wear.
- 3 The wonders grace has wrought,
Will charm my listening ear ;
While in my Saviour's lovely face,
A thousand sweets appear.
- 4 From this delightful scene,
Oh may I never rove ;
But sit and gaze, in wonder lost,
Enraptured with his love.

326. *Diversity of Operations.* (C. M.)

- 1 BY various means, in various ways
Are souls prepared for heaven ;
In different measures and degrees
Is grace or comfort given.
- 2 Some saints are weak, and others strong,
Some sigh, and others sing ;
Through thorny or through flowery paths,
God will to glory bring.
- 3 The conduct he pursues is right,
His way is ever best ;
Darkness but magnifies the light,
And trouble ends in rest.

DOCTRINES.

327. *Ministry of Angels.* (S. M.)

- 1 **A**NGELS, those heavenly flames,
Down to this world descend ;
And to the meanest child of God,
Their ministry extend.
- 2 Prompted by love divine,
They to the cot repair ;
And make the most impoverished saint,
The object of their care.
- 3 In danger and distress,
To his relief they fly ;
His guardians while he wanders here,
His convoy to the sky.
- 4 They with each rising morn,
Their friendly acts renew ;
But to their Sovereign, not to them,
Are all the praises due.
- 5 'Tis God who wings their flight,
'Tis he inspires their zeal ;
They go and come at his command,
And execute his will.

328. *Saints and Sinners.* (C. M.)

- 1 **H**APPY the saints whose varied life
Is with new blessings crowned ;
They like an ever fruitful field,
Are girt with mercy round.
- 2 But unremitting storms of woe,
For sinners are prepared ;
Vengeance attends where'er they go,
And hell 's their sure reward.
- 3 Their firmest hopes and sweetest joys
Just like a shadow fly ;
Conscience enraged will ever frown,
Their worm shall never die.

DOCTRINES.

- 4 Plunged in the depths of black despair,
They 'll gnaw their tongues for pain ;
And wish for death to end their grief,
But wish, alas, in vain.

329. *The Cross the Way to the Crown.*

(148th. Portsmouth New.)

- 1 LOOK up to yonder world,
See myriads round the throne ;
Each bears a golden harp,
And wears a starry crown :
With zeal they strike
The sacred lyre,
And wish to raise,
Their praises higher.
- 2 But who, you 'll say, are these ?
Once sinners such as you,
Till Jesus won their hearts,
And formed their powers anew :
With boldness then,
They owned his cause,
Embraced his truths,
Obeyed his laws.
- 3 Believing in his name,
They in his footsteps trod ;
His righteousness their hope,
Their only plea his blood :
Lo, now they reign
With him above,
Behold his face,
And sing his love.
- 4 And shall we not aspire,
Like them our course to run ;
The crown if we would wear,
That crown must first be won :
Divinely taught,
They showed the way,
First to believe,
And then obey.

HISTORICAL PASSAGES.

330. *Enoch Walking with God.* (S. M.)

GEN. v. 24.

- 1 **D**ID Enoch walk with God,
His patron and his friend ?
Sacred the path in which he trod,
And happier still his end.
- 2 While others went astray,
Or vile companions chose ;
His soul maintained the heavenly way,
In spite of all his foes.
- 3 The cause of truth he owned,
In that degenerate age ;
And God the Lord with honour crowned,
His lengthened pilgrimage.
- 4 The scoffs of men he bore,
But God his way approved ;
The unbelieving world no more
Shall scorn the man he loved.
- 5 Borne on an angel's wing,
He mounts above the skies ;
Exempt from death's envenomed sting,
Behold him joyful rise.
- 6 Upheld by power supreme,
There's nought but I could do ;
Could boldly enter Jordan's stream,
And pass in triumph too.

HISTORICAL PASSAGES.

331. *Noah's Ark.*

(104th, Hanover.)

1 **WHEN** in the deep flood
The world found a grave,
No refuges then
Were able to save.
Excepting the vessel,
For safety ordained,
By Noah constructed,
By mercy sustained.

2 But few to the ark,
For refuge repaired,
While others were drowned,
These only were spared :
Thus few to the Saviour
Are found to apply,
The ark to his people
When danger is nigh.

3 Oh may I be one
Of that happy few,
Who make him their ark,
Their confidence too ;
Then let the loud billows
Tempestuous roar,
I'll brave all their fury,
In Jesus secure.

332. *God's Covenant with Noah.* (C. M.)

GEN. ix. 9—11.

1 **THE** fertile earth shall be no more
With waters overflowed ;
'Twas thus Jehovah said and swore,
And he will make it good.

2 With fury oft the ocean flows,
And threatens havoc round ;
But still the mighty ocean knows,
Its predetermined bound.

HISTORICAL PASSAGES.

- 3 God's covenant with his people made,
Is equally secure ;
The promises in Christ their head,
Shall firm as heaven endure.
- 4 His solemn oath he 'll never break,
Nor will his truth remove ;
Th' eternal God will not forsake
The objects of his love.
- 5 Though sin and death their forces join,
The feeble to annoy ;
God will protect by power divine,
And sin and death destroy.

333. *Lot looking towards Sodom. (C. M.)*

GEN. xix. 16, 17.

- 1 THIS world is all enchanted ground,
Oh whither shall I fly ;
The vengeful flames are kindling round,
And if I stop, I die.
- 2 When some kind hand has brought me forth,
How lingering is my pace !
Lord, either drive me by thy wrath,
Or draw me by thy grace.
- Oh let me not a moment waste,
On this destructive plain ;
Hence let me flee with greater haste,
Till I the Zoar gain.

334.

Jacob's Ladder.

GEN. xxviii. 12.

(C. M.)

Yonder ladder, wondrous sight,
Reared by eternal hands,
Ling'ring far above the clouds,
On the earth it stands.

HISTORICAL PASSAGES.

- 2 Here I behold a type of thee,
My Saviour and my God ;
And learn the sure the only way
To thy divine abode.
- 3 By thee the angels quick descend,
To visit saints below ;
Their task fulfilled, by thee ascend,
Thy sovereign will to know.
- 4 The only medium thou by which
We converse with the skies ;
By thee we every grace receive,
By thee to glory rise.
- 5 Angels and saints on earth are one,
Through thy redeeming blood ;
The shining path which Jacob saw,
Shows us the way to God.
- 6 May holy angels be our guard,
And guide us to thy seat,
Till we with all thy saints appear,
To worship at thy feet.

335. *Jacob's Vow. Gen. xxviii. 20. 22.*

(104th, Ignatius.)

- 1 **WHEN** Jacob at Luz,
Was blessed of his God,
A stone he set up,
To mark his abode ;
The place he called Bethel,
Where God had appeared,
And for him an altar
He gratefully reared.
- 2 He uttered a vow,
If God would still bless,
Would grant him supplies,
And guide him in peace,
To make him his portion,
And call him his God,
To yield him his substance,
For favours bestowed.

HISTORICAL PASSAGES.

3 Like Jacob of old,
My vow would I make,
If thou wilt still bless,
And never forsake ;
But grant food and raiment,
And all needful good,
I 'll bless thee and call thee
My Lord and my God.

4 An altar I 'll raise,
My offerings bring,
Thine honour maintain,
Thine excellence sing ;
My self I 'll surrender,
Yield all to thy hands,
And bow with submission
To all thy commands.

336. *Egypt and Canaan.* (L. M.)

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, we cry to thee,
From Egypt's bondage set us free ;
And lead us through the wilderness,
To Canaan's land, the land of peace.
- 2 Be thou our guard by night and day,
Amidst the dangers of the way ;
Let heavenly manna crown our board,
The flinty rock its streams afford.
- 3 May we obey thy righteous laws,
Defend thy truth, maintain thy cause ;
And show in thought, in word and deed,
'That we are Abraham's chosen seed.
- 4 Then shall the Lord delight to bless,
And grant us his divine increase ;
Shall lead us to the land above,
Where we shall feast upon his love.

HISTORICAL PASSAGES.

337.

Sinai and Sion.

(C. M.)

- 1 **WHEN** God descends, a streaming fire
Attends him through the sky ;
Thick clouds compose his dark attire,
And vivid lightnings fly.
- 2 Impervious wreaths of smoke surround,
And hide his awful seat ;
Incessant thunders roar around,
Or murmur at his feet.
- 3 'Twas thus on Sinai's lofty hill,
Jehovah once appeared ;
The trumpet loud proclaimed his will,
And trembling Israel heard.
- 4 They trembling heard, but straight forgot
The terrors of the day ;
They scarcely left the awful spot,
Before they went astray.
- 5 Their solemn vows they soon revoke,
False and ungrateful prove ;
Forget the tempest, fire and smoke,
Their Maker's wrath and love.
- 6 What Sinai's terrors ne'er could do,
That Sion's God performs ;
'Tis he creates our hearts anew,
And strengthens feeble worms.
- 7 He gently leads our wandering souls
In paths of righteousness ;
And all our passions he controuls,
By his all-powerful grace.
- 8 *From Sinai we to Sion fly,*
The city of our God ;
Unawed and fearless we draw nigh,
And make it our abode.

HISTORICAL PASSAGES.

338. *Moses's Prayer. Exod. xxxiii. 18—23.*

(7s. Feversham.)

1. **L**ORD, to me thy glory show,
Let a worm thy goodness know ;
But lest thy resplendant face
Shine too bright, reveal thy grace.
- 2 Let thy glory be displayed,
In thy Son in flesh arrayed ;
May thy presence in thy word,
Sacred peace and joy afford.
- 3 Let the promise be fulfilled,
Which thy love has oft revealed ;
Let me see thy glory nigh,
While the Lord is passing by.
- 4 Sovereign mercy now bestow,
Make thy grace and goodness flow,
Till I reach that blissful place,
Where thou wilt unveil thy face.

339. *The Passage of Jordan. (C. M.)*

- 1 **W**HEN Israel through the wilderness
Had passed at God's command,
From Jordans banks, their wishful eyes
Beheld the promised land.
- 2 But still a river lay between,
Whose waters overflowed ;
And through the deeps they needs must go,
The only way allowed.
- 3 *Death is the Jordan we must pass ;
Lord, this divides from thee !
But if thine ark move on before,
Safe will the passage be.*

HISTORICAL PASSAGES.

340. *Agur's Wish. Prov. xxx. 8.*

(7a. Harts.)

KINGDOMS are not my desire,
Costly food or rich attire ;
These I cheerfully resign,
Let but Agur's lot be mine.

- 2 Be that little sanctified,
Nothing here I want beside ;
With a competency blessed,
I am happy and at rest.
- 3 I with pleasure eat my bread,
Bless the hand by which I 'm fed ;
Envy not the miser's store,
His compared with mine is poor.
- 4 On the Saviour of my soul,
I my daily burdens roll ;
Whether more I have or less,
He 's my only happiness.

341. *Agur's Wish. (L. M.)*

- 1 **FOUNTAIN** of blessing ever blessed,
Enriching all, of all possessed ;
By thee, oh Lord, creation 's fed,
Give me each day my daily bread.
- 2 To thee my life, my friends I owe,
From thee my various comforts flow ;
And every blessing which I need,
Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.
- 3 Great things are not what I desire,
Not dainty meat nor rich attire ;
Content with little would I be,
That little, Lord, must come from thee.
- 4 *While carnal men with all their store,
Are ever grasping after more,
With Agur's wish I 'm satisfied,
Nor envy them the world beside.*

HISTORICAL PASSAGES.

342. *Waters of the Sanctuary. Ezek. xlvii. 7—9.*

(104th, Ignatius.)

- 1 **THE** waters all pure,
 With gentleness glide,
The fair tree of life
 Is seen on each side ;
With health all-abounding,
 Soft issues the stream,
From th' throne and the temple
 Of God and the Lamb.
- 2 The house of the Lord
 A fountain contains,
Enriching the saint,
 Removing his stains ;
Its streams first are shallow,
 But touching the feet,
Then rising and forming
 A river complete.
- 3 'The anguish of thirst,
 These waters allay,
True life they impart,
 That cannot decay ;
The land is all fruitful,
 The waters abound
With richness and plenty,
 Where'er they are found.
- 4 To this divine source,
 Oh may I repair,
And ever be blessed,
 Its riches to share ;
Thy word is a river,
 All healthful and free,
Dear Lord, may I find it
 Most precious to me.

HISTORICAL PAGE.

343. *Israel in the Wilderness.* *Hosea ii. 14.* (6, 7a. Refuge.)

1 **HAST** thou brought me, gracious Lord,
Far into the wilderness ?
May I here in safety dwell,
Still supported by thy grace :
Feel thy presence day by day,
Grateful own thy sovereign sway.

2 Safely thence may I return,
Aided by thy mighty power ;
Patient and submissive wait,
Till arrive that welcome hour :
Then my soul shall feel enlarged,
And from bondage be discharged.

3 But shouldst thou appoint my stay,
Let me never grieve nor fear ;
Deserts all are fruitful plains,
If my gracious Lord be there :
Let the promise in thy word,
Sacred joy and peace afford.

4 Achor's valley then to me,
Shall a door of hope be found ;
Though amidst a dreary waste,
I with comforts shall abound :
Happy, whether here or there,
If the Lord in love appear.

344. *Simon Blessing the Saviour.* (L.) *LUKE ii. 25—34.*

1 **OH** had I Jesus in my arms,
I'd fondly gaze upon his charms ;
Like Simeon say, with joy serene,
Mine eyes have thy salvation seen.

HISTORICAL PASSAGES.

- 2 If providence should smile or frown,
To him I'd cleave and him alone ;
Give him a lodging in my heart,
Nor thence provoke him to depart.
- 3 He is a never-failing friend,
To him let my affections tend ;
The more I his endearments know,
My heart ascends from things below.
- 4 No name on earth can ever be
So cheering and so sweet to me ;
He lifts me up whene'er I fall,
He is my glory and my all.

345. *The Penitent.* (S. M.)

(LUKE vii. 37, 38.)

- 1 **THE** Penitent in tears,
 Behind her Saviour stood ;
She washed his feet, and with her hair
 Wiped off the briny flood.
- 2 Expressive of her love,
 She then the ointment pours,
Upon his dear majestic head,
 And silently adores.
- 3 Lo, though the scene is changed,
 And Jesus reigns on high,
His tender pity is the same,
 And faith can bring him nigh.
- 4 Oh may our grief for sin,
 But undissembled prove ;
Then like the penitent of old,
 Our hearts shall melt with love.

346. *The Penitent.* (C. M.)

- 1 **BEHOLD** the penitent sincere,
 No pains nor cost she spares ;
But to express her love to Christ,
 An ointment rich prepares.

HISTORICAL PASSAGES.

- 2 She on his head the odour pours,
And well was it bestowed ;
A grateful though a poor return,
For all the love she owed.
- 3 Behold the condescending grace
Of our exalted Lord,
Who first could suffer the approach,
And then the deed applaud.
- 4 Still he displays his grace to those
Who seek his love to gain ;
The humblest act performed in faith,
A welcome shall obtain.

347. *The Barren Fig-Tree.* (L. M.)

LUKE xiii. 6--9.

- 1 **T**HE master of the vineyard sees
A barren stock amidst his trees,
Which he for years had fruitless found,
A worthless cumberer of the ground.
- 2 He to his steward gives command
To cut it down, and clear the land ;
The dresser asks in earnest prayer,
' Oh spare it, Lord, another year.
- 3 I 'll prune it well, manure it round,
And then should there no fruit be found,
At thy command I 'll strike the blow,
And lay the sapless branches low.'
- 4 Thus, Lord, I 've been a fruitless tree,
And oh have patience too with me ;
May I from thee new life derive,
And in thy vineyard bloom and thrive.
- 5 Spare, spare me, Lord, another year,
And make my fruitfulness appear ;
Let thine almighty arm defend,
Thy grace in copious showers descend.

HISTORICAL PASSAGES.

348. *The Strait Gate.* *Luke xiii. 24,*

(8. 7. 4. *Jordan.*)

- 1 **STRAIT** the gate, the way is narrow,
To the realms of endless bliss ;
Sinful men and vain professors,
Self-deceived, the passage miss :
Rushing headlong,
Down they sink the dread abyss.
- 2 Sins and follies unforsaken,
All will end in deep despair ;
Formal prayers are unavailing,
Fruitless is the worldling's tear :
Small the number,
Who to wisdom's path repair.
- 3 Thou who art thy people's guardian,
Condescend my guide to be ;
By thy Spirit's light unerring,
Let me thy salvation see ;
May I never
Miss the way that leads to thee.
- 4 Life is wasting, death approaching,
Time admits of no delay ;
Be it then my resolution,
Now to enter while I may :
Strait the gate is,
But it leads to endless day.

349. *The Repenting Prodigal.* (L. M.)

LUKE XV. 20--24.

- 1 **THE** mighty God will not despise,
The contrite heart for sacrifice ;
The deep-fetched sigh and secret groan,
Rise with acceptance to his throne.

HISTORICAL PASSAGES.

- 2 He meets with tokens of his grace,
The trembling lip, the blushing face ;
His bowels yearn when sinners pray,
And mercy bears their sins away.
- 3 Oppressed with grief, o'erwhelmed with shame,
He, pitying, heals their broken frame ;
Hears their complaints, and quickly spies
His image in their weeping eyes.
- 4 Thus what a rapturous joy possessed
The tender parent's throbbing breast,
When he beheld his son return,
And heard him all his follies mourn.

350. *The Prodigal Returned.* (C. M.)

- 1 **BEHOLD**, how pleasant 'tis to see
A prodigal return,
With broken heart and bended knee,
His past transgressions mourn.
- 2 Here the exalted Saviour views
The fruit of all his toils ;
The Spirit owns the work as his,
And God the Father smiles.
- 3 Angels and saints their voices raise
To the great Three in One,
And celebrate in songs of praise,
The wonders grace has done.
- 4 Through heaven and earth the triumphs spread,
And echo all around ;
'The soul 's alive that once was dead,
Behold, the lost is found !'

351. *Woman of Capernaum.* Mark v. 25—34. (104th, Hanover.)

- 1 **A PATIENT** o'erwhelmed
With sorrow and grief,
Once followed the Lord,
In quest of relief :

HISTORICAL PASSAGES.

In full expectation,
She sought not in vain,
Without observation,
Her object to gain.

2 Oh could I, said she,
His vesture but touch,
I know that his power
And virtue are such ;
Though now sore diseased,
I soon should be whole,
Of pains soon be eased,
In body and soul.

3 Resolved then to try,
The blessing she found ;
And Jesus declared
Her faith made her sound :
Then I her behaviour,
To sinners will tell ;
Believe on the Saviour,
And all shall be well.

352. *The Leper. Matt. xiii. 45, 46.*

(7s. Feversham.)

1 **L**O, a leper all impure,
To the great Redeemer came ;
Earnestly he sought a cure,
Trusting in his holy name.

2 Lowly at the Saviour's feet,
See he worships and adores ;
Jesus now his case to meet,
Him to health again restores.

3 *Lord, a leper I am found,
Heal, oh heal my dread disease ;
Make me whole and keep me sound,
Speak the word and give me ease.*

HISTORICAL PASSAGES.

4 I'm polluted, all unclean,
Full of wounds and inward sores ;
In this state I long have been,
Mercy, Lord, my soul implores.

5 Cleanse the leper at thy feet,
From the dust thy servant raise ;
Wilt thou but my wishes meet,
Thou alone shalt have the praise.

353. *And he was Speechless.* (C. M.)

MATT. xxii. 12.

1 **BEHOLD** the wretch ! how mute he stands,
Abashed and full of fear,
Now the great Lord, amidst the throng,
Enquires how he came there.

2 He at the marriage supper thought
To find himself a guest ;
Presumptuous man, who could intrude
At such a sacred feast—

3 In human righteousness arrayed,
To seek an entrance there,
Where none but those admission gain,
Who wedding garments wear !

4 Friend, said the Master of the feast,
How darest thou to come—
So unprepared—in such a dress !
Depart ! there is no room.

354. *The Ten Virgins.* Matt. xxv.

(104th, Harmony.)

1 **A WAKE**, drowsy souls,
The Bridegroom is near,
With lamps ready trimmed,
Before him appear ;

HISTORICAL PASSAGES.

Rouse, rouse from your slumbers,
To action arise,
No more be ye numbered
Among the unwise.

2 With grace in your hearts,
Be anxious to prove,
The Bridegroom you know,
His presence you love ;
Be wise and be watchful,
Till he shall appear,
The marriage is ready,
The Saviour is near.

3 Oh let me be found,
Awaiting his will,
His word may I keep,
His precepts fulfil ;
That when he approaches,
I may him receive,
And in his embraces
Eternally live.

355. *Christ at Jacob's Well.* (L. M.)

JOHN iv. 4—14.

1 THE Lord must through Samaria go;
To execute his Father's will ;
There he had mighty works to do,
And his engagements must fulfil.

2 Wearied, he rests at Jacob's well,
And asks to taste its cooling stream ;
But she who could her story tell,
Had no compassions left for him.

3 His lips with wisdom ever fraught,
His heart with love still overflowed,
The sinful stranger now he taught,
And soon her heart with wonder glowed.

HISTORICAL PASSAGES.

- 4 Continuing his benign discourse,
He from the well a picture drew,
Of waters of diviner source,
For ever springing, ever new.
- 5 The woman on Messiah gazed,
Enquiring whence these springs could rise ;
At length her suppliant voice she raised,
And craved of him those rich supplies.
- 6 Jesus is still the living spring,
Eternal life is his to give ;
Creatures to him your offerings bring,
Drink at the fount and ever live.

356. *The Traitor.* (L. M.)

- 1 OH Judas ! how couldst thou betray
The Lord who gave thee life and breath ;
And see the Saviour fall a prey
To suffering, shame, reproach and death !
- 2 The solemn vows are now forgot,
And sacred friendship all abused ;
But Christ foreknew the treacherous plot,
Nor the deceitful kiss refused.
- 3 How could the wretch unmoved survey,
A face so lovely and divine ;
How such a friend of friends betray,
Whose acts to him were all benign !
- 4 Haunted with grief and deadly fear,
He mourns the vile transaction done ;
But all is vain, when black despair
O'erwhelms his soul, and heaven is gone.
- 5 Lord, while I tremble at his fall,
Oh let me not his course pursue ;
Be thou my love, my all in all,
To thee may I be ever true !

LAW AND GOSPEL.

357. *Felix Trembling.* (S. M.)

- 1 LORD, I a trembling feel,
Throughout my feeble frame ;
Yet this may be no sign of grace,
For Felix felt the same.
- 2 Conscience alarmed, presents
My sins before my face ;
But all is vain till I forsake,
And ask forgiving grace.
- 3 Enlighten, Lord, my soul,
Thy grace and mercy shew ;
Give me to know thy holy will,
Thy holy will to do.



LAW AND GOSPEL.

358. *Giving of the Law.* (L. M.)

- 1 JEHOVAH sends his wrath abroad,
And fills a guilty world with fear ;
With awe we view th' extended rod,
And start to see our ruin near.
- 2 Not Israel's sons could tremble more,
When God from Sinai's mountain spoke,
Bade the loud thunders rage and roar,
And clad his words in fire and smoke.
- 3 'The law revealed with mighty power,
Strikes all our hopes and comforts dead ;
Convictions now, unknown before,
Our guilty trembling souls invade.

LAW AND GOSPEL.

- 4 Hell's billows all around us roll,
And all within is black despair,
Till Jesus frees our captive souls,
And spreads a heaven of comfort there.
- 5 Christ is our shield, and he our sun,
His presence sends our fears away ;
'Tis a dark night when he is gone,
When he appears 'tis light and day.

359. *Conviction of Sin by the Law.* (L. M.)

- 1 AT length the awful thunders roar,
From Sinai's mount, unheard before ;
I see myself a wretch undone,
'The most forlorn beneath the sun.
- 2 A thousand terrors fill my breast,
By night by day am I oppressed ;
Billows of wrath come rolling down,
And all my hopes and joys are gone.
- 3 To Jesus, in my sore distress,
I tell my woeful helplessness ;
He bows his head, inclines his ear,
His grace forbids my slavish fear.
- 4 He kindly shows his pierced side,
And tells me, he for sinners died,
'Then rose in triumph from the grave,
Mighty to suffer and to save.
- 5 No longer now I'll seek to draw
My comforts from a fiery law ;
The slaughtered Lamb and sprinkled blood,
Give me access to heaven and God.

360. *No Hope from the Law.* (S. M.)

- 1 IN vain to Sinai's mount,
In our distress we fly ;
The sentence of the law is this,
The soul that sins shall die.

LAW AND GOSPEL.

- 2 No plea will it regard,
No real help afford ;
It bars the way to paradise,
As did the flaming sword.
- 3 It leaves us under wrath,
Unrighteous and unclean ;
It neither satisfies for guilt,
Nor purifies from sin.
- 4 The gospel only shows,
The way of life and peace ;
'Tis not by works that we can do,
But we are saved by grace.

361. *No Hope from the Law.* (L. M.)

- 1 VAIN are the works that I have done,
My past offences to atone,
And could I now from sin abstain,
Yet would my hopes of heaven be vain.
- 2 Should I the sharpest pains endure,
Or give my goods to feed the poor,
No works or sufferings could release
From wrath, or give the conscience peace.
- 3 In Jesus only I possess,
A pure and perfect righteousness ;
In all my straits to him I flee,
And he will undertake for me.

362. *Hope Alone from the Gospel.* (S. M.)

- 1 GOD'S holy law transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair ;
Burdened with guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

LAW AND GOSPEL.

- 3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood ;
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.
- 4 High lifted on the cross,
The spotless victim dies ;
This is salvation's only source,
And hence our hopes arise.

363. *Law satisfied in Christ.* (L. M.)

- 1 **THE** law speaks terror and despair,
In vain we seek for safety there ;
No imperfection it allows,
No comfort yields or pity shows.
- 2 It neither pardons nor reprieves,
It all requires, and nothing gives ;
If but a single fault it spy,
It dooms to endless misery.
- 3 Then must I sink oppressed with grief?
Will no kind hand afford relief?
Yes, there is one—the Son of God,
Who bought salvation with his blood.
- 4 Jesus the law has satisfied,
A thousand deaths in one he died ;
From him unnumbered blessings flow,
To him my life, my all I owe.
- 5 Amasing love, how rich and free,
That Christ should die, and die for me !
Oh may I feel its saving power,
And all its heights and depths explore !

364. *Law no longer a Covenant.*

(6, 8's. Careys.)

- 1 **Q**UITE dead am I to Sinai's law,
Nor thence my hope or comfort draw ;
Its precepts are exceeding broad,
Nor help nor succour they afford :
'Tis here I see how vile I've been,
How deep involved in guilt and sin.

LAW AND GOSPEL

- 2 Yet as a rule the law remains,
And all its power it still retains ;
But as a covenant now no more
We hear its threatenings as before ;
The soul that to the cross repairs,
Escapes the curse, the blessing shares.
- 3 Then let me to my Saviour come,
And thus avoid the sinners doom ;
That help which Sinai cannot give,
I now from him alone derive :
The curse he bore, my life sustains,
Praise him, my soul, in grateful strains.

365. *Law in the Hands of Christ.* (S. M.)

- 1 THE law no vengeance bears,
When in the hands of Christ ;
He is at once our ruling king,
And all-atoning priest.
- 2 Its threatenings and its curse,
No more impress with fear ;
For look beneath the mercy seat,
And lo ! the law is there.
- 3 Of all its terrors stripped,
It there shall still remain ;
No more disturb our peace or rest,
Nor fill the mind with pain.

366. *Christ the End of the Law.* (L. M.)

- 1 WHEN Jesus bowed his head and died,
God's holy law was satisfied ;
Its awful penalties he bore,
And now it speaks of wrath no more.
- 2 Its covenant form has disappeared,
'Do this and live,' no more is heard ;
Yet Christ supports its gentle sway,
And we with sweet delight obey.

LAW AND GOSPEL.

- 3 His righteousness without a flaw,
Atoned for sin, fulfilled the law ;
No longer Sinai's thunders roar
'The sky 's serene, the storm is o'er.

367. *Law fulfilled in Christ.* (L. M.)

- 1 **CAN** I fulfil God's righteous law,
Or thence a glimpse of comfort draw ?
Holy and just, it far exceeds,
My highest thoughts and brightest deeds.
- 2 No ground for hope I thence derive,
Nor dare to think, ' Do this and live ;'
Yet I would not indulge despair,
Although I find no safety there.
- 3 A covenant form no more it bears,
No more a frowning aspect wears ;
A rule of life it still remains,
And its authority retains.
- 4 Its penalties did Christ endure,
To make the promised mercy sure ;
Pardon and peace abundant flow,
The law 's fulfilled and honoured too.

368. *The Law leading us to Christ.* (S. M.)

- 1 **VAIN** man, and dost thou think
Thy self from blemish free ?
Sure, where the fountain is corrupt,
The streams corrupt must be.
- 2 By God's all-righteous law,
Thy heart and life explore ;
Unnumbered spots will then appear,
Unknown to thee before.
- 3 *Oh hasten thine escape,
And bow at Jesus' feet ;
There thou wilt find, and only there,
A righteousness complete.*

LAW AND GOSPEL.

- 4 By faith behold him now,
Who bore thy griefs and pains ;
His grace will cancel all thy guilt,
His blood remove thy stains.

369. *Law and Gospel Compared.* (S. M.)

- 1 GOD'S holy law proclaims
The wretched sinner's state ;
The least defect it loud condemns,
And still its claims repeat.
- 2 Its awful threatenings fill
The criminal with fear ;
Its only work to slay and kill,
Its only fruit despair.
- 3 In vain we seek to draw
Substantial comfort thence ;
What comfort can a broken law
To guilty souls dispense ?
- 4 But see, from Christ the Lord,
Immortal blessings flow ;
His life and death new hopes afford,
Of grace and glory too.
- 5 We now approach the throne
Of an offended God ;
There make our sins and sorrows known,
And plead a Saviour's blood.

370. *Superiority of the Gospel.* (L. M.)

- 1 WHERE sin is found, and guilt and shame,
The law does nothing but condemn ;
But in the gospel of our God,
We hear of reconciling blood.
- 2 'Tis here we read that Jesus died,
And here behold him crucified,
What sufferings he for us endured,
And how salvation was procured.

LAW AND GOSPEL.

- 3 An alsufficient price he paid,
And perfect satisfaction made ;
' 'Tis finished,' the Redeemer cries,
And God approves the sacrifice.
- 4 Now he implants his grace within,
Ard makes our sinful nature clean ;
To purge our guilt, restore our frame,
Jesus by blood and water came.
- 5 Hosanna to the Prince of peace,
Who sprung from David's royal race ;
Let angels bow before his throne,
And saints adore th' incarnate Son.

371. *The Gospel of Christ.* (L. M.)

- 1 GOD, in the Gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here, sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name ;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here, Jesus in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.
- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, renew our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
And bids the drooping saint revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controuls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

LAW AND GOSPEL.

- 6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my thoughts engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

372. *The Gospel.* (C. M.)

- 1 **H**ERE in the records of his grace,
God's brightest glory shines ;
Here mercy's varied form we trace,
As drawn in crimson lines.
- 2 Whate'er the theme, in every page,
His wondrous love appears,
My swelling sorrows to assuage,
And calm my rising fears.
- 3 Here I can read with sweet surprise,
The victories Jesus won ;
Learn how he crushed my enemies,
And brought salvation down.
- 4 This world with all its glories, now
Grows less in my esteem ;
Its shining pomp and glittering show
Are but an airy dream.
- 5 To realms of bliss my thoughts aspire,
Where Jesus lives and reigns ;
My soul looks up with strong desire,
And longs to break her chains.

INVITATIONS AND EXHORTATIONS.

373. *The Freedom of the Gospel.* (C. M.)

- 1 **H**OW free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God ;
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of every blood !
- 2 The mightiest king and meanest slave
May his rich mercy taste ;
He calls the beggar and the prince
Unto the gospel feast.
- 3 None are excluded thence, but those
Who do themselves exclude ;
Welcome the learned and polite,
The ignorant and rude.
- 4 Come then, ye men of every name,
Of every rank and tongue ;
What you ~~are~~ willing to receive,
To you ~~it~~ ^{all} belong.
- 5 Come without money, without price,
The rich provision share ;
Fear not that you will be refused,
For such are welcome here.

374. *The Saviour's Call.* (C. M.)

- 1 **CALL**, mighty Saviour, call aloud !
And let thy voice be heard ;
Exalt the poor, abase the proud,
Be loved, adored, and feared.

EXHORTATIONS.

- 2 Say to the dead in sin, Arise !
Bid souls oppressed with guilt,
By faith behold the sacrifice,
The blood which thou hast spilt.
- 8 Call to thy throne, thy house of prayer,
Make deep repentance flow ;
Then shall we find acceptance there,
And thy salvation know.
- 4 Hark ! 'tis his voice ! we come, we come ;
Dear Lord, direct our way ;
And let the world in vain presume
To lead our feet astray.

375. *Invitation to the Distressed.* (C. M.)

- 1 ALL ye who feel distressed for sin,
And fear eternal woe,
Hear the glad news the gospel brings,
For rebels such as you.
- 2 Jesus by his almighty word,
Will all your fears remove ;
For every wound his precious blood,
A sovereign balm shall prove.
- 3 His conquering grace shall set you free
From sin's oppressive chains,
From Satan's hateful tyranny,
And everlasting pains.
- 4 He now invites you from above,
Polluted as you are,
That you his saving power may prove,
And in his banquet share.
- 5 Come then, ye heavy laden, come,
His speedy help implore ;
Thousands have here a welcome found,
And still there 's room for more.

INVITATIONS.

376. *Sinners Invited to Christ.* (C. M.)

- 1 YE thoughtless ones, whose roving minds
Fresh scenes of mirth pursue ;
Come, feast on pleasures more refined,
And more enduring too.
- 3 Ye worldly souls, who toil and sweat,
T' encrease your glittering store,
Come bow before Immanuel's feet,
And mercy there implore.
- 3 Ye sons of pride, who build your hopes,
On what yourselves have done,
Abandon all such feeble props,
And rest on Christ alone.
- 4 Pardon and life and righteousness
Come flowing through his blood ;
Draw near to him who waits to bless,
And bring you home to God.

377. *Invitation to the Weary.*

(104th, Hanover.)

- 1 COME sinners, approach
To Jesus the Lord,
He tenderly calls,
And aid will afford ;
He bore all your sorrows,
Your guilt and your shame,
And patiently suffered,
Your souls to reclaim.
- 2 ' Then come unto me,
With troubles oppressed,
My grace shall relieve,
In me you have rest ;
Thus says the dear Saviour,
Whose word shall endure
The blessing he offers
Is certain and sure.

EXHORTATIONS.

3 One thing he requires,
That we must believe,
Must give him our hearts,
Ere we can receive ;
His yoke is most easy,
His burden is light,
But take it and bear it,
And all will be right.

4 Oh Jesus, my Lord,
To thee will I fly,
In thee will I trust,
When trouble is nigh ;
Since thou all my burdens
Wilt kindly sustain,
I'll trust thee and try thee
Again and again.

378. *Motives to Diligence.* (S. M.)

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye drowsy souls,
The heavenly prize pursue ;
Since others have the blessing found,
There 's ground of hope for you.
- 2 Your indolence forsake,
The gospel rule obey ;
Exert your powers, improve your time,
While it is called to-day.
- 3 Walk humbly with your God,
In paths of truth and love ;
For those who serve him here below,
Shall reign with him above.
- 4 Yet not for faith or works,
Is heavenly glory due ;
That which the Saviour might demand,
Is sovereign grace to you.

INVITATIONS.

379. *I will do you no hurt.* (L. M.)

- 1 **WILT** thou 'not hurt me,' dearest Lord,
While I have been to thee untrue,
And each revolving day presents
Fresh scenes of sorrow to my view ?
- 2 'Not hurt me !' when on dying beds,
In torturing pain so many groan ;
Whose lives were more unblemished found,
Their sins less crimson than my own ?
- 3 'Not hurt me !' when my glaring crimes
Aloud for speedy vengeance call ;
And 'midst unnumbered pangs of woe,
Deserve the worst, deserve them all !
- 4 Now let my heart and tongue unite,
To celebrate thy glorious name ;
Thy rich forbearance and thy grace,
Will I with thankfulness proclaim.

380. *Come and See.* (C. M.)

- 1 **COME**, sinners, take a nearer view,
Of him whom ye despise ;
Think of the yearnings of his heart,
The pity of his eyes.
 - 2 Come, ye bewildered souls, and see
The eternal Son of God,
Your sins sustaining on the cross,
And bearing all the load.
 - 3 Come ye who fear the sting of death,
And dread the vengeance due ;
See there the Lamb a victim made,
He sheds his blood for you.
- Come ye who have the Saviour seen,
But see him now no more,
Look, and with expectation wait,
Till he that sight restore.*

EXHORTATIONS.

381. *Let the Wicked forsake his Way.* (L. M.)

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, oppressed with fear,
No peace is found for wicked men ;
Conscience proclaims intestine war,
Short-lived their bliss, their hope is vain.
- 2 Their noisy mirth designed to hide
The inward anguish of the mind,
Will in a moment's time be fled,
And endless horror left behind.
- 3 Though providence encrease their store,
Their table rich with dainties spread,
They tremble at the thunderer's power,
With storms impending o'er their head.
- 4 Mortal diseases seize their frame,
Now where for safety can they fly ?
Their souls are covered o'er with shame,
And their destruction draweth nigh.
- 5 Go, sinners, to the throne of grace,
Bow in the dust before the Lord ;
With deep contrition spread your case,
And he his succour will afford.
- 6 The dreaded vengeance he 'll restrain,
Your aggravated sins forgive,
Subdue your fears and ease your pain,
And bid the dying sinner live.

382. *Immoral Professors Admonished.* (C. M.)

- H**OW many bear the christian name,
Who live estranged from God ;
External duties they perform,
And visit his abode.
- 2 Their hands defiled, their hearts unclean,
They no compunction feel,
And thoughtlessly themselves deceive,
While they their lusts conceal.

INVITATIONS.

- 3 The double-minded, insincere,
Shall supplicate in vain ;
The offerings they to heaven present,
Will nothing thence obtain.
- 4 No more indulge deceit and guile,
Let sin prevail no more ;
For safety fly to Jesus' blood,
And own its cleansing power.
- 5 Before the dear Redeemer's throne,
In humble posture wait ;
Cheerful his just commands obey,
And there your vows repeat.
- 6 Approach him now in faith and love,
And he 'll draw nigh to you ;
The pure in heart will he accept,
To them his glory shew.

383. *Prosperity of the Wicked.* (L. M)

- 1 THE wicked live, encrease in power,
And every earthly good possess ;
They gain accessions to their store,
And still they labour with success.
- 2 Strangers to poverty and pain,
They taste of each terrestrial joy ;
Madly intent this world to gain,
They gain the world, their souls destroy.
- 3 Their feet are in a slippery place,
Their riches swift as shadows fly :
Their honour ends in long disgrace,
In mirth they live, in anguish die.
- 4 Oh may I flee the fatal snare,
And straight to bliss my course pursue,
Dependant on thy guardian care,
Press on with glory in my view.

EXHORTATIONS.

384. *Worth of the Soul.* (L. M.,

- 1 SMALL the advantage to my soul,
Did I in gold and jewels shine,
Should endless pleasures round me roll,
Or I could call a sceptre mine.
- 2 Not all the mountains of Peru,
Supremely rich, immensely large,
Could pay the numerous sums I owe,
Or my enormous debts discharge.
- 3 Unnumbered worlds surpassing this,
Were all their stores of wealth my own,
Could not procure celestial bliss,
Or for the least offence atone.
- 4 Then will I envy those no more,
Who make these glittering toys their boast,
Let them possess what they adore,
They gain the world, their souls are lost.

385. *The Malady of Sin.* (C. M.

- 1 SIN is the poison of the soul,
Diffusing mortal pains ;
Through every part it bears controul
O'er every power it reigns.
- 2 Forgetful of his higher birth,
A slave to flesh and sense,
The sinner fondly grasps the earth,
And draws his comforts thence.
- 3 With flattering hopes himself he cheats,
With foolish lusts destroys ?
The giddy round he still repeats,
In quest of empty joys.
- 4 Careless he views his fatal wounds,
And wears his gilded chains ;
Slights both his Makers smiles and frowns,
Nor dreads eternal pains.

INVITATIONS.

- 3 Sad state of poor distempered man,
How desperate is his case !
No remedy can he obtain,
But that of sovereign grace.

386. *Unbelief Reproved.*

(148th, Greenwich New.)

- 1 SURE, in this wilderness,
I 've little cause for joy ;
Confessions and complaints
Must be my sole employ ;
My sins and wants,
My foes and fears,
Incessant call
For floods of tears :

- 2 Thus *unbelief* suggests ;
But unbelief—away !
I 'll sing as well as weep,
And praise as well as pray :
Of other things,
Though I 'm bereft,
Yet life remains,
And hope is left.

- 3 God bids me to rejoice,
And then, rejoice I will ;
Though I no music hear,
Though I no raptures feel :
With guilt o'erwhelmed,
With grief oppressed,
In heaven I look
For peace and rest.

Though all is darkness now,
There will be light anon ;
Ye gloomy fears subside,
Ye pensive thoughts be gone !
Christ will preserve
What he hath wrought,
And save the soul
His blood has bought.

EXHORTATIONS.

387. *The Formalist.* (L. M.)

- 1 **L**IKE useful plants which oft are found
On rocky hills or barren ground,
In social virtues many shine,
Who still are void of grace divine.
- 2 Those who were never formed anew,
May yet be upright, just and true ;
And by a courteous conduct gain,
The praise they labour to obtain.
- 3 But that which creatures most applaud,
Is often disapproved of God ;
Searcher of hearts, my heart explore, .
And with the form give me the power.

388. *Danger of Hypocrisy.* (L. M.)

- 1 **L**ET hypocrites their fancied joys
And empty pleasures loudly boast,
One frown from heaven their hope destroys,
And all their airy bliss is lost.
- 2 A glimmering light may chance to dwell,
Within a vain unhallowed breast,
A light that only leads to hell
And leaves the soul but more distressed.
- 3 The conscience feels some dread alarms,
And trembles at the lifted rod ;
And then a thousand rites and forms
Become a substitute for God.
- 4 But self-deceit shall be revealed,
When Christ the righteous judge appears ;
Nor shall the sinner be concealed,
Beneath the thin disguise he wears.

INVITATIONS.

389. *Warning to Hypocrites.* (C. M.)

- 1 **FORBEAR**, ye impious and profane,
T' approach a holy God ;
Your hearts deceitful and depraved,
Your hands defiled with blood.
- 2 Ye hypocrites, who fraught with guile,
Around his altar wait,
Depart his courts, or lay aside
Your falsehood and deceit.
- 3 Dare not to take his reverend name
On your unhallowed tongues ;
No more address unmeaning prayers,
Nor raise your formal songs.
- 4 But come, ye humble pious souls,
And tread his sacred place ;
Here you shall taste the Saviour's love,
And see his smiling face.

390. *Looking unto Jesus.* (C. M.)

- 1 **YE** sinners, who provoke the wrath
Of an offended God,
Beware of his uplifted hand,
And his avenging rod.
- 2 Ye burdened souls, to Jesus fly,
His pardoning mercy crave ;
He who is mighty to destroy,
Is mightier still to save.
- 3 And ye whose confidence he is,
Dismiss each painful fear ;
Beset with dangers all around,
Remember he is near.
- 4 **Christ on the cross and on the throne,**
With holy rapture view ;
He's all in all to saints above,
Let him be so to you.

EXHORTATIONS.

391. *Enmity and Unbelief.* (L. M.)

- 1 **CAN** sinful rebels loud proclaim,
Their impious rage against the Lord ;
Treat with contempt his awful name,
Nor fear the threatenings of his word !
- 2 Shall they be found regardless still,
Of future pleasures all refined ;
Shall nothing bow the stubborn will,
Nor dreadful terrors awe the mind ?
- 3 The Lord will soon your rage deride,
And vindicate his sacred name ;
Will laugh at your defeated pride,
And turn your triumph into shame.
- 4 Your hopes of happiness, how vain !
Eternal woe is your abode,
Whilst humble souls in glory reign,
And saints are ever with their God.

392. *Scorners Reproved* (104th, Ignatius.)

- 1 **YE** scorners, attend,
Nor longer presume,
Though vengeance may sleep,
It quickly will come ;
Let not vain delusions
Your fancies deceive,
Till ruin o’ertake you,
And none can relieve.
- 2 The arm of the Lord
No one can repel,
The sinner must sink,
In burnings to dwell ;
Each rebel he’ll vanquish,
And drive from his face,
The scorners who slighted
His mercy and grace.

INVITATIONS.

3 Ye sinners, return,
Ere it is too late,
No longer resist,
But mercy entreat ;
To-day he may hear you,
And answer your prayer,
To-morrow consign you
To endless despair.

4 Oh Lord, may it be
My earnest desire,
Through life's varied scenes,
Thy will to enquire ;
With speed may I do it,
Nor suffer delay,
Now yield thee submission
And love thee to-day.

393. *The Great Salvation.* (S. M.)

- 1 SALVATION, rich and great,
For us in Christ is found ;
Ye trembling souls, the words repeat,
And dwell upon the sound.
- 2 ' So great' indeed it is,
Procured by Jesus' blood,
It makes secure the realms of bliss,
And brings us home to God.
- 3 ' So great,' for it extends
To ages yet unborn ;
Exalts the low, the stubborn bends,
And saves the most forlorn.
- 4 Come sinners, filled with shame,
To Jesus quickly haste ;
Believe in his almighty name,
And his salvation taste.

EXHORTATIONS.

394. *Believe and be Saved.* (C. M.)

WHERE shall a wretched sinner flee,
To ease his wounded soul ?
The Saviour cries, Believe in me,
And I will make thee whole.

Believe in thee, my dearest Lord ?
Oh help my unbelief !
All needful grace do thou afford,
And send me quick relief.

Sprinkled with thine atoning blood,
Let me at length appear,
Before the awful bar of God,
And find acceptance there.

395. *Sinfulness of Pride.*

(8, 7. Bath Abbey.)

1 **O**F the virtues man possesses,
'Tis humility I love,
This it is the Saviour blesses,
This the grace that men approve ;
Lo, the pharisee elated,
Offered up his formal prayers,
While the publican entreated,
And the Lord his sighing hears.

2 **P**ride became the angels' ruin,
'Twas by this our parents died,
All the pains and sorrows growing
Had their origin in pride ;
Grant me, Lord, a humble spirit,
Let me my dependence know,
Feel I nothing have of merit,
Humble me and keep me low.

INVITATIONS.

396. *Warning to the Malevolent.* (L. M.)

- 1 YE souls immersed in earth and sense,
Ye sons of wrath and violence ;
Ye bigots fraught with zeal and pride,
Who censure all the world beside—
- 2 Ye men of mischief who devour
The friendless and the pious poor ;
Whose envious hearts and bitter tongues,
Rejoice in injuries and wrongs—
- 3 The Lord observes with angry eyes,
The various evils you devise ;
And will with indignation frown
On natures so unlike his own.
- 4 Those grief shall feel, who grief create,
Who hate mankind, mankind shall hate ;
Who other's sorrows will not share,
Themselves shall fall without a tear.
- But the benevolent and kind,
Who mercy show, shall mercy find ;
The man of sympathy and love,
Earth will applaud, and heaven approve.

397. *Sin of Worldly Conformity.*

(104th, Hanover.)

- 1 HOW many indulge
Their carnal desires,
Whose cravings exceed
What nature requires :
They make it their study,
The world to obtain,
Or revel in pleasures
Expensive and vain.
- 2 Shall christians be found,
Themselves to degrade,
By sinful excess,
Or empty parade !

EXHORTATIONS.

Oh let them much rather,
Distribute their store,
Amongst the distressed,
The needy and poor.

3 Oh let them reflect,
That what they enjoy,
Is treasure but lent,
For them to employ,
In acts of devotion,
Of pity and love,
Till Jesus shall call them,
And seat them above.

4 Great Author of all,
To thee I resign,
Whate'er I possess,
And call it not mine ;
The poor and the wretched,
Thy bounty shall share,
I'll ease their distresses,
And soften their care.

398. *Final Impenitence.* (L. M.)

1 **A**LLURED by sin's deceitful arts,
Unhappy men depart from God ;
To Satan yield their treacherous hearts,
And fearless tread the downward road.

2 Still they encrease their load of guilt,
Thoughtless amidst a thousand woes ;
Or if some pangs of grief are felt,
Those sudden pangs they quickly lose.

3 They bid defiance to the skies,
And dare th' Almighty to his face ;
His awful threatenings they despise,
And cast contempt upon his grace.

4 But the decisive day will come,
And universal terror spread ;
Then God will fix their final doom,
And vengeance strike the rebels dead.

INVITATIONS.

- 5 Bound fast in adamantine chains,
Their numerous follies they will mourn ;
Shall suffer unremitting pains,
And ever sin and ever burn.

399. *Condemnation of the Wicked.* (S. M.)

- 1 SINNERS in vain expect
Among the just t' appear ;
God's threatening word and flaming sword
Forbid an entrance there.
- 2 Depart ye hardened race,
Heaven's lofty gates are barred ;
Nor can you force a passage through,
Or bribe the watchful guard.
- 3 Time was that Jesus spread
His kind inviting arms ;
But you rejected all his calls,
And slighted all his charms.
- 4 The Saviour you despised,
Now dooms you down to hell ;
There with confounding horror seized,
In fiery deeps to dwell.
- 5 How will your hearts endure ?
How can your hands be strong,
When he shall vengeance take, to whom
All vengeance doth belong.

400. *Unrighteous Excluded from Heaven.* (S. M.)

- 1 CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well ;
Or dream of future happiness,
While in the road to hell ?
- 2 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue ;
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand,
Which does its neighbour wrong ?

EXHORTATIONS.

Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill ;
Or those expect with God to reign,
Who disregard his will ?

- 4 'Tis nought but grace divine
Can solid hope afford ;
The pure in heart alone shall see
The glory of the Lord.

401. *Final Exclusion of Unbelievers.* (L. M.)

- 1 CAN thoughtless sinners hope for heaven,
Can unbelievers dwell at ease ?
No real ground of hope is given,
No promise made to such as these.
- 2 Would they the gate celestial force ?
A flaming sword shall guard the way ;
Satan shall stop them in their course,
And eager seize his captive prey.
- 3 Heaven from their vain attacks secure,
Shall still enjoy a settled peace ;
Nor will a righteous God endure
Such daring rebels near his face.
- 4 Shut out from bliss, and bound in chains
Of heavy guilt, the traitors lie ;
Deluged in wrath, enclosed in flames,
Dying they live, and living die.
- 5 Jesus, who art the Lord of all,
Oh let me thy salvation see ;
And when this earthly building fall,
Take my departing soul to thee.

ON PRAYER.

402. *The Glorious Mercy-Seat.* (C. M.)

- 1 **HIGH** and exalted is thy throne,
Thou God of righteousness ;
Thy vengeance there thou makest known,
And there thy richest grace.
- 2 Myriads redeemed from earth and hell,
Around thy throne appear,
And with incessant transports tell
The love that brought them there.
- 3 There angels and archangels bow,
With covered face and feet ;
Thither may sinners also go,
For 'tis a mercy seat.
- 4 Then I'll approach with holy fear,
And humble confidence ;
For he who spreads his terrors there,
Dispenses blessings thence.

403. *Access to God.* (L. M.)

- 1 **SPRINKLED** with reconciling blood,
I venture near thy throne, oh God ;
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears.
- 2 *Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful sign,
Does with a softened lustre shine ;
And while my faith beholds it there,
I bid farewell to every fear.*

PRAYER.

- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay,
With courage sing, with fervour pray ;
And though a sinner quite undone,
Hope for acceptance through thy Son—
- 4 Thy Son, who on the shameful tree,
Expired to set the vilest free ;
On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in his name.

404. *Acceptableness of Prayer.* (C. M.)

- 1 **THE** prayers and praises of the saints,
Like precious odours sweet,
Ascend and spread a rich perfume
Around the mercy seat.
- 2 Not clouds of smoke, nor streams of oil,
Nor goats nor bullocks' blood,
But penitential groans and tears
Are pleasing to our God.
- 3 To him the contrite sinner cries,
Nor shall he cry in vain ;
The broken heart 's a sacrifice,
Which God will not disdain.

405. *Importance of Prayer.* (C. M.)

- 1 **PRAYER** is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came ;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.
- 2 The christian's life with it concludes,
And with it doth begin ;
'Tis this invigorates the soul,
And is the death of sin.
- 3 *It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast ;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.*

PRAYER.

- 4 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear ;
To him there 's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.
- 5 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

406. *Encouragements to Prayer.* (C. M.)

- 1 COME, trembling souls draw near to God,
The prayer of faith renew ;
His throne is sprinkled o'er with blood,
Which once was shed for you.
- 2 Pleased, he beholds beneath his feet,
The objects of his grace ;
No dreadful thunders guard his seat,
No frowns becloud his face.
- 3 Here you may all your wants disclose,
And make your sorrows known ;
Here drop your cares, forget your woes,
And lay your burdens down.
- 4 The penitential sigh or tear,
Is noticed by the Lord ;
To Jacob's race he 'll lend an ear,
And needful grace afford.

407. *Advantages of Prayer.* (S. M.)

- 1 PRAYER is a heavenly balm
To the afflicted soul ;
It gives the troubled conscience ease,
And makes the spirit whole.
- 2 Relief it oft affords,
When we are sore distressed ;
Removes our unbelieving fears,
And leads us to our rest.

PRAYER.

- 3 It brings us fresh supplies,
As urgent need requires ;
But God no special blessing grants,
Where there are no desires.
- 4 Ye careless souls attend,
And seek the Lord to-day ;
When once the sentence is gone forth,
'Tis then too late to pray.

408. *God Hearing Prayer.* (L. M.)

- 1 **I**N God, the holy and the just,
Would I repose my only trust ;
'To him in all my troubles fly,
And on his powerful arm rely.
- 2 With thankfulness for mercies past,
I still on him my burdens cast ;
With inward grief my sins confess,
And humbly seek forgiving grace.
- 3 Now I approach his lofty throne
And find acceptance through his Son ;
There will I pour my sighs and tears,
Though slow I speak, he swiftly hears.
- 4 God is my refuge, and will prove
Supremely worthy of my love ;
Rouse then my soul, awake my tongue,
Such wondrous grace demands a song.

409. *God Hearing Prayer.* (L. M.)

- 1 **Y**E mourners, hearken to the Lord,
Who love his word and trust his grace—
I will sufficient strength afford,
To all who humbly seek my face.
- 2 Spread your complaints before my throne,
And leave your sins and sorrows there ;
The falling tear, the deepened groan,
Mine eyes shall see, mine ears shall hear.

PRAAYER.

- 3 To widest bounds stretch your desires,
No real good will I deny ;
The largest wish my grace inspires,
My grace is able to supply.

410. *Coming to a Throne of Grace.* (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HERE is a throne of wondrous grace,
Sprinkled with Jesus' blood ;
'Tis there alone that faith beholds,
A sin-forgiving God.
- 2 To him I 'll send my fervent prayers,
Believing he will hear ;
Will spread my guilt before his face,
And leave my burdens there.
- 3 None ask ~~aright~~ ^{in vain} who ask ~~in vain~~ ^{aright},
God does his word fulfil ;
Then go to him, my troubled soul,
And wait his sovereign will.
- 4 Remind him what the Saviour did,
What he himself has said ;
Approach him then with humble trust,
And be not thou afraid.
- 5 Not only seek, but patient wait,
Until an answer 's given ;
The secret sighs, on earth unknown,
Are treasured up in heaven.

411. *Before Prayer.* (L. M.)

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, my languid soul prepare,
To offer humble fervent prayer ;
From every evil set me free,
Which bars an intercourse with thee.
- With holy confidence inspire,
And raise my dull affections higher ;
May faith and hope be on the wing,
And I accepted offerings bring.

PRAAYER.

- 3 All earthly scenes be banished hence,
The things of time, the joys of sense ;
And whilst to thee my woes I tell,
Do thou thy pardoning grace reveal.

412. *Preparation of the Heart.* (C. M.)

- 1 **WHENEVER** I attempt to pray,
Or supplications make,
Lord, send my wandering thoughts away,
And hear for Jesus' sake.
- 2 If any lust prevail within,
Or guile be lurking there ;
Oh wash my sinful nature clean,
And make my heart sincere.
- 3 Let faith and hope and humble fear
In exercise remain,
And when I at thy throne appear,
Do not my suit disdain.
- 4 Then will the blessings I receive,
More sweet and welcome be ;
And all I am and all I have
I'll consecrate to thee.

413. *Attempts to Pray.*

(8. 7. 4. Jordan.)

- 1 **LORD**, regard a vile offender,
While he now attempts to pray ;
Hear his broken supplications,
Do not frown his soul away :
Now in darkness,
Grant to him a cheering ray.
- 2 In the dust in low prostration,
Hear his cries and plaintive moan ;
Justice stern his blood requireth,
Now he feels himself undone :
Oh for mercy !
Make thy grace and mercy known.

PRAYER.

- 3 Duties all are unavailing,
Peace and pardon to procure ;
Blood divine alone can save me,
When applied with sovereign power :
Bless'd Redeemer,
Save me in the trying hour.

414. *Prayer of the Penitent.* (L. M.)

- 1 **BURDENED** with guilt, and pale with fear,
Lo, the repentant sinner stands ;
To God directs his broken prayer,
And upward lifts his suppliant hands
- 2 A conscious blush spreads o'er his face,
And anguish fills his labouring soul ;
A solemn grief his looks express,
And floods of sorrow round him roll.
- 3 But Jesus bids the floods be still,
And gently wipes his weeping eyes ;
The only way to Zion's hill,
By Sinai's smoking border lies.

415. *Constancy in Prayer.* (S. M.)

- 1 **WHILST** others prayer restrain,
Nor lift a sigh to heaven,
To me, dear Lord, oh may there be
A praying spirit given.
- 2 Since each revolving sun
Brings with it loads of care,
Let not a single day be spent,
Without returns of prayer.
- 3 A mercy-seat's prepared,
Through Christ's atoning blood ;
There will I seek until I find,
An all-propitious God.

PRAAYER.

- 4 And if I'm called to wait,
Through many a cloudy day,
A glimpse, though on a dying bed,
Will all my pains repay.

416. *Pray Without Ceasing.*

(7s. Aloester.)

- 1 VILE temptations oft will say,
'Tis too late to watch and pray ;
What advantage can arise,
From abundant tears and sighs.
- 2 Lord, we own it to be true,
Nothing we can say or do,
Can for sin and guilt atone,
Nought can save but grace alone.
- 3 Yet we 'll watch and weep and pray,
Since 'tis thine appointed way ;
And shouldst thou our suit disdain,
Still thou righteous wilt remain.
- 4 But thy mercy, Lord, we crave,
Plead thy willingness to save ;
Let not mercy be denied,
Since thy Son for sinners died.

417. *Weak Believer's Prayer.*

(6, 8's. Gloucester.)

- 1 MY foes abound, my strength is small,
To thee for succour, Lord, I fly ;
Prostrate before thy feet I fall,
Thine aid implore now danger's night :
Oh hear a trembling sinner's prayer,
And save me from the fowler's snare.
- 2 Though by the world I am despised,
I trust thou wilt not slight me, Lord ;
Since thy commandments I have prized,
And not forgot thy holy word :
Oh hear a trembling sinner's prayer,
And make me thy peculiar care.

PRAAYER.

- 3 Armed by thy power, preserved by grace,
Let me pursue my heavenly way,
Till I behold thy glorious face,
In realms of everlasting day :
Then shall I ceaseless anthems raise,
And prayers and tears be turned to praise.

418. *Safety at the Mercy Seat.* (L. M.)

- 1 **T**O thee, my God, my heavenly king,
I would ascend with rapid wing ;
Before thy mercy seat appear,
And spread my sins and sorrows there.
- 2 I at thy feet will humbly bow,
Nor can a sinner lie too low ;
Thine al sufficient grace implore,
And trust thy faithfulness and power.
- 3 In all my wants, amidst my woes,
The slights of friends and rage of foes,
I'll seek for refuge near thy throne,
Till thou shalt pour salvation down.
- 4 Mercy and truth to thee belong,
In weakness thou canst make me strong ;
Nor need I any evil fear,
Whilst I can pray, and thou wilt hear.

419. *Refuge in Distress.* (S. M.)

- 1 **T**HY throne, oh Lord, remains
A refuge for the poor ;
There will I wait in faith and hope,
And help from thence implore.
- 2 My sins will I confess,
And all my follies own ;
They build the separating wall,
But thou canst cast it down.

PRAYER.

Revive my fainting soul,
And ease me of my pain ;
Ne'er be it said, I mercy sought,
But mercy sought in vain.

420. *Wanderings in Prayer.* (C. M.)

- 1 **T**O fix the false and treacherous heart,
In vain alas, I try ;
Long have I felt, and long deplored
Its base inconstancy.
- 2 In solemn duties, when I join,
My thoughts disperse abroad,
Through the wide world and scarcely leave
A single thought for God.
- 3 Oppressive guilt, perplexing cares
Attend where'er I go ;
I lose myself, my way I lose,
Dear Lord, what shall I do !
- 4 To thee I make my sorrows known,
My hope I place in thee ;
Thou art the help of every saint,
Oh be a help to me.

421. *Praying Infirmities.* (S. M.)

- 1 **A**ND can I call this prayer,
My heart so far from God !
Either unprofitably fixed,
Or wandering far abroad.
- 2 When pride and self-applause
Bear such tyrannic sway,
Where thoughts and words no more agree,
Can I be said to pray ?
- 3 Dear Lord, thy powerful aid
I earnestly implore ;
Save me from sinful self and pride,
And make my worship pure.

PRAYER.

422. *Pleading the Atonement.* (C. M.)

- 1 **PROSTRATE** before my God I fall,
That I may mercy find,
Since thou hast been to those who call,
Both merciful and kind.
- 2 Forlorn and helpless, here I lie,
Nor let me hence depart ;
But cast, dear Lord, a pitying eye,
And heal my broken heart.
- 3 Jesus when on the bloody tree,
Thine indignation bore ;
'Twas there I trust he died for me,
And justice asks no more.
- 4 For his dear sake my sins forgive,
And all my guilt remove ;
Let me supplies of grace receive,
And taste thy special love.

423. *Sins and Sorrows Confessed.*

(7, 6. Grange Road, Culmstock.)

- 1 **LORD**, while before thee falling,
Oh hear my sad complaint ;
Regard me now I 'm calling,
For I am weak and faint.
- 2 The case that I 'm relating,
Is full of deep distress ;
My sorrows unabating,
Admit of no redress.
- 3 *My numerous sins alarming,
Are ever in my sight ;
Of mortal strength disarming,
Involving me in night.*

PRAYER.

- 4 Oh be thou all propitious
And chase my fears away ;
Look down with smiles auspicious,
And turn my night to day.
- 5 Be thou to distant ages,
The contrite sinners' friend,
And when the tempest rages,
Their drooping souls' defend.
- 6 Then we with adoration,
Will own thy wondrous love,
Reharse thy great salvation,
And sing thy praise above.

424. *Pleading for Mercy.* (L. M.)

- 1 **L**OOK, dearest Lord, on my distress,
My guilt, my grief and wretchedness ;
Forgive my sins, my fears controul,
And make a wounded conscience whole.
- 2 On my benighted spirit shine,
And gently whisper, thou art mine ;
Chase doubts and unbelief away,
And turn the dismal night to day,
- 3 I plead the sorrows Christ endured,
And crave the blessings he procured ;
Those gifts divinely rich and free,
Impart them, dearest Lord, to me.
- 4 When thus preserved from wrath and hell,
Thy grace to sinners I will tell ;
Proclaim the power of love divine,
And my whole self to thee resign.

425. *Pleading for Mercy.*

(7. 6. Grange Road, Calmstock.)

- 1 **N**OW Lord, I bow before thee
In humble posture fall ;
For mercy I implore thee,
Oh hearken to my call.

PRAYER.

- 2 Confusion now surrounds me,
To think how vile I am ;
My wretched state confounds me,
And fills with grief and shame.
- 3 That time have I devoted,
To phantoms of the earth,
Which was to me allotted,
To seek a higher birth.
- 4 From earth, dear Saviour, draw me,
And fix my thoughts above ;
If stubborn, deign to awe me,
Then grant displays of love.
- 5 Oh let supreme affection,
To thee alone ascend ;
And under thy direction,
May all my passions bend.
- 6 Thou canst alone sustain me,
In times of deep distress ;
Thou wilt not then disdain me,
But wilt thy servant bless,
- 7 One look of thine all-cheering,
Will send my fears away ;
Clouds fly at thine appearing,
And night is turned to day.

426. *Pleading with God.* (L. M.)

- 1 WHY, oh my God, dost thou forget,
One lying prostrate at thy feet ;
Why thus conceal thy lovely face,
And leave my soul in deep distress ?
- 2 *Is it because I faintly seek,
With love so cold and faith so weak ;
Or do my sins like mountains rise,
And hide thy glory from my eyes ?*

PRAAYER.

- 3 Return, dear Lord, to me return,
For thee I languish, sigh and mourn ;
Thy presence will new life convey,
And banish all my fears away.
- 4 On me with beams of mercy shine,
And aid with grace and power divine ;
My thankful tongue shall then proclaim,
To listening crowds thy wondrous name.
- 6 In sweetest accents, loud and strong,
To thee I'll raise my grateful song,
Till others catch the sacred fire,
And ardent raise thy praises higher.

427. *Pleading with God.*

(8, 8, 6. Chatham.)

- 1 **L**OW at thy feet, oh God, I fall,
Be thou my light, my strength, my all,
In times of deep distress ;
On thee I cast my loads of care,
To thee I make my earnest prayer,
And all my guilt confess.
- 2 Though great the score, still, Lord, I cry,
Oh be that mercy ever nigh,
Procured by blood divine ;
To one so vile, thy grace display,
Take all my crimson stains away,
And tell me I am thine.
- 3 One word from thee will give relief,
One look alleviate my grief,
And sacred peace afford ;
Thy promises so rich and free,
Are made to sinners such as me
Oh hear thy servant, Lord.

PRAYER.

428. *Penitential Prayer.* (S. M.)

- 1 **THOU** Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Prostrate before thy feet I fall,
And for thy mercy cry.
- 2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done ;
Bid a repenting sinner live,
Through thine incarnate Son.
- 3 Guilt like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies ;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.
- 4 The burden which I feel,
Thou canst alone remove ;
Do thou display thy pardoning grace,
And thine unbounded love.
- 5 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast :
Oh let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest.

429. *Penitential Prayer.* (S. M.)

- 1 **FOR** my desponding soul,
What comfort shall I find,
Where is the sovereign healing balm
For an afflicted mind.
- 2 Oh may that hand which wounds,
My wounded spirit heal ;
That God who now reveals his wrath,
His boundless love reveal.
Dear Lord, to thee I come,
And at thy feet would lie ;
Speak thou the soul-reviving word,
Speak soon, or I must die.

PRAVER.

- 4 Myself have I destroyed,
My help is found in thee ;
I long to hear thy pardoning voice,
Thy smiling face to see.

430. *Contrite Prayer Answered.* (L. M.)

- 1 **TO** God, the contrite sinner flies,
And at his feet for mercy cries ;
Forgive a rebel all undone,
And save me through thine only Son.
- 2 Jehovah lends a gracious ear,
To every penitential prayer ;
Relieves the soul with guilt oppressed,
And gives the burdened sinner rest.
- 3 Does he who sits and reigns on high,
Thus bring his pardoning mercy nigh ;
Then to his name be honours given,
By the redeemed in earth and heaven.

431. *Abasement for Sin.* (C. M.)

- 1 **GUILTY** and self-condemned I lie,
Great God, beneath thy feet ;
And scarcely dare lift up mine eye,
My sins appear so great.
- 2 Yet still in thee alone I trust,
To wash away my stains,
In that all-sacred stream which burst
From Jesus' bleeding veins.
- 3 Submissive would I wait to hear
What God the Lord will say ;
Oh be propitious to my prayer,
Nor send me grieved away.

432. *Imploring Forgiveness.*

(7s. Cookham.)

- 1 **NOW** my sins like mountains rise,
All terrific to the view ;
Hear, oh Lord, my plaintive sighs,
Tell a sinner what to do.

PRAYER.

2 All thy laws, alas, I 've broke,
Which are holy, just and good ;
Slighted the Redeemer's yoke,
And his kingly power withstood.

3 Lo, I bow beneath thy feet,
View a humble suppliant there ;
Let him pardoning mercy meet,
Feel released from slavish fear.

4 To my deeply wounded soul,
Thine all-healing balm apply ;
Speak the word and make me whole,
Help me Lord or I must die.

433. *Imploring Forgiveness.* (S. M.)

1 **T**HIS sin, that worst of ills,
Disorders all my frame ;
Conscience it arms with deadly stings,
And fills my face with shame.

2 In vain, alas, I strive
My wretchedness to hide,
With filthy rags of righteousness,
Which my own hands provide.

3 The holy law condemns
To everlasting pain ;
Vain is the hope I draw from thence,
And all the comfort vain.

4 Oh hear thy servant, Lord,
And thy compassion show ;
Pardon my aggravated sins,
Forgive my duties too.

5 *Abashed, and self-aborred,
I at thy footstool lie ;
And should thy mercy be withheld,
Here I 'm resolved to die.*

PRAYER.

434. *The Mourner's Prayer.* (S. M.)

- 1 **O**PPRESSED with anxious fears,
To thee, my God, I fly ;
With pity view the falling tear,
And hear the mourner's sigh.
- 2 Should I be self-deceived,
How sad would be my state !
For some at heaven's door will knock,
And knock, alas, too late.
- 3 Jesus the Lord I seek,
And shall I seek in vain ?
He can supply my every want,
And soften every pain.
- 4 He is my help and hope,
My fortress in distress,
My covert from the winds and storms,
My strength and righteousness.

435. *Darkness and Distress.* (C. M.)

- 1 **H**OW many doubts and fears prevail
In my bewildered mind ;
What sad perplexities I feel,
My chains how fast they bind.
- 2 Innumerable griefs and cares,
Like billows round me roll ;
And scarce a ray of light appears,
To guide my drooping soul.
- 3 All-powerful God, reveal thy grace,
From bondage set me free ;
Thy mercy seat, thy smiling face,
I long, I faint to see.

PRAYER.

436. *Under Dark Providences.* (C. M.)

- 1 GREAT God, how deep thy counsels are,
To mortals quite unknown ;
In vain we search with curious eye,
For darkness veils thy throne.
- 2 Yet would we wish for grace divine,
To guide our mental powers ;
And 'midst perplexing scenes of life
To know that thou art ours.
- 3 ' Let there be light,' was once the word,
Oh be it so again !
What thou hast promised, Lord, we seek,
Nor let us seek in vain.

437. *In a Season of Distress.* (S. M.)

- 1 OPPRESSED with inward grief,
To thee, oh Lord, I fly ;
No creature can afford relief,
Or help me when I cry.
- 2 To thee my case I tell,
With sighs and groans and tears ;
In such a frame thy grace I feel,
And glimmering hope appears.
- 3 Oh could a feeble worm,
Like wrestling Jacob prove,
I then might combat every storm,
And triumph in thy love.
- 4 But what have I to plead ?
No merit can I boast :
And did not Jesus intercede,
My soul would still be lost.

PRAYER.

438. *Carrying our Griefs to God.* (L. M.)

LET me approach to thine abode,
In faith and love, with fear and joy ;
Then prayer and praise to thee, my God,
Shall all my active powers employ.

I'll humbly worship at thy throne,
And spread my sins and sorrows there ;
Thou wilt regard the secret groan,
And wipe away the falling tear.

In thee I fix my stedfast hope,
When billows rise and tempests roar ;
'Tis thou canst bear my spirits up,
And former joys again restore.

439. *Casting our Care on God.* (S. M.)

OH thou who dwell'st on high,
Consider all my woes ;
To thee in my distress I fly,
And on thy truth repose.

In the perplexing hour,
When foes assail around,
In thee alone, my rock, my tower,
Is certain refuge found.

When sorrows like a flood,
Would overwhelm my soul,
Remember me, dear Lord, for good
And the proud waves controul.

Thine ears are open still,
To every humble prayer ;
To thee I all my wants reveal,
And hope to find thee near.

PRAYER.

440. *In a Season of Distress.* (L. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD, let my prayer like incense rise,
Before thy throne above the skies,
My breathings all accepted be,
Through Jesus pleading there for me.
- 2 When nought but troubles here I find,
And none to ease my burdened mind,
Oh may this thought the mountain move,
That I've an Advocate above.
- 3 Thou sovereign ruler of my heart,
Thy quickening grace to me impart,
That I no more may prayer restrain,
Or pray remissly and in vain.

441. *Troubles Relieved by Prayer.*

(7s. Faversham.)

- 1 **W**HEN oppressed with inward grief,
To the Lord for help I fly ;
He alone can grant relief,
Nor his succour will deny.
- 2 Oft to him I tell my case,
At his footstool spread my cares ;
Oft he deigns to give me ease,
Dissipates my doubts and fears.
- 3 Oh could I, a feeble worm,
Like a wrestling Jacob prove ;
I would then outbrave each storm,
Triumph in the Saviour's love.
- 4 *Never will I dare to boast,
Never speak of duties done ;
Jesus is my only trust,
Jesus is my strength alone.*

PRAYER.

442. *Troubles Relieved by Prayer.* (L. M.)

YE burdened saints, with flowing tears,
Go spread your sins before the Lord ;
Suppress your unbelieving fears,
Hope in his grace and trust his word.

When we to him our woes impart,
And tell him all our griefs and cares,
He with a sympathising heart,
Hears our complaints, our burden bears.

We oft with overspreading shame
And deep remorse, have guilt confessed,
As oft does he his grace proclaim,
And with his presence make us blessed.

Since he our secret groans has heard,
Our peace and joy again restored ;
Oh may his sacred name be feared,
His faithfulness and love adored.

443. *Seeking Salvation.*

(11s. Geard.)

1 **O**H thou who art gracious,
And didst not refuse,
The humble petitions
Of gentiles and jews ;
They sought and found mercy,
In Jesus the Lord,
Oh now to thy servant,
Such blessings afford.

2 Thou art a physician,
All skilful to heal,
In all my diseases,
Thy pity can feel ;
Thou knowest I'm bruised,
And wounded all o'er,
Look down in thy mercy,
Thy servant restore.

PRAYER.

- 3 Let faith in the Saviour
Encourage my heart,
Let some sacred promise
True comfort impart ;
His blood ever cleansing,
Oh may I apply,
On him without doubting,
For safety rely.
- 4 Expel the vile tempter,
Dear Lord, from my breast,
'Then make it thy dwelling,
And soothe it to rest ;
Let light, life, and pleasure
My pathway surround,
And let me in Jesus
For ever be found.

444. *Prayer for Quickening Grace.* (C. M.)

- 1 **A**TTEND, oh Lord, and hear my cry,
Nor let me still complain,
'That I thy favour humbly sought,
But sought, alas, in vain.
- 2 Thy sanctifying grace bestow,
My languid hopes revive ;
Expel corruption from my heart,
And bid the sinner live.
- 3 Cause me to hear thy pardoning voice,
And feel thy power divine ;
That power has quickened many souls,
Oh may it quicken mine !

445. *Mourning an Absent God.* (S. M.)

TO thee, oh God of grace,
In my distress I cry ;
*How long wilt thou conceal thy face,
And pass my sorrows by ?*

PRAYER.

- 2 I, like a lonely dove,
My state am left to mourn ;
I feel the absence of my Love,
And wait his kind return.
- 3 And shall I wait in vain,
Devote my days to grief ;
Oh hear me, Lord, while I complain,
And haste to my relief.
- 4 Come leaping o'er the hills,
Which separate from thee ;
Scatter each cloud which now conceals
Thy presence, Lord, from me.

446. *Longing for Christ's Presence.* (8. 7. Bath Abbey.)

- 1 JESUS, while I 've life and motion,
I would serve and honour thee,
Grateful own with deep devotion.
All thy kindness done to me ;
Thou shalt have my best affections,
Who art loved by all the saints,
Under pressures and dejections,
Thou canst ease my sad complaints.
- 2 Thou art my securest dwelling,
From the storm a hidingplace,
Then thy love is all-excelling,
Bringing with it life and peace ;
One kind beam of thine can bless me,
Dissipate my doubts and fears,
Earthly woes can ne'er distress me,
While the mid-day sun appears.

447. *Desiring Christ's Presence.* (L. M.)

- 1 DESCEND, dear Saviour, from above,
And quicken this dull heart of mine ;
There shed abroad thy richest love,
And make each holy virtue shine.

PRAAYER.

- 2 Oh let me of thy grace partake,
And feel the joys thy presence gives :
How droops my soul, if thou forsake !
If thou art near, my spirit lives.
- 3 Through thee I venture near the throne,
Nor guilt awakes distressing fear ;
Heaven itself I 'd call my own,
And wait for full admission there.

448. *Imploring the Divine Presence.*

(8. 7. Jewin Street.)

- 1 CLOUDS and darkness interposing,
Keep the Saviour from my sight,
Wonted joys and pleasures closing,
Lord, again restore the light :
Scatter thou the storms o'erspreading,
And thy lovely face reveal ;
Oh regard my humble pleading,
Nor thy presence hence conceal.
- 2 Deign to shine with beams resplendent,
Fill my heart with sacred joy,
Let thy grace and love transcendent
All my labouring thoughts employ :
I will then in low prostration,
At thy sacred footstool fall,
And in songs of adoration,
Own thee sovereign Lord of all.

449. *Prayer not Answered.* (C. M.)

- 1 MY God my life, my only joy,
Why thus conceal thy face ?
Wilt thou my helpless soul forsake,
And leave me in distress ?
- 2 To some secluded place I go,
And there thine aid implore,
With groans and tears, yet thence return
As burdened as before.

PRAYER.

Then to thy house I turn my feet,
In hopes to find thee there ;
Again depart without relief,
My sorrows still to bear.

Return, return, thou dearest Lord,
Nor longer hide thy face ;
To thee my strong desires ascend,
To taste and feel thy grace.

450. *Prayer and Hope.*

(148th. Caermarthen.)

- 1 JESUS, with humble trust,
Beneath thy feet I lie ;
Here drop the suppliant tear,
And heave the pensive sigh :
Thou art my hope,
My only plea,
Look kindly down,
And pity me.
- 2 My burdens here I cast,
- And all my griefs reveal,
The future ills I dread,
The present pains I feel :
To weary souls
Thou givest rest,
And soothest those
Who are oppress'd.
- 3 With patience here I wait,
And mourn the long delay,
Assured that thou wilt hear
If I unceasing pray :
Much hast thou given,
And wilt give more ;
None can exhaust
Thy boundless store.

PRAYER.

451. *Cleaving to the Lord.* (L. M.)

- 1 OH Lord, I would submissive lie,
Beneath thy footstool, near thine eye ;
There wait till thou thy grace display,
And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 I'll rest upon thy powerful arm,
Secure from danger and alarm ;
To thee lift up my longing eyes,
For fresh supports and fresh supplies.
- 3 If thou shouldst bid me go away,
How, dearest Lord, could I obey?
Were I to perish, there I'd be,
And put my trust alone in thee.
- 4 To merit, I make no pretence,
Nor dare I plead for pardon thence ;
'Tis boundless love and sovereign grace
Provide my soul a hidingplace.
- 5 'Tis on thy gracious smiles I live,
From thee my hopes and joys derive ;
When enemies beset me round,
In thee, oh Lord, my help is found.
- 6 Be gone, tormenting doubts and fears,
God hears my voice, and sees my tears ;
His mercy's sure, though often late,
His promise is to 'those who wait.'

452. *Seeking Rest.*

(8. 8. 6. Rochdale.)

- 1 WITH guilt oppressed, and full of fear,
I look for help, but none is near,
'Tis thine, oh Lord, to grant ;
Round me the threatening surges roll,
Do thou their turbulence controul,
Nor let my spirit faint.

AWAKENED SINNER.

Unnumbered sins disturb my rest,
And keenest anguish fill my breast,
 Vouchsafe, oh Lord, to hear ;
Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Behold my grief with pitying eye,
 In answer to my prayer.

‘ Arise and shine,’ was once the word,
Repeated now, would strength afford--
 Reveal thy lovely face ;
This shall excite new strains of joy,
And praise shall all my life employ,
 While I adore thy grace.

AWAKENED SINNER.



453. *Distress for Sin.* (C. M.)

CLOUDS big with wrath hang o'er my head,
And awful thunders roll ;
Terrific scenes before me spread,
And fill my guilty soul.

Jesus, the sinner's only hope,
Thy saving power display ;
Oh bear my sinking spirits up,
And take my sins away.

Helpless, forlorn, and in distress,
I heave the pensive sigh ;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hidingplace,
While danger is so nigh.

Oh tell me thou my soul hast bought,
With blood so rich and free ;
This will relieve each anxious thought,
And bind my heart to thee.

AWAKENED SINNER.

454. *Distress for Sin.* (L. M.)

- 1 LORD, I my wretched state confess,
My guilt and fears, and helplessness,
My proneness from thy laws to stray,
And wander in the downward way.
- 2 Sure if I perish, thou art just,
Yet in thy mercy would I trust ;
Thy grace is boundless, rich and free,
Display its saving power in me !
- 3 Exert thine influence divine,
And on my soul vouchsafe to shine ;
Cause me to hear thy pard'ning voice,
And bid my broken bones rejoice.

455. *Sinner in Distress.* (L. M.)

- 1 TO show his justice and his grace,
God brings the daring rebel low,
And bids the waves of deep distress,
In overwhelming torrents flow.
- 2 A dreadful sound is in his ears,
Of sins too great to be forgiven !
But lo at length, suffused in tears,
He lifts his feeble hands to heaven.
- 4 Heaven hears his voice, and o'er his soul,
Peace spreads her soft and balmy wings ;
Deep floods of sorrow cease to roll,
The pardoned sinner sweetly sings.

456. *Consciousness of Guilt.* (L. M.)

- 1 CONSCIENCE stand'forth and bring thy charge,
Of good neglected, evil done ;
Of duties carelessly performed,
Of snares I might but did not shun.

AWAKENED SINNER.

In thy great master's name declare,
What a transgressor I have been ;
Yet I will not of help despair,
While Jesus' blood can make me clean.

When my dark crimes as mountains rise,
Or spread as atoms on the shore,
I'll swiftly to the cross repair,
And strive and pray and watch the more.

457. *Partial Convictions.* (C. M.)

SINNERS involved in deep distress,
A thousand methods try ;
Their wounds to heal, their fears suppress,
And make convictions fly.

From grosser sins they now refrain,
To God their sorrows tell ;
Purpose and strife, confess, complain,
And hope that all is well.

But Jesus' blood and grace alone,
Can save the ruined soul ;
That must for all his sins atone,
And *this* his lusts controul.

458. *Partial Convictions.* (S. M.)

SAY, what is this I feel,
This trembling in my frame ;
Does it a contrite heart bespeak ?
Sure, Felix felt the same.

When conscience is alarmed,
My numerous sins I trace ;
Thus far a trembling soul may go,
Without renewing grace.

Do we our sins confess,
And all our sins forsake ?
Do we to Jesus' blood repair,
And of his grace partake ?

AWAKENED SINNER.

- 4 Lord cleanse this soul of mine,
And all its powers renew ;
Give me to know thy holy will,
Thy holy will to do !

459. *Deep Conviction.* (C. M.)

- ENCHANTING scenes, fly swiftly hence,
I give you to the wind ;
Momentous objects now engage
My deeply thoughtful mind.
- 2 The dire effects of Adam's fall,
A heart defiled with sin,
A world of miseries without,
And loads of guilt within.
- 3 The vengeance of an angry God,
The laws unyielding claims ;
The lifted rod, the piercing sword,
And hell's devouring flames.
- 4 Oh be these objects so impressed,
As ne'er to be forgot ;
Let them return with every breath,
Occur with every thought.
- 5 Yet even then to Jesus' cross,
My soul shall quick repair ;
No storms of wrath can overtake,
Nor justice seize me there.

460. *Terrors of a Guilty Conscience.* (L. M.)

- 1 OH thou whose mercy knows no bound,
In whom alone my help is found ;
Show pity to a wretch forlorn,
Depraved and vile, a sinner born.
- 2 Some earnest of thy wrath I feel,
Though light and few, compared with hell,
Where all thy vengeance thou wilt pour,
In one protracted dreadful shower.

AWAKENED SINNER.

Here at thy footstool would I lie,
Suppliant to thy Majesty ;
Oh do thou make the promise good,
Of pardon sealed with Jesus' blood.

461. *Awakening Providences.* (C. M.)

WHEN stormy winds of trouble blow,
And billows rage around,
When men can find no rest below,
And conscience feels its wound :

When if a messenger be sent,
To tell them what to do ;
If grace but leads them to repent,
And tears of sorrow flow :

The Lord beholds them at his feet,
And all his love proclaims ;
Saves them from going to the pit,
And from eternal flames.

Not for their sake, but for his own,
He thus reveals his grace ;
His richest blessings are made known,
Through Jesus' righteousness.

To him alone be all the praise,
Who makes us meet for heaven ;
To him whose mercy crowns our days,
Be endless glory given.

462. *Conviction and Confession.* (C. M.)

PROSTRATE before the sacred throne,
The humble suppliant lies ;
There makes his sins and sorrows known,
And upward lifts his eyes.

No longer volatile and gay,
But inwardly distressed ;
His following sighs, at once betray,
And ease the burdened breast.

AWAKENED SINNER.

3 Thus while the sinner owns his guilt,
His secret crimes reveals,
Faith views the blood that Jesus spilt,
And grace his pardon seals.

4 Our God a broken contrite heart
Accepts for sacrifice ;
He sees and feels the sinner's smart,
And hearkens to his cries.

463. *Depravity Lamented.*

(6, 8's. Gloucester.)

1 **A** WRETCHED creature I am found,
Enslaved, polluted and unclean ;
Bruises and festering sores abound,
Pronouncing me a child of sin ;
From head to feet my wounds extend,
Nor human art can succour lend.

2 Great God, the work is wholly thine,
The dreadful plague of sin to heal ;
Renew my soul with power divine,
And ease the torturing pains I feel :
Here, Lord, I humbly wait thy word,
But speak, and I shall be restored.

3 Impress thine image on my heart,
And kindly tell me I am thine ;
True love and filial fear impart,
And let me to thine honour shine :
Then will I sing a Father's love,
On earth and in the realms above.

464. *Insensibility Deplored.* (C. M.)

1 **SHALL** God invite me to his arms,
And I his call delay ?
Shall he impart his just commands,
And creatures disobey ?

AWAKENED SINNER.

- 2 Shall Jesus bid me to rely,
On him for righteousness ;
Beneath his wings for safety fly,
And I despise his grace ?
- 3 The sacred Spirit condescends,
His favours to dispense ;
And shall I live for sordid ends,
Immersed in earth and sense ?
- 4 By mercy wooed, by wrath pursued,
How sluggish I remain ;
Rouse, Lord, my dull inactive powers
The heavenly prize to gain !

465. *Repentance Desired.*

(8. 7. 4. Jordan.)

- 1 OH what hardness and perverseness,
Still possess my sinful heart ;
Nought in heaven or earth can move it,
Till the Lord his grace impart :
He can soften,
Or can pierce it with his dart.
- 2 Take it, dearest Lord, and mould it,
Till it melt beneath thy power ;
Let it in the new creation,
Feel thy goodness and adore :
Own thee mighty,
Love and praise thee evermore.

466. *Admiring Divine Forbearance.* (C. M.)

- 1 HAVE I transgressed against the Lord,
And do I yet rebel !
Why has he not unsheathed his sword,
And sent me down to hell ?
- 2 Sometimes his arm is lifted high,
Yet he delays the stroke ;
My daily wants his hands supply,
While daily sins provoke.

AWAKENED SINNER.

- 3 His terrors stand in thick array,
But grace averts the storm ;
At his command the thunders stay,
Nor crush a rebel worm.
- 4 Let such forbearance mixed with love,
Sink deep within my heart ;
How sinful 'twas in me to rove,
And from my God depart.

467. *Hardness of Heart.*

(8. 7. Jewin Street.)

- 1 **L**ORD, how little am I moved,
By thy frowns or gracious smiles ;
Earthly pleasures have I loved,
Still this world my heart beguiles :
Feeble to resist temptation,
I a captive long have been,
Adding to my condemnation,
By repeated acts of sin.
- 2 Smite, oh Lord, the rock, and make me
Shed true penitential tears ;
To obey thy word, awake me,
And dispel foreboding fears :
Under thy divine inspection,
May I circumspectly move,
Under thy divine direction,
Find an interest in thy love.

468. *Carnal Security Dreaded.* (C. M.)

- 1 **W**ILL nought affect this stubborn heart,
Or these dull passions move ;
Neither the vengeance of a God,
Nor his displays of love ?
- 2 *Amidst so many fearful scenes,
Shall I secure remain ;
And neither pardoning mercy seek
Nor dread eternal pain ?*

AWAKENED SINNER.

- 3 Shall I, bound fast in massy chains,
A willing captive be ;
A slave to every sinful lust,
Nor struggle to be free ?
- 4 Thoughtless and stupid I may live,
But thus I cannot die ;
Save me, oh Lord, and teach my soul
For refuge where to fly.

469. *An Evil Heart.* (S. M.)

- 1 **A**STONISHED and distressed,
I turn my eyes within ;
My heart with loads of guilt oppressed,
The source of every sin.
- 2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there !
Envy and pride, deceit and guile,
Distrust and slavish fear.
- 3 Almighty king of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue ;
Drive the old serpent from his seat,
And all my powers renew.
- 4 Direct my passions right,
New principles instil ;
Dispel the darkness of my mind,
And bow my stubborn will.
- 5 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise ;
My heart shall glow with gratitude,
My lips be filled with praise.

470. *Impenitence Deplored.* (L. M.)

- 1 **A**MIDST displays of wrath and love,
What stubborn creatures, Lord, are we !
No relish for the joys of heaven,
No dread of endless misery !

AWAKENED SINNER.

- 2 With what a base contempt we treat
Thy threatenings, and thy promises ;
Duty neglect; and mercy slight,
Nor fear to sin, nor seek to please !
- 3 Could angels weep, for us they 'd mourn,
Break then these rocky hearts, oh God ;
Or we must melt beneath thy grace,
Or feel the terrors of thy rod.

471. *Penitential Sighs.* (L. M.)

- 1 **B**ORNE down with guilt, and full of fear,
From day to day I weep alone ;
But rising sighs and flowing tears
Will not for past misdeeds atone.
- 2 With heart-felt sorrow I confess,
How sinful and how vile I 've been ;
But pleading guilty pays no debt,
Still I confess and still I sin.
- 3 To Jesus then, the sinner's friend,
I 'll lift the penitential eye ;
Jesus is mighty to redeem,
And whither else can sinners fly !
- 4 Vouchsafe, oh Lord, a tender look,
Forgive my sins, relieve my pain ;
The vilest need not then despair,
If I thy favour should obtain.
- 5 If aught I am, if aught possess,
I owe it, Lord, to none but thee ;
Thine was the work, and thine the gift,
Thine let the lasting glory be.

472. *Seeking Refuge in God.*

(8. 7. Northampton Chapel.)

- 1 **T**HOU who art all wise and holy,
Whose compassions know no end,
Help me now to trust thee fully,
Be my Saviour, Guide and Friend.

AWAKENED SINNER.

- 2 In the hour of deep affliction,
I to thee for succour fly ;
Humbly wait for thy direction,
On thy promised aid rely.
- 3 Thou I know wilt not deceive me,
Neither frown my soul away ;
But from foes wilt thou relieve me,
And thy guardian power display.

473. *The Bondage of Corruption.* (S. M.)

- 1 **HOW** sinful, Lord, am I !
Corrupt and all unclean ;
Was born a slave to flesh and sense,
And still a slave remain.
- 2 My fetters I would break,
But all my efforts fail ;
I long and strive, and mourn and pray,
Yet still my sins prevail.
- 3 Jesus, to thee I fly,
My helpless self resign ;
Grant me at length the victory,
O'er every reigning sin.
- 4 Then will I sing of grace,
And oft the song renew ;
'Tis grace alone can keep me safe,
And make me holy too.

474. *Bondage of Corruption.* (C. M.)

- 1 **WHY**, oh my soul, dost thou transgress
The precepts of thy God ?
Thou soon must feel his vengeful wrath,
Or smart beneath his rod.
- 2 Oft from example, others learn
The paths of sin to tread ;
And who can tell how far and wide,
The influence may spread !

AWAKENED SINNER.

- 3 By sinful appetites enslaved,
I drag the heavy chain ;
And strive myself to extricate,
But toil, alas, in vain.
- 4 Great God, the work is wholly thine,
To set the prisoner free ;
Help me to break the yoke of sin,
And live alone to thee.

475. *Desiring to be Free.* (C. M.)

- 1 ALAS, what doubts and fears prevail,
In my bewildered mind ;
What sad anxieties I feel,
My fetters how they bind !
- 2 Ten thousand griefs, ten thousand cares,
Oppress my sinking soul ;
And scarce a ray of light appears,
While Sinai's thunders roll.
- 2 Almighty God, display thy grace,
And set the captive free ;
No more conceal that lovely face,
I long and faint to see.

476. *Desiring a Renewed Heart.* (7s. Feversham.)

- 1 THOU to whom all hearts are known,
Deign to form my heart for thee ;
Make it thine and thine alone,
From pollution set it free.
- 2 Satan there has fixed his seat,
Drive the dread usurper thence ;
All his subtle wiles defeat,
Be it now thy residence.
- 3 Under thy superior care,
Let its purity encrease ;
Plant the fragrant graces there,
Thy dominion never cease.

AWAKENED SINNER.

'Thus adorned and beautified,
It shall then thy dwelling be ;
Closed to all the world beside,
Open only, Lord, to thee.

477. *Burdened with Sin.* (L. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD, with a grieved and aching heart,
To thee I look, to thee I cry ;
Supply my wants, and ease my smart,
Oh hear a humble prisoner's sigh !
- 2 Here on my soul the burden lies,
No human power can ease the load ;
My numerous sins against me rise,
And far remove me from my God.
- 3 Dissolve these adamantine chains,
Dear Lord, and set the captive free ;
Redeem from everlasting pains,
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

478. *Who can tell.*

(148th, Greenwich New.)

- 1 **G**REAT God, to thee I'll make
My various sorrows known,
And with a humble hope
Approach thine awful throne :
Though by my sins
Deserving hell,
I'll not despair,
' For who can tell ?
- 2 Thou canst, though by a word,
My drooping spirit cheer,
And by thy Spirit form
Thy glorious image there :
My foes subdue,
My fears dispel ;
To thee I'll seek,
' For who can tell ?

AWAKENED SINNER.

- 3 In times of deep distress,
To thee alone I'll fly,
Implore thy powerful aid,
And at thy footstool lie :
 My case lament,
 My wants reveal,
 And patient wait ;
 ' For who can tell ?
- 4 My heart misgives me oft,
And conscience frowns within ;
One gracious look of thine,
Will make it all serene :
 My fears suggest,
 That I shall dwell
 In endless flames ;
 ' But who can tell ?
- 5 Vile unbelief, be gone !
Ye doubts, fly swift away ;
God has an ear to hear,
Whilst I've a heart to pray :
 If he be mine,
 All will be well,
 For ever so ;
 ' And who can tell ?

479. *Contrite Sinner Relieved.* (L. M.)

- 1 BOWING before the sacred throne,
The contrite sinner feels undone ;
Covered with shame, bedewed with tears,
Mercy he craves, but judgment fears.
- 2 The Lord who pities the distressed,
Hears his complaints and gives him rest ;
His soul forgets its wonted grief,
When Jesus' love affords relief.
- 3 Doubts which had oft perplexed before,
Are banished now to reign no more ;
His trembling lips with joy record,
The grace and goodness of the Lord.

AWAKENED SINNER.

480. *Repentance followed with Peace.*

(7s. Cookham.)

- 1 **L**ADEN with oppressive grief,
To the Lord the sinner flies ;
There alone he gains relief,
Hence his consolations rise.
- 2 Bowing at the sacred throne,
He laments his wretched case ;
Humbly owns himself undone,
Lost without recovering grace.
- 3 God beholds his broken heart,
Listens to his earnest cries ;
Bids his sorrows all depart,
Softly wipes his weeping eyes.
- 4 Present peace and future bliss,
From true godly sorrow flow ;
None shall e'er the harvest miss,
Who their seed in sadness sow.

481. *Seeking Alsufficient Grace.*

(6, 7s. Refugo.)

- 1 **A**T thy feet, oh God of grace,
Low a helpless sinner lies ;
Thou alone canst reach his case,
Hear, oh hear his plaintive cries :
Grant him succour in distress,
Let his fears no more oppress.
- 2 He has tried, alas, in vain,
Guilt of conscience to remove ;
But to mitigate his pain,
Nought avails him but thy love :
Should thy favour be denied,
Nought can do him good beside.

AWAKENED SINNER.

- 8 Be thy wondrous grace displayed,
One poor captive to restore ;
Let him feel thy special aid,
Let him all thy grace adore :
Then with all the choirs above,
He will sing redeeming love.

482. *Broken and Contrite Heart.* (S. M.)

- 1 NOW to thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring ;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing ?
- 2 To Christ the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs her eyes ;
All other offerings are vain,
But not his sacrifice.
- 3 That moment he expired,
The law was satisfied ;
And now to its severest claims,
I answer, ' Jesus died.'

483. *Mercy to the Chief of Sinners.* (C. M.)

- 1 LONG had I trod the downward road,
To the infernal pit ;
Mercy appeared, to stop my course,
And turn my wandering feet.
- 2 'Twas this subdued my stubborn heart,
And showed my sins forgiven ;
'Tis this that still new strength imparts,
And leads me on to heaven.
- 3 This bears my drooping spirits up,
When various griefs surround ;
The vilest sinner now may hope,
Since I have mercy found.

AWAKENED SINNER.

484. *Adoring the Riches of Grace.*

(5. 6. Harwish.)

- 1 **OMNIPOTENT** grace
 Has reached my case,
And now I would fully
 The gospel embrace ;
 No more go astray,
 From Jesus the way,
But love him and serve him
 By night and by day.
- 2 I'll call to my mind,
 His favours how kind,
When to his salvation,
 My heart he inclined ;
 I'll tell of his love,
 Which raised me above,
And sweetly constrained me,
 His will to approve.
- 3 To him will I fly,
 And on him rely,
Will make him my refuge
 When danger is nigh ;
 In time of distress,
 I'll seek for redress,
And when he delivers,
 His name will I bless.
- 4 He is my best friend,
 On whom I depend,
Whose love and whose mercy
 All others transcend ;
 Come sinners, draw near,
 Before him appear,
Now seek his salvation,
 While Jesus is near.

AWAKENED SINNER.

485. *Taking Christ's Yoke.*

(148th. Birmingham New.)

- 1 **SIN**, Satan, and the world,
To rule my heart combine ;
The throne have they usurped,
But, Lord, the right is thine :
Assert thy claim,
I humbly pray,
And quickly chase
These foes away.
- 2 From cruel bondage freed,
The iron fetters broke,
To Christ would I submit,
And bear his easy yoke :
Be he my king,
And rule with power,
His laws I 'll keep,
His name adore.
- 3 Transform my heart, oh Lord,
And stamp thine image there,
Excite to lively faith,
And love and holy fear :
Then joy shall crown
My future days,
And all my work
Be prayer and praise.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

486.

Conversion.

(L. M.)

- 1 **THAT** was a time of wondrous love,
When Christ my Lord was passing by ;
He felt his tender pity move,
And brought his great salvation nigh.
- 2 Guilty and self-condemned I stood,
Nor thought his mercy was so near ;
When he my stubborn heart subdued,
And planted all his graces there.
- 3 My eyes were sealed, the shades of night
O'er all my mental powers were drawn ;
He spake the word, ' Let there be light,'
And straight the day began to dawn.
- 4 When on the verge of endless pain,
He gently whispered, I am thine,
I lost my fears and dropped my chain,
And felt a transport all divine.
- 5 Now he supports the work begun,
Strengthens my hands and guides my ways ;
To him be endless honours done,
Let heaven and earth resound his praise.

487.

Conversion.

(C. M.)

- 1 **I LIKE** a sheep had gone astray,
Inclined to every ill ;
Jesus, I wandered far from thee,
And should have wandered still.

2 A 3

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 But thanks to thy stupendous grace,
And thine all-conquering word,
Which stopped me in my sinful course,
And brought me to the Lord.
- 3 To numerous evils still exposed,
Make me thy constant care ;
Preserve me from my inbred foes,
And every outward snare.
- 4 Conduct me all the desert through,
Lest I should miss the road ;
Or if my feet should chance to stray,
Restore my soul to God.

488. *Converting Grace.*

(104th, Ignatius.)

- 1 A SLAVE to each lust,
And far from my God,
In sin's dreary maze,
Too long have I trod ;
His precepts I've slighted,
His laws disobeyed,
Have heard of his judgments,
And yet undismayed.
- 2 His vials of wrath,
Might on me be poured,
His anger were just,
If I were devoured ;
My sins red as crimson,
But merit his ire,
The pains and the torments,
Of hell's dreaded fire.
- 3 Adored be his grace,
Which rescues from death,
Its praise shall employ
My life and my breath ;

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I'll tell of my Saviour,
Who suffered and died,
He now is my ransom,
My friend and my guide.

489. *Renewing Grace.* (C. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD, stamp thine image on my heart,
Its powers by grace renew ;
My understanding fill with light,
My stubborn will subdue.
- 2 Draw my desires to things above,
And off from things below ;
Cause me to know thy holy will,
And practise what I know.
- 3 Grant me those tokens of thy love,
I never had before ;
No more let fear perplex my mind,
And sin bear rule no more.

490. *Regenerating Grace.* (C. M.)

- 1 **N**OT all the powers of nature can
One darling lust subdue,
Not all the art or skill of man
Can sinful souls renew.
- 2 Parents may with affection teach,
But all instruction 's vain ;
'Tis God alone the heart can reach,
And form our powers again.
- 3 Though ministers, with heavenly skill,
Dispense the sacred word,
'Tis God must bow the stubborn will,
And inward life afford.
- 4 The holy Spirit, like the wind,
Displays his sovereign power ;
He softens and renews the mind,
Averse to God before.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

491. *Redeeming Power and Grace.* (C. M.)

- 1 **THE** greatness of the Saviour's power,
What creature can withstand ?
High over all the earth he sways
The sceptre in his hand.
- 2 He breaks the massy chains of sin,
And sets the captives free ;
Drives Satan from his ancient seat,
And makes the rebel flee.
- 3 He saves us from the yoke of sin,
And substitutes his own ;
Awake, my soul, to sound his praise,
And make his goodness known.

492. *Law Written in the Heart.* (S. M.)

- 1 **SOVEREIGN** of worlds above,
And Lord of all below ;
From whom, the inexhausted spring,
All excellencies flow.
- 2 Inspire with humble fear,
Enflame with fervent zeal ;
Cause me to keep thy holy laws,
Thy just commands fulfil.
- 3 Write them upon my heart,
In characters so clear,
That sin may not obliterate,
Or set its idol there.
- 4 Thy holy image lost,
Do thou again restore ;
Bring back my wandering soul to thee,
And let it stray no more.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

493. *The Renewed Heart.* (S. M.)

- 1 **AND** is the new-made heart
Adorned with grace divine ?
Great God, to me that grace impart,
Imparted, make it shine.
- 2 Let patience, meekness, love,
And faith and holy fear,
Humility and fervent zeal
Be all implanted here.
- 3 In my poor sinful heart,
Oh may they thrive and grow ;
And let my new-created powers
Thy grace and glory show.
- 4 All those who fear thy name,
Shall then exult with me ;
With pleasure view the wondrous change,
And give the praise to thee.

494. *Self-Righteousness Renounced.* (L. M.)

- 1 **NOT** all the duties I perform,
Or all the sufferings I endure,
Can e'er my numerous crimes atone,
Or make my sinful nature pure.
- 2 Should only one transgression, Lord,
Be marked by thine all-piercing eye,
Thy holy law aloud proclaims,
The soul that sins shall surely die.
- 3 But mercy has a ransom found,
Jesus the Lord our righteousness ;
From him my choicest comforts rise,
In him my trembling hope I place.
- 4 'Tis from his cross that I derive
My light, my life, and all my joy ;
If I at last in Christ am found,
Millions of foes can ne'er destroy.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

495. *Self-Righteousness Renounced.* (L. M.)

- 1 'TIS not by works of righteousness,
Though wrought alone by sovereign grace,
That we salvation can obtain,
Or God's distinguished favour gain.
- 2 While some by rituals dare to claim
A share in the divine esteem,
And others by their prayers and tears,
Get rid of their distressing fears—
- 3 Our hope is in the dying Lamb,
Our only trust is in his name ;
His righteousness is all our plea,
And his salvation rich and free.

496. *Taking Refuge in the Cross.* (7s. Stoel.)

- 1 NOTHING here can satisfy,
Nought can ease my troubled breast ;
Earthly joys in vain I try,
These afford no solid rest.
- 2 Wealth nor mirth nor honours can
Yield a balm to my complaint,
'Tis beyond the reach of man,
To restore a drooping saint.
- 3 Jesus, to thy cross I fly,
Thence my comforts I derive ;
At thy feet I prostrate lie,
Till thou dost my soul revive.
- 4 Lord, regard my broken prayer,
All my hope in thee is found ;
Thou canst save me from despair,
Make my peace and joy abound.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

497. *Rejoicing in the Atonement.* (S. M.)

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, and sing
Of reconciling blood ;
Neither of bulls, nor goats, nor men,
But an incarnate God.
- 2 'Twas this that did repair
The breach that sin had made ;
Justice received its full demand,
And all the debt is paid.
- 3 The flaming sword is sheathed,
The threatening tempest o'er ;
I see my Father's smiling face,
And dread his frowns no more.
- 4 What satisfied the law,
Now calms the troubled mind :
Hence I my sweetest joys derive,
And perfect safety find.
- 5 This like a torrent bears
My burdens all away ;
No more a slave to sordid lusts,
Or Satan's helpless prey.
- 6 My tongue with joy proclaims,
The virtues of that blood,
Which triumphs o'er the rage of hell,
And gives access to God.

498. *Dependance on Grace alone.* (C. M.)

- 1 **B**Y night by day, at home, abroad,
I lift my fervent cry,
To thee my Saviour and my God,
Oh help, nor let me die.
- 2 *Bowing before thy throne, I make
My never-ceasing prayer ;
My strength will fail, my heartstrings break,
Shouldst thou refuse to hear.*

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- 3 Not outward dignity nor power,
Or this vain world's increase :
But inward comforts I implore,
To see and taste thy grace.
- 4 My prayers no worthiness possess,
Defiled are they with sin ;
My heart is all unrighteousness,
Unholy and unclean.
- 5 Yet for the honour of thy name,
Lord grant me my requests ;
Nor let a soul be put to shame,
Which on thy promise rests.
- 6 Then to thy name, my thankful tongue
Shall loud hosannas raise ;
My sighs shall be exchanged for songs,
And prayer be turned to praise.

499. *Trusting in God.* (C. M.)

- 1 **Q**UITE overwhelmed, oh Lord, with grief,
I make my constant moan ;
On thee my humble faith is fixed,
My hope in thee alone.
- 2 No creature can afford supplies,
Or make me truly blessed ;
My soul returns again to God,
Its refuge and its rest.
- 3 To heaven I look, and anxious wait,
Till mercy I obtain ;
And those who seek the Lord aright,
Shall never seek in vain.

500. *Praise for Pardoning Mercy.* (C. M.)

- 1 **J**UST on the borders of despair,
With loads of guilt oppressed,
To thee, oh God, I made my prayer,
And thou hast given me rest.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 I felt the anguish sin had brought,
Thy mercy healed the wound ;
Pardon and peace I humbly sought,
And peace and pardon found.
- 3 The lion roared, and much I feared,
Lest I should be his prey ;
But soon the melting word I heard,
Which chased my fears away.
- 4 Then if my wants and woes return,
Thou shalt my refuge be ;
None ever sought for help in vain,
Who sought it, Lord, from thee.

501. *Spiritual Liberty.* (C. M.)

- 1 **N**OW be my tuneful powers employed,
To sing of liberty ;
Long had I been in bondage held,
Till Jesus set me free.
- 2 Enslaved by sin, a captive sold,
By Satan's wiles betrayed ;
I often tried to break my chains,
But still in irons laid.
- 3 The Saviour's aid I then implored,
And straight he heard my cry ;
The iron bondage soon he broke,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 4 Now to his altar I will bind
The willing sacrifice ;
And night and day my grateful songs
Shall to his throne arise.

502. *Christian Obedience.* (S. M.)

- **A**LL ye who love the Lord,
His just commands obey ;
Submissive bear his easy yoke,
And humble homage pay.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Give him the honour due
To his exalted name,
Sing of his truth and righteousness,
And all his love proclaim.
- 3 Not by your words alone,
But by your actions show,
How much from him you have received,
How much to him you owe.
- 4 His mercy then will crown,
The remnant of your days ;
He 'll be your guardian e'en to death,
And your eternal praise.

503. *Holiness Desired.* (L. M.)

- 1 **H**EAR me, oh God of righteousness,
Whilst I my numerous sins confess ;
Purge from my soul each guilty stain,
Nor let a single spot remain.
- 2 When pardoned and when purified,
I 'll spread thy glories far and wide ;
And loudly sing redeeming love,
Both here and in the world above.

504. *Universal Holiness.*

(7s. Cookham.)

- 1 **S**AINTS, abstain from every sin,
Never with transgressors go ;
Keep your garments white and clean,
Now that grace has made them so.
- 2 Let no evil hence prevail,
Let the world enslave no more ;
All the tempter's darts repel,
And his wily arts abhor.
- 3 Keep the royal law of love,
Be to others kind and true ;
While you thus your graces prove,
Others will be kind to you.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Where these virtues never shone,
Every hope of heaven is vain ;
Holiness, not faith alone,
Can an entrance there obtain.

505. *Renunciation of Sin.* (L. M.)

- 1 **SHALL** we presume to live in sin,
To which we long appeared as dead ;
Again renew our league with hell,
Which we renounced with solemn dread !
- 2 Shall we who have the Lord confessed,
Dishonour his most holy name ;
Or with religion on our tongues,
Expose it to contempt and shame ?
- 3 Forbid it, Lord ! let faith and love,
With ardent zeal our souls possess ;
In newness walk, till we attain
To universal holiness.

506. *Confidence and Joy.* (S. M.)

- 1 **MY** soul with all its powers,
Oh Lord, to thee I raise ;
And now with humble confidence,
Would offer prayer and praise.
- 2 What'e'r my troubles are,
To thee I make them known ;
Thou art in times of deep distress,
My help, and thou alone.
- 3 If light my paths surrouud,
My thanks are due to thee ;
From sins and sorrows, foes and fears,
Thy mercy sets me free.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

507. *Testimony of a Good Conscience.* (S. M.)

- 1 **O**H happy soul, possessed
Of all that 's great and good ;
In robes of grace superbly dressed,
And fed w'ith angel's food.
- 2 All-conscious of her charms,
And hovering on her wings,
Amidst ten thousand dread alarms,
She smiling sits and sings.
- 3 What though the sons of strife,
Their malice spread abroad,
While they produce some present grief,
They bring her near to God.
- 4 Though censures fly around,
Yet if the Lord approves,
And conscience on her side be found,
The soul adores and loves.

508. *Gifts without Grace.*

(7s. Cookham.)

- 1 **O**N uncultivated soil,
Gaudy flowers are seen to grow ;
God may thus on creatures vile,
Splendid gifts at times bestow.
- 2 Persons void of grace divine,
May in utterance excel ;
In the church with lustre shine,
While they still are heirs of hell.
- 3 They externally pursue
The fair path which saints have trod ;
Just appear, and liberal too,
Yet, alas, are far from God.
- 4 Love and zeal may be expressed,
Many seeming duties done ;
Christ by them may be professed,
Preached, and yet may be unknown.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

5 Vain desires may be restrained,
Worldly lusts in part denied ;
Grosser acts of sin refrained.
Yet its power may still abide.

6 Lord, examine thou my heart,
Every inward thought explore ;
With the form do thou impart,
True religion's vital power.

509. *Choosing a Companion..* (S. M.)

1 MY soul forsakes the place,
Where sinners mingle joys,
'Their friendship yields no solid peace,
Their conversation cloy.

2 I shun the proud and vain,
How great soe'er they seem :
Nor shall the sinner e'er obtain,
A place in my esteem.

3 A thousand arts they try,
But spread in vain their snare ;
Still I disdain the impious tie,
Which brings a traitor near.

5 Ye sinful race, depart,
My God forbids the banns ;
That friendship only rules the heart,
Where grace unites the hands.

510. *The Believer's Complaints.* (L. M.)

1 FROM whence proceed these pensive sighs,
These cloudy looks and mournful cries ?
The God of truth and righteousness
Withholds the tokens of his grace.

2 No promise cheers my anxious breast,
With heavy loads of guilt oppressed ;
My heart defiled, my lips unclean,
I mourn the prevalence of sin.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Prostrate, oh God, before thy throne,
To thee I make my sorrows known ;
My strength is gone, my spirit faints,
Attentive hear my sad complaints.
- 4 Thou source of happiness divine,
Revive this languid heart of mine ;
Thy grace and mercy I implore,
Oh save, and let me sigh no more.

511. *Indwelling Sin Lamented.*

(148th, Caermarthen New.)

- 1 LORD, I to thee confess,
That all is dark within ;
And little power I feel,
Except the power of sin :
Alas, my heart,
Is prone to stray,
And urge its course
The downward way.
- 2 Thy quickening grace I need,
That grace, dear Lord, afford ;
Say, Live ! and life will come,
If thou but speak the word :
Melt, melt my heart,
My fears suppress,
My hope confirm,
My faith encrease.
- 3 With beams of heavenly love,
My torpid soul revive ;
And strength to flee from sin,
May I from thee derive :
Then in sweet strains
To thee I'll sing,
And day by day
New offerings bring.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

512. *Indwelling Sin.* (L. M.)

- 1 SAY, whence arise these doubts and fears,
These pensive sighs and flowing tears ·
Does there exist no cause within,
No unbelief or bosom sin ?
- 2 Too true, alas, corruption strong,
A cruel and impetuous throng,
Rise up in arms, nor will they cease,
While life remains to break my peace.
- 3 Soon shall I die, and then no more
Shall feel their tyrannising power ;
In that bright world where Jesus reigns,
'There are no conflicts, sins nor pains.

513. *Evil Heart Lamented.* (S. M.)

- 1 KIND Father take my heart,
From bondage set it free ;
So cold, alas, so much estranged,
From happiness and thee.
- 2 So changeable and false,
So selfish and unclean ;
A cage of every hateful bird,
The gulph of every sin.
- 3 I cannot be content
To grovel here below ;
And yet without thine aid, oh Lord,
In vain is all I do.
- 4 Renew my sinful heart,
And form it all afresh ;
Exert thy sacred influence,
And turn the stone to flesh.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

514. *Wanderings of Heart.*

(8. 8. 6. Leech.)

- 1 **MY** thoughts how apt to rove abroad !
I soon forget myself and God,
And stray in paths unknown :
Those things which should concern me most,
Are least regarded, soonest lost,
My duties left undone.
- 2 Do thou who ever art the same,
Pity my weak and erring frame,
Uphold me in thy way :
Oh let my heart more stable be,
Fixed by thy grace and fixed for thee,
And fear again to stray.
- 3 In secret and in public too,
Lord, may I have thee in my view,
Whose eye my thoughts surveys :
My mind inform, my lusts controul,
Those lusts so hurtful to my soul,
Which dread forebodings raise.
- 4 Thy sweet attractions may I feel,
Thy boundless love to me reveal,
And tell me I am thine :
Then shall my warm affections rise,
Above the earth, beyond the skies,
And I will call thee mine.

515. *Inconstancy Lamented.* (L. M.)

- 1 **THE** wandering star, and fleeting wind,
Are emblems of the fickle mind ;
The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconstancy to view.
- 2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Only a faint resemblance bear ;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So changeable and frail as we.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Our outward walk and inward frame,
Are scarcely through an hour the same ;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then those very vows repeat.
- 4 We sin forsake, to sin return ;
Are hot, then cold, now freeze, now burn ;
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.
- 5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unstedfastness ;
When shall these hearts more stable be,
Fixed by thy grace alone on thee !

516.

Inconstancy.

(C. M.)

- 1 VAIN and inconstant is my heart,
And apt to go astray ;
How oft my wandering feet depart
From God's appointed way.
- 2 If for a moment he withhold
His gracious influence,
My powers are seized with chilling cold,
I lose my best defence.
- 3 Then faith grows weak, and fears abound,
And guilt revives within ;
Unfit for service I am found,
And prone to every sin.
- 4 Lord, at thy feet I humbly fall,
Behold a sinner there ;
To thee I look, on thee I call,
And trust that thou wilt hear.
- 5 Confirm the things which yet remain,
Nor let me hence remove,
Till I a full assurance gain
Of thy forgiving love.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

517. *Proneness to Forget the Lord.*

(11. 8. Calne.)

1 **SHALT** thou my dear Saviour,
Thy kindness display,
And I seldom think, Lord, on thee ?
The object most lovely,
The truth and the way,
The refuge where penitents flee.

2 Oh lead me and draw me,
And govern my heart,
There plant all the virtues divine ;
Whatever thy mercy,
And grace may impart,
In me let their excellence shine.

3 Thus, Lord, in compassion,
A sinner restore,
And bid him return to his rest ;
Thy goodness and mercy,
Oh may I adore,
And with all thy fulness be blessed.

518. *Instability Lamented.* (L. M.)

1 **UNSTABLE** is poor sinful man,
As fickle as the fleeting wind ;
Fixed in one sentiment to-day,
To-morrow of another mind.

2 Now hot, then cold, now on the wing,
And mounting upwards to the skies ;
Then cleaving to the dust again,
Regardless of the heavenly prize.

3 If providence should smile or frown,
Too low he sinks or soars too high ;
All exultation or complaint,
And now a song, and then a sigh.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Lord, such a fickle heart have I,
Oh fix it on thyself alone ;
Save me from sin's alluring snares,
And let thy will in me be done.

519.

Unbelief.

(L. M.)

- 1 VAIN thoughts and sinful unbelief,
Are sources of my daily grief ;
Ashamed that I should trust no more,
A God of boundless grace and power—
- 2 That I should entertain distrust,
Of one so faithful and so just ;
That doubts and fears should still arise,
And hide his mercy from my eyes—
- 3 That promises no comfort give,
No more my drooping soul revive ;
Shine, Lord, with an enlivening ray,
And chase my sins and fears away.

520. *The Spiritual Mourner.* (C. M.)

- 1 WHY, oh my soul, why weepst thou ?
Oh say from whence arise
Those briny tears that often flow,
Those groans that pierce the skies.
- 2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
Or the chastising rod ?
Dost thou departed friends lament,
Or mourn an absent God ?
- 3 Lord, let me weep for nought but sin,
And after none but thee !
And then I would—oh that I might,
A constant weeper be !

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

521. *Why art thou cast down.* (C. M.)

- 1 **SAY**, oh my soul, why so distressed,
Why thus indulge thy grief?
Canst thou on no kind promise rest,
Nor thence derive relief?
- 2 God's ways may change, but not his heart,
He loves e'en when he frowns ;
And by affliction's bleeding smart,
Fits us for heavenly crowns.
- 3 Withdrawn awhile, he will return,
And chase away thy fears ;
Thus midnight clouds and mists are gone,
When the bright morn appears.

522. *Unreasonable Doubts and Fears.*

(8. 7. Bath Abbey.)

- 1 **WHENCE**, my soul, this gloom depressing,
Whence proceed this slavish fear ;
Does the Lord withhold his blessing,
And a frowning aspect wear ?
Are thy sins and guilt revived,
Does the prowling lion roar ;
Art thou in thyself deceived
Sinking low to rise no more ?
- 2 Hast thou not a loving Saviour,
Who from pain can set thee free ;
Did he not display his favour,
When he lived and died for thee ?
Yes he did, and still he loves thee,
Let not hence a doubt remain ;
He conceals his face to prove thee,
And ere long will smile again.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

523. *Doubts and Fears Suppressed.* (C. M.)

1. **C**AN I suspect my dearest Lord,
Or cherish unbelief?
Will he not still his grace afford,
And send me quick relief?
- 2 Oppressed with grief, a heavy load,
How oft has he appeared,
And with some promise in his word,
My fainting spirit cheered.
- 3 Has he not formed my soul for heaven,
Fixed my affections there?
Why should I then to grief be given,
And why indulge despair?
- 4 Does he repent his mercies past,
Recal his gifts of love?
His power the same, his truth shall last,
Though rocks and hills remove.
- 5 No more let doubts and fears annoy
My faith, while travelling home;
Still many favours I enjoy,
The pledge of those to come.

524. *Desiring to Love God.* (L. M.)

- 1 **O**FT I indulge the anxious thought,
Do I love God or love him not?
And shall it doubtful still remain;
Lord, solve the doubt and ease my pain.
- 2 With beams of heavenly mercy shine,
And let thy love enkindle mine;
That love which gave thy Son to die,
And hears the humble when they cry.
- 3 That love which sets the captive free,
And pardons rebels such as me,
May it possess my heaving breast,
And lead me to thy promised rest.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 That blissful world where I shall gain,
What now I wish and seek in vain ;
A heart exempt from every fear,
And love in all its triumphs there.

525. *Returns of Love to Christ.* (L. M.)

- 1 ' I LOVE,' the great Redeemer cries,
Let mortals echo back the sound ;
Whilst every tongue, ' I love,' replies,
Let every heart with joy abound.
- 2 But canst thou love—delightful thought !
Can sovereign grace descend so low ?
Oh let our thankful hearts be taught,
Its wondrous heights and depths to know.
- 3 Lord, let thine image, like a seal,
Be stamped on every softening heart ;
Bid all tumultuous thoughts be still,
Unhallowed passions thence depart.
- 4 When shall we hear the welcome call,
Come saints, to endless bliss remove ;
There Christ shall be our all in all,
And we shall triumph in his love.

526. *Perplexed but not in Despair.*

(148th. Caermarthen.)

- 1 MY soul, what fearest thou,
And whence is this dismay ?
Is there not ground for hope,
Since thou hast leave to pray ?
Thy God invites thee to his throne,
Haste then, and make thy sorrows known.
- 2 Thy various doubts and fears
But ill become a saint ;
They show thy faith is small,
Thy hope to be but faint :
Learn then while in the wilderness,
To trust in God for needful grace.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Let passions all be still,
And gloomy thoughts be gone ;
Behind yon spreading cloud,
I see the rising sun ;
Sure it will bring the welcome day,
And doubts and fears shall flee away.

527. *Desiring an Interest in Christ.* (S. M.)

- 1 **H**OW great the privilege,
To know that Christ is mine ;
Then doubts and fears no more perplex,
And all is peace within.
- 2 With unremitting zeal,
I'll run the heavenly race ;
Burdens are light, afflictions small,
When I can see his face.
- 3 I find my strength renewed,
When he reveals his love ;
This is the heaven I feel below,
The heaven I hope above.

528. *Christian's Hidden Life.* (C. M.)

- 1 **L**ET sinners boast of kindred joys,
The poor delights of sense ;
'Tis Christ our inmost thoughts employs,
We draw our comforts thence.
- 2 With sweet contentment now we bid
Farewel to pleasures here ;
With Christ in God our life is hid,
And all its springs are there.
- 3 'Tis now concealed and lodged secure
In God's eternal Son ;
From age to age shall it endure,
Though to the world unknown.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Jesus, remove whate'er divides
Our lingering souls from thee ;
'Tis fit that where the head resides
The members too should be.

529. *Hidden Life.*

(8. 7. 4. Holmsley.)

- 1 **HERE** the christian's life is hidden
From the great and worldly wise,
Nothing know they of the treasure,
Nor can they partake its joys :
Clouds of error
Veil its blessings from their eyes.
- 2 All 's a mystery to their feelings,
How they live and are so blessed,
Love divine and zeal enflaming,
Inward peace and joy attest :
But the worldling
Ne'er can find a settled rest.
- 3 The believer needs no praises,
From the throng to charm his ear,
Flattering tongues can ne'er exalt him,
Nor can make his worth appear :
He 's exalted,
Far above this lower sphere.
- With his God he holds communion,
This he deems his greatest store,
All the plaudits of vain mortals,
When compared with this are poor :
There 's his treasure.
Still encreasing more and more.
- 5 Farewell pomp—he serves his Maker,
And if he his ways approve,
Men and devils when united,
Never shall his hopes remove :
Firm the basis,
Sovereign power, unchanging love.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

530. *Hidden Life.*

(7s. FEVERHAM.)

- 1 **THOUGH** the christian's life is bid,
Till the Lord himself appears,
Yet the promises forbid
All distressing doubts and fears.
- 2 Though concealed from carnal eyes,
'Tis a treasure lodged secure ;
Christ descending from the skies,
Shall our final bliss ensure.
- 3 Let our drooping hearts revive,
Let us sing a Saviour's love :
In his presence we shall live,
Now and in the realms above.
- 4 Let the world forget his praise,
And the dead refuse to sing,
We to Christ devote our days,
We to him our offerings bring.

531. *Christian Paradox.* (C. M.)

- 1 **IF** men should wondering say of me,
The change how strange, how great !
Not less surprised am I to see
What contradictions meet.
- 2 I am a stranger, yet at home,
A slave and yet am free ;
A captive bound, and still I roam
With sweetest liberty.
- 3 Although my debts are all discharged,
I am a debtor still ;
And when my heart is most enlarged,
Its hardness most I feel.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 My great and complicated crimes
Are punished, yet forgiven ;
I 'm justly doomed to endless flames,
And yet prepared for heaven.

532. *Paradox.*

(104th, Ignatius.)

- 1 WHEN I of myself,
Attempt a review,
I find I am black,
And yet comely too ;
What singular wonders
Of me may be told,
Sometimes I am burning,
Then perished with cold.
- 2 My wealth is encreased,
When feeling most poor,
My loss is my gain,
My poverty store ;
I 'm wretched and filthy,
Yet free from each stain,
Am healthful and happy,
Afflicted with pain,
- 3 I toil and I strive,
Am stedfast, yet fall,
And while I 'm at work,
'Tis grace does it all.
I creep along slowly,
Yet swiftly I fly,
Am daily transgressing,
And yet 'tis not I.
- 4 The things I perform,
My heart does detest,
And those I most love,
I do them the least ;
The more I 'm possessing,
I still want the more,
Am restless yet resting,
'Midst dangers secure.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 I'm dead, yet alive,
Am weak and yet strong,
I'm empty and full,
Am right and yet wrong,
Unstable yet fixed,
Diseased and yet sound,
What strange contradictions
In me may be found.

533. *Labours of the Christian Life.* (C. M.)

- 1 **RISE** from the dust, my drowsy soul,
Awake and live for God ;
Lo, boundless seas of pleasure roll,
Around his blessed abode.
- 2 Arise and seize the starry crown,
Nor groveling lie below ;
Exertion leads to high renown,
But sloth to endless woe.
- 3 Dangerous and steep is the ascent,
To Zion's lofty hill ;
Nor can the soul that's negligent,
The arduous task fulfil.
- 4 The will divine must all be done,
A thousand lusts destroyed ;
Th' immortal prize must first be won,
Ere it can be enjoyed.
- 5 Dear Lord, my feeble powers revive,
Nor let me move so slow,
Since I've so little time to live,
And so much work to do.

534. *Pains and Pleasures of Life.* (148th. Barnham.)

- 1 **THICK** clouds surround the throne,
But love sits regent there ;
God ever just and good,
Demands our humble fear :

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

He speaks the word,
The billows rise ;
He speaks again,
The tempest dies.

- 2 Through pains and pleasures mixed,
This life 's a bitter sweet ;
And heaven alone can make
Our happiness complete :
For that bright world,
Dear Lord, prepare ;
And when prepared,
Oh seat us there !

535. *Dangers of Life.* (L. M.)

- 1 **L**EAVE, oh my soul, th' enchanted ground,
Where sorrows keep a constant round ;
Perplexing cares bestrew the road,
And Satan spreads his snares abroad.
- 2 Entangled, how the sinner lies,
And loves the chains in which he dies ;
The saint beholds his way beset,
And careful guards his sliding feet.
- 3 Infernal foes, a numerous train,
Seek to divert his steps in vain ;
Through hostile troops he fights his way,
To realms of everlasting day.
- 4 When strength decays and vigour dies,
He seeks to Christ for fresh supplies ;
And when the final signal 's given,
The hero then ascends to heaven.

536. *Varied Scenes of Life.* (C. M.)

NOR dark nor clear, nor night nor day,
The life we spend below ;
Here tares and wheat together spring,
And bitter waters flow.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 The good acquired with anxious care,
Is oft possessed with pain ;
And when we think the storm is o'er,
The clouds return again.
- 3 A chequered scene, a bitter sweet,
Is all enjoyment here ;
'The honey 's mingled with the gall,
And hope depressed by fear.
- 4 Thrice happy they, who landed safe,
Where storms can never come,
Who drink unmingled draughts of bliss,
And find themselves at home.

537. *Life embittered by Sin.* (L. M.)

- 1 MY life 's a bitter sweet at best,
No lasting peace or settled rest ;
My spirit joys, and then it mourns,
Grace and corruption rule by turns.
- 2 God's just commands would I fulfil,
Yet oft neglect, and wander still ;
My promises are soon forgot,
I purpose and perform it not.
- 3 My only help is in the Lord,
'Tis he alone can strength afford ;
But if his presence he deny,
I quickly tire and faint and die.

538. *Christian Warrior.* (C. M.)

- 1 COURAGE, ye servants of the Lord,
The trumpet sounds for war ;
Put on the helmet, take the sword,
And for the field prepare.
- 2 'Midst troops of daring enemies,
Satan, the world, and sin,
March boldly on and seize the prize,
The crown of glory win.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Under the conduct of the Lamb,
Lift up your banners high ;
Go forth in his all-conquering name,
And on his strength rely.
- 4 Th' infernal hosts, when Jesus died,
Received a mortal blow ;
And all the members, like their head,
Shall be victorious too.

539. *Christian Conflict.* (C. M.)

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, and fight thy way,
Should earth and hell oppose ;
Though thou art not, thy Saviour is
A match for all thy foes.
- 2 Though thou art weak, yet he is strong,
And will new strength impart ;
Why then these sad dejected looks,
And such a trembling heart ?
- 3 A few more struggles, and with thee
The conflict will be o'er ;
Satan no longer shall molest,
And sin perplex no more

540. *Inward Conflict.*

(7, 6. Amsterdam.)

- 1 **O**UTWARD rites can ne'er avail,
To make the leper clean ;
Vain are all attempts to heal
The dreadful plague of sin :
Like a captive held in chains,
I remain a helpless slave,
Groan beneath my heavy pains,
And look for one to save.
- 2 Now I find a war within,
Depriving me of rest ;
'Tis the powerful law of sin,
That's seated in my breast :

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Swarms of vain and trifling thoughts
Still obtrude upon my mind,
Day by day I numerous spots
In all my actions find.

- 3 Jesus, thou canst ease my grief,
Regard my fervent prayer ;
Grant, oh grant me quick relief,
And save me from despair :
Bid me look to Calvary,
Thence may I my comforts draw ;
Never more would I rely
For safety on the law.

541.

Conflict.

(L. M.)

- 1 'MIDST foes without and fears within,
Dangers in sight and more unseen,
Believers neither faint nor yield,
Nor drop the sword, nor quit the field.
- 2 Pluck out, destroy, at God's command,
Th' offending eye or vengeful hand ;
No quarter give, no mercy show,
'Tis either sin must die or you.
- 3 Your enemies are strong to fight,
But look to yonder world of light ;
A few courageous struggles more,
The victory 's won, the conflict o'er.

542.

Conflict.

(C. M.)

- 1 HOW fickle and how frail am I,
How changeable my frame !
I 'm constant in inconstancy,
In weakness still the same.
- 2 Now I the heavenly course pursue ;
Then take the downward road ;
One day my purposes renew,
The next forsake my God.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 I seek to mortify my sin,
Then cherish it afresh ;
Now grace exerts its power within,
And strives against the flesh.
- 4 Coldness and love in me unite,
And what I hate I do ;
Contending armies daily fight,
And daily griefs renew.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
Where sin shall be no more ;
When will the doubtful conflict cease,
The painful strife be o'er !

543. *Need of Divine Guidance.* (L. M.)

- 1 OH whither will these passions roll,
And where convey the yielding soul ;
This treacherous heart, how apt to stray,
What skilful hand will guide my way ?
- 2 Dear Saviour, condescend to come,
And gently lead a wanderer home ;
Lighten my darkness, make me see
The road which leads to heaven and thee.
- 3 'Midst numerous snares I am secure,
Whilst mercy makes the blessing sure ;
Then will I own thy guardian grace,
And tread the paths of righteousness.

544. *Christian Pilgrim.* (L. M.)

- 1 UNAWED by dangers, thorns and briars,
Spreading along this tiresome road,
My soul ascends with strong desires,
To thee my Saviour and my God.
- 2 As in a long and winter's night,
The watchman waits for break of day ;
So waits my soul for heavenly light,
To bid me rise, and speed my way.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Oh may I reach that blissful place,
Where thy full glories shall be seen ;
And there behold thy smiling face,
Without a cloud to intervene.

545.

Pilgrim.

(C. M.)

- 1 ON wings of love the christian flies,
And upward speeds his way !
The empty world neglected lies,
Nor tempts him here to stay.
- 2 Though savage beasts of prey surround,
Yet still he'll onward go ;
Though thorns and briars o'erspread the ground,
He makes a passage through.
- 3 Amidst ten thousand lurking snares,
He treads the heavenly road,
Drops as he goes his pains and cares,
And presses on to God.
- 4 Now from his Father's house he views,
The labours of the way ;
No sad event his grief renews,
Nor shall his joys decay.

546.

Anticipated Troubles.

(C. M.)

- 1 SEE how the heavens are overcast,
And hear the tempests roar ;
Many the griefs already past,
But still I look for more.
- 2 Unnumbered sins a burden lie,
On my bewildered mind ;
And I a thousand methods try,
Yet no relief can find.
- 3 To thee, my Saviour and my God,
I make my troubles known ;
Oh cast away thy threatening rod,
And bid my fears be gone.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 One cheering look or word of thine
Will set my soul at rest ;
No more with sorrow overwhelmed,
No more with guilt oppressed.
- 5 Give me thy wondrous grace to know,
And taste thy richest love ;
A taste is all I hope below,
The feast will be above.

547. *Sorrow and Perplexity.*

(11s. Geard.) ,

- PERPLEX'D** and distressed,
I search all around,
In quest of contentment,
If it may be found ;
But still disappointed,
Each day I remain,
My toil is incessant,
And little my gain.
- 2 On springs that are earthly,
I'll cease to depend,
To objects more noble,
My thoughts shall ascend ;
The good I am seeking,
And long to embrace,
Is found but in Jesus,
The author of peace.
- 3 He is the saint's treasure,
The joy of his heart,
And to his disciples,
All good will impart ;
Whatever is needful,
His hand will bestow,
And none but believers,
His excellence know.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 And will the dear Saviour
Look down upon me ?
Then to him with pleasure,
I'll instantly flee ;
Will make my confession,
And fall at his feet,
In full expectation,
A welcome to meet.

548. *The Christian in a Storm.* (C. M.)

- 1 **THOUGH** lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
And tempests loudly roar,
Take courage, oh my trembling soul,
The storm will soon be o'er.
- 2 The trial, awfully severe,
Will have a gracious end ;
And though no helper now is near,
The Lord will be thy friend.
- 3 Then will I humbly wait, till he
His timely aid afford ;
To his kind arm for succour flee,
And trust his holy word.

549. *Fear not.* (C. M.)

- 1 **YE** trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme ;
Mercy, which like a river flows,
In one perpetual stream.
- 2 ' Fear not' the powers of earth and hell,
God will those powers restrain ;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 ' Fear not' the want of outward good,
For his he will provide ;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 ' Fear not' that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone ;
He 's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 ' Fear not' the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting ;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
'To endless glory bring.

550. *Trials Overruled for Good.* (L. M.)

- 1 UNNUMBERED trials, doubts and fears,
Attend us in this vale of tears ;
But through the grace of God our friend,
They shall in lasting triumphs end.
- 2 To those who him sincerely love,
All present evils, blessings prove ;
Whom grace hath called and made his own,
Nor fires can burn, nor floods can drown.
- 3 Lord, let this thought in deep distress,
Our hopes confirm, our fears repress ;
Midst earth and hell's opposing powers,
We still are safe if thou art ours.

551. *Sanctified Affliction.*

(6. 8's. Pastoral.)

- 1 AFFLICTION'S furnace is designed
The christian character to show,
By this his graces are refined,
And he is weaned from things below :
To brighter scenes his soul aspires,
With steady aim and warm desires.
- 2 All the distresses which he feels,
Tend to destroy the power of sin ;
The Lord who wounds him, kindly heals,
And yields him sacred peace within :
Purged of his dross, he 's patient still,
And lowly waits the sovereign will.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

552. *The Backslider.* (C. M.)

- 1 **H**OW soon is the sweet savour lost
Of those delightful days,
When Jesus first his love disclosed,
And tuned my lips to praise.
- 2 His law I cheerfully obeyed,
And all his ways approved ;
I read and heard, and sung and prayed,
And my Redeemer loved.
- 3 With eager steps and strong desire,
I followed after God ;
And thought that I should never tire
Along the heavenly road.
- 4 But oh, how fickle is my frame,
How soon my passions rove !
God and his grace are still the same,
But I inconstant prove.

553. *Backslider's Return.* (S. M.)

- 1 **O**H why, my treacherous heart,
Dost thou revolt from God ?
Why my unsteady feet depart
From the celestial road ?
- 2 How pleasant were those days,
I in his service spent ;
Not carnal joys nor sinful ways,
Could yield me such content.
- 3 His arm was my support,
His love enflamed my breast ;
To him I quickly did resort,
And found a sacred rest.
- 4 Fain would I now return,
Great God, direct my way !
Nor at a guilty rebel spurn,
Who grieves he went astray.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

554. *Recovering Grace.* (S. M.)

- 1 **KIND** Lord, o'erwhelmed with grief,
Here at thy feet I lie ;
And wilt thou not afford relief,
And cast a pitying eye ?
- 2 Thy mighty arm make bare,
And cause thy face to shine ;
Forgive my follies, banish fear,
And make me wholly thine.
- 3 When through the spreading cloud,
No glimmering light I see,
Help me to trust thy holy word,
Till clouds and darkness flee.
- 4 The comforts once enjoyed,
Do thou again restore ;
Then shall my powers be all employed,
Thy goodness to adore.

555. *Seeking the Path of Life.*

(8. 7. 4. Jordan.)

- 1 **MIGHTY** God, to one in darkness,
Now the path of life display ;
Show the way to blissful mansions,
Chase the clouds and mists away ;
Guide, oh guide me,
Lest from thee again I stray.
- 2 May I see the pathway plainly,
Onward move devoid of fear ;
When events in life may cross me,
Let me find deliverance near :
Kind protector,
Then for my defence appear.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Order all my future movements,
Suffer me no more to slide ;
That I may be well instructed,
Lord, do thou with me abide :
Never leave me,
Nor forsake me, oh my guide.

556. *Return to thy Rest.* (L. M.)

- 1 **THY** knowledge, Lord, is infinite,
All things are open to thy sight ;
Bring thou my secret sins to view,
That I may know and hate them too.
- 2 Let me with sorrow call to mind,
How soon I from thy ways declined ;
The crooked paths I trod, explore,
Repent, return, and stray no more.
- 3 To Christ's atoning sacrifice
And cleansing blood, direct my eyes ;
And still the more of sin I see,
More precious may the Saviour be.
- 4 O'erwhelmed with guilt and shame and grief,
In vain elsewhere I seek relief ;
Here only is substantial rest,
To souls bewildered and oppressed.

557. *Draw me.* (C. M.)

- 1 **JESUS**, my Saviour, bind me fast.
In cords of heavenly love ;
Then sweetly 'draw me' to thy breast,
Nor let me thence remove.
- 2 'Draw me' from all created good,
Myself, the world, and sin ;
To the dear fountain of thy blood,
And make me pure within.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Oh lead me to thy mercy seat,
Attract me nearer still ;
' Draw me,' like Mary, to thy feet,
To sit and learn thy will.
- 4 Oh ' draw me' by thy providence,
Thy spirit and thy word,
From all the things of time and sense,
To thee my gracious Lord.

558. *The Believer's Choice.* (C. M.)

- 1 A STEDFAST hope, a spotless life,
The power of sin subdued ;
The soul refreshed, the inward strength,
From day to day renewed--
- 2 This is the blessedness I seek,
Nor let me be denied ;
God of my life, but grant me this,
I ask for nought beside.
- 3 The things which men call good and great,
Are low in my esteem ;
This world's a shadow at the best,
And life itself a dream.

559. *Longing for Christ's Presence.* (L. M.)

- 1 LET Jesus all my thoughts employ,
His presence turns my grief to joy ;
When he is with me, I can call
My mercies great, my trials small.
- 2 The arms of faith around him twined,
Shall still support my sinking mind ;
These eyes shall on his beauties gaze,
These lips resound his highest praise.
- 3 Oppressed with guilt, to him I come,
His smiles dispel the deepest gloom,
Tired of the world, to him I flee,
He's more than all the world to me.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Through death's dark valley, if he lead,
My soul would venture, fearless tread ;
And on him lean till I possess,
Life, peace, and endless happiness.

560. *Desiring the Divine Presence.* (C. M.)

- 1 UNVEIL thy face, most holy Lord,
And fill my heart with joy ;
Thy glories then shall tune my tongue,
And all my thoughts employ.
- 2 Should I be plunged in deep distress,
And earthly comforts flee ;
Yet might I say that thou art mine,
"Twould be enough for me.
- 3 If in a dungeon dark confined,
I still enjoyed thy smile ;
This would at once disperse the gloom,
And all my cares beguile.
- 4 If in a lonely wilderness,
My dwelling place should be ;
Grant me thy presence, and I want
No other company.
- 5 In danger thou art my defence,
My help in time of need ;
Whilst others are but friends in name,
Thou art a friend indeed.

561. *Communion with God.* (L. M.)

- 1 MY rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires ;
With steady steps would tread the road,
That leads me to the mount of God.
- 2 Jesus, for thee I often sigh,
Oh may thy cheering grace be nigh !
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 1 Fain would I drink unmingled love,
From the pure fountain-head above ;
My dearest Lord, I long to be,
Emptied of sin and full of thee.

562. *Christ Supremely Desired.* (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS, thy face I long to see,
That lovely face once marred for me ;
In which with lustre all divine,
A thousand peerless beauties shine.
- 2 The transient visits of thy grace,
Make earth itself a pleasant place ;
And heaven would be no heaven to me,
If I were parted, Lord, from thee.
- 3 To thee my fainting spirit flies,
To thee my warm affections rise ;
For thee alone I sigh and mourn,
And anxious wait thy kind return.
- 4 One smile of thine my heart can cheer,
Prisons delight, if thou art there ;
In thine embrace I 'll yield my breath,
And triumph in the pangs of death.

563. *Happiness in God only.* (S. M.)

- 1 IN search of happiness,
Long had I toiled in vain ;
Those things which seemed to promise ease,
But added to my pain.
- 2 Ye transient scenes, adieu,
Delusive joys, be gone !
That rest I cannot find in you,
I 'll seek in God alone.
- 3 Could I obtain a glimpse
Of his paternal love,
It would fulfil my every wish,
My sorrows all remove.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 His arms spread underneath,
Chase all my fears away ;
I am no longer Satan's slave,
Nor shall I be his prey.
- 5 God is my light, my life,
My portion and my all ;
While he is mine, no good I want.
No evil can befall.

564. *The Believer's Portion.* (C. M.)

- 1 ' IF Christ is mine,' then all is mine,
And more than angels know ;
Both present things and things to come,
And grace and glory too.
- 2 ' If he is mine,' then though he frown,
He never will forsake ;
His chastisements all work for good,
And but his love bespeak.
- 3 ' If he is mine,' I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell ;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power repel.
- 4 ' If he is mine,' let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee ;
He, the dispenser of all good,
Is more than these to me.
- 5 ' If he is mine,' I'll fearless pass
Through death's tremendous vale,
He'll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.
- 6 Let Jesus tell me ' he is mine,'
I nothing want beside ;
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

565. *Safety in Life and Death.* (C. M.)

- 1 UNNUMBERED tempters from without,
And enemies within,
Unite their force and try their art,
To draw me into sin.
- 2 Great God, be thou my sure retreat,
And in the dangerous hour,
Protect me from the snares of sense,
And Satan's dreaded power.
- 3 From every evil, Lord preserve,
In thought, in word and deed ;
And let me in the pleasant paths
Of piety proceed.
- 4 When called to pass the gloomy vale,
May I not yield to fear ;
There let thy mighty arm support,
Thy gracious presence cheer.
- 5 Then bring me to the heavenly world,
'The saints' eternal home ;
Where every good shall be enjoyed,
Where evils never come.

566. *Portion Here and Hereafter.* (L. M.)

- 1 REJOICE ye righteous in the Lord,
Your portion and your great reward ;
To you full streams of blessing flow,
From springs above and springs below,
- 2 Constant supplies of outward good,
Your nightly sleep and daily food ;
Your health and strength and faithful friends,
And happiness that never ends.
- 3 Amidst the pangs that nature feels,
From various complicated ills,
Conscience still smiles, and all within
Is calm, unclouded and serene.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Through death's dark valley when you pass,
There shall you find sufficient grace ;
'Tis but the path your Saviour trod,
A short and safe though thorny road.
- 5 Dislodged from flesh, you straight shall rise
To yon bright mansions in the skies ;
Where far from earth, secure from hell,
No foes assault, nor lusts rebel.

567. *Finishing our Course with Joy.*

(148th. Caermarthen New.)

- 1 SOVEREIGN of heaven and earth,
Oh hear my humble prayer ;
In thee I place my trust,
On thee cast all my care :
My grievances thou canst redress,
And ease me when in sore distress.
- 2 Thy goodness how immense,
And infinite thy power ;
Preserve what I possess,
What I have lost, restore :
Let me behold thy smiling face,
And lodge me safe in thine embrace.
- 3 Along this dreary road,
All needful comfort yield ;
In darkness be my sun,
In danger thou my shield :
Compass'd with foes, thy mighty arm
Shall keep me safe from every harm.
- 4 Let me pursue my course,
And finish it with joy ;
Thy love possess my heart,
Thy praise my tongue employ :
Thy mercy, oh how rich and free,
Display thy mercy Lord, in me.

FAMILY AND PUBLIC WORSHIP.

568. *The Family Altar.* (S. M.)

- 1 IN all my ways, oh God,
I would acknowledge thee ;
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.
- 2 Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise ;
And thither my oblations bring,
Of humble prayer and praise.
- 3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

569. *Devoting all to God.* (C. M.)

- 1 BLESS'D Lord, my wandering heart recal,
From bondage set me free ;
I would not wish to live at all,
Unless I live to thee.
- 2 Whatever talents I possess,
May I for thee employ ;
Be thou my first and only choice,
The source of all my joy.
- 3 To thee, where'er I pitch my tent,
I would an altar raise ;
And with a humble frame present
The sacrifice of praise.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

- 4 To thee devote my health and strength,
While health and strength shall last,
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.
- 5 Lord, guide me through the wilderness,
To Canaan's fertile land ;
Through Jordan's stream I'll fearless pass,
If thou but give command.

570. *Morning Hymn.* (C. M.)

- 1 IN God I ever will rejoice,
And bless him all my days ;
Each morning he shall hear my voice,
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In every place his arm has been
My safeguard and defence ;
Through him I break the snares of sin,
And slight the joys of sense.
- 3 Before my lisping tongue could praise,
Or speak his wondrous name,
His mercy watched my heedless ways,
Preserved my feeble frame.
- 4 Still has his never-failing hand
My numerous wants supplied ;
When troubles rise, at his command,
The swelling floods subside.
- 5 Celestial forms his glories sing—
My soul would do the same,
And every day a tribute bring
To his exalted name.

571. *Morning Hymn.* (C. M.)

- 1 NIGHT'S gloomy shades are now withdrawn.
The blushing morn appears,
And every object we behold,
A pleasing aspect wears.

FAMILY AND PUBLIC

568. *The Family*

- 1 **I**N all my ways, oh G.
I would acknowledg.
And seek to keep my hea.
From all pollution free.
- 2 Where'er I have a ten^t
An altar will I raise ;
And thither my oblation
Of humble prayer ar
- 3 Could I my wish of
My household, Lor
Devoted to thyself al
A nursery for thee

569. *Devotion*

- 1 **B**LESS'D Lord, m
From bondage
I would not wish to
Unless I live to t
- 2 Whatever talents I
May I for thee
Be thou my first
The source of
- 3 To thee, where'
I would an a
And with a huc
The sacrifice

FAMILY WORSHIP.

73. *Daily Mercies.*

(6. 8a. Carey.)

My God, all good proceeds,
On me my life depends,
I bless with vigorous health,
I want both wealth and friends :
I devote my days,
In grateful songs of praise.
Thy light, each ray of hope,
Thy gift of comfort given,
Thy aid my better thoughts,
Thy bounteous gift of heaven :
O Lord, help me to raise,
Songs of grateful praise.

My listless drowsy soul,
From thy sloth, and learn thy state,
Is too soon to serve the Lord,
With some 'twill be too late :
Then, devote thy best of days,
To thy Creator's praise.

74. *Lord's day Morning.* (C. M.)

This illustrious joyful morn,
Our Saviour left the grave ;
Then declared the Son of God,
With mighty power to save.

Let humble souls, and see the place
Where once the Saviour lay ;
Now string your harps, attune your songs,
And hail the solemn day.

In lofty accents praise his name,
Who thus in triumph rose ;
Who broke the iron bands of death,
And triumphed

FAMILY WORSHIP.

- 2 The sun, arising from the east,
Its glories now displays ;
And mountains, rivers, rocks and fields,
Reflect the gladdening rays.
- 3 All nature's cheerful, light and gay,
And birds in tuneful strains,
Welcome the bright returning day,
Which gilds the flowery plains.
- 4 'Tis thus, when God with smiling face,
Revisits those he loves,
And by displays of pardoning grace,
Their anxious fears removes.
- 5 Mists, which the prospect once concealed,
No longer intervene :
But heaven and glory stand revealed,
Without a cloud between.
- 6 God is a sun, whose spreading light,
Drives darkness far away,
Dispels the horrors of the night,
And brings eternal day.

572.

Daily Mercies.

(S. M.)

- 1 GOD is the fountain, whence
Ten thousand blessings flow ;
To him my health, my wealth and friends,
And every good I owe.
- 2 The comforts he affords.
Are neither few nor small ;
He is the source of fresh delights,
My portion and my all.
- 3 *He fills my heart with joy,
My lips attunes for praise ;
And to his glory I 'll devote
The remnant of my days.*

FAMILY WORSHIP.

573. *Daily Mercies.*

(6. 8a. Careys.)

- 1 **FROM** thee my God, all good proceeds,
On thee alone my life depends,
'Tis thine to bless with vigorous health,
And thine to grant both wealth and friends :
To thee would I devote my days,
And give thee grateful songs of praise.
- 2 Each spark of light, each ray of hope,
And every drop of comfort given,
My reason and my better thoughts,
Are all the bounteous gift of heaven :
To thee, oh Lord, help me to raise,
My daily songs of grateful praise.
- 3 Awake, my listless drowsy soul,
Shake off thy sloth, and learn thy state,
'Tis ne'er too soon to serve the Lord,
Erelong with some 'twill be too late :
Come then, devote thy best of days,
With joy to thy Creator's praise.

574. *Lord's day Morning.* (C. M.)

- 1 **ON** this illustrious joyful morn,
Our Saviour left the grave ;
Was then declared the Son of God,
With mighty power to save.
- 2 Come humble souls, and see the place
Where once the Saviour lay ;
New string your harps, attune your songs,
And hail the solemn day.
- 3 In lofty accents praise his name,
Who thus in triumph rose ;
Who broke the iron bands of death,
And trampled on his foes.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 Sing loud hosannas to your King,
The Lamb that once was slain ;
For you the royal victim died,
For you he rose again.

575. *Lord's Day.* (S. M.)

- 1 **H**OW pleased was I to hear
The friends of Zion say,
Now to her courts let us repair,
And keep the solemn day.
- 2 Shall they invite in vain ?
No ! there I long to be,
Where heavenly wisdom I may gain,
And still new wonders see.
- 3 Hither the rich and poor
Their various offerings bring ;
And in harmonious strains adore
Their Maker and their King.
- 4 Here beams of mercy shine,
And streams of goodness flow ;
Here we may feast on joys divine,
And taste of heaven below.
- 5 Here would I ever stay ;
Or if I must remove,
Come, angels, bear me swift away,
To brighter scenes above.

576. *Love to the House of God.* (C. M.)

- 1 **I**N the assemblies of thy saints,
Oh Lord, would I appear ;
My thirsty longing spirit faints
To see thy glory there.
- 2 Thy glory, as it sweetly shines
In Jesus' lovely face ;
Thy wisdom, power, and kind designs,
Thy majesty and grace.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 There would I dwell upon thy charms,
And bid this world be gone ;
Then eager rush into thine arms,
And feast on joys unknown.
- 4 Not the whole universe to me,
Could e'er such bliss afford ;
A palace would a dungeon be,
Without thy presence, Lord.

577. *Mount Lebanon.* (S. M.)

- 1 **THY** mount, oh Lebanon,
How fruitful and how fair !
No other mountain can with thee,
No trees with thine compare.
- 2 Thy cedars straight and tall,
Their lovely branches spread ;
They shed a fragrance all abroad,
And form a cooling shade.
- 3 Such is my Lord to me,
Come then, dear Saviour, come ;
Beneath thy shade would I repose,
And smell thy rich perfume.
- 4 Here let me sit to day,
Nor ever hence remove,
Transported with thine excellence,
And feasted with thy love.

578. *Pleasures of Public Worship.* (L. M.)

- 1 **MY** soul, how charming is the place,
Where Jesus makes his glories known ;
Where he unveils his lovely face,
And tells the wonders he has done.
- 2 Now he unfolds with heavenly skill,
The mysteries of his dying love ;
Bows stubborn sinners to his will,
And bids their guilt and fears remove.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 In Zion's courts they soon forget
Their sins, their sorrows and their cares ;
Tread the vain world beneath their feet,
And see eternal blessings theirs.
- 4 Here we have often met with God,
And found how sweet his dwellings are ;
Here would we make our long abode,
While we his special favours share.

579. *Delighting in Public Worship.* (C. M.)

- 1 **BLESSED** is the place where God appears,
And all his charms displays ;
His gracious smiles forbid our fears,
And gladden all our days.
- 2 Here humble saints a transport feel,
Beyond the joys of sense ;
Nor could they while on Zion's hill,
E'er wish to move from thence.
- 3 A thousand sacred pleasures meet,
Where Jesus deigns to dwell ;
Then let us prostrate at his feet,
And there our wants reveal.
- 4 Before the throne would we appear,
There make our last abode ;
Nor should we then have ought to fear,
So near our Saviour God.
- 5 Thus while our minutes onward roll,
Our joys shall ne'er remove :
Lord, thy dear presence fills the soul
With extasy and love.

580. *Way to Heaven.* (L. M.)

- 1 **FAIN** would I be where Jesus is,
Lodged safe in his endeared embrace,
Deriving still enrapturing bliss,
And viewing still his lovely face.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Whilst in this distant land I dwell,
I faintly see my Saviour God ;
In heaven they all his glories tell,
And faith directs to his abode.
- 3 This is the path my soul would tread,
And holiness would still pursue ;
' Here may unerring wisdom guide,
Almighty grace support me through.

581. *Heaven on Earth.* (C. M.)

- 1 **H**APPY the church, delightful place,
Where Jesus loves to dwell ;
There he displays his wondrous grace,
And saints his glories tell.
- 2 Happy the heart where Jesus reigns,
With kind and gentle sway,
Where sweetly he the will constrains,
To love and to obey.
- 3 Thrice happy spirits round the throne,
Secure in his embrace ;
Who make his brighter glories known,
And see him face to face.
- 4 'Tis heaven on earth, though through a glass,
To view our absent Lord ;
But to behold him as he is,
Will greater joy afford.

582. *Joys of Salvation.* (L. M.)

- 1 **H**ARK ! who are these, whose cheerful songs
In every state their lips employ ;
This mirth to pardoned souls belongs,
To such alone belongs the joy.
- 2 When faith and love are on the wing,
And God removes their long distress,
Then every tongue is taught to sing,
And all their powers unite to bless.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 Let sinners look from earth and sense,
The vain delights they prize and love ;
Soon shall the joys they borrow thence,
Fading and unsubstantial prove.
- 4 But see, ten thousand sweets surround
The humble souls that love the Lord ;
His mercies keep a constant round,
And still new cause of joy afford.

583. *The Trump of Jubilee.*

(148th. Portsmouth New.)

- 1 **THE** gospel trumpet spreads
Glad tidings all around,
Thrice happy is the man,
Who knows the joyful sound :
What angels sung
At Jesus' birth,
Glory to God,
And peace on earth.
- 2 Let nations flock to hear
The message which it brings,
What was of old concealed
From prophets and from kings :
The Son of God
Resigns his breath,
To save our souls
From sin and death.
- 3 Ye ransomed sinners, come,
Ye captives, break your chains ;
Ye saints, lift up your voice,
For God your Saviour reigns :
Let all adore
His boundless grace,
Vouchsafed to man's
Apostate race.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

584. *The Shepherd's Voice.* (S. M.)

- 1 **W**HOSE voice is this that sounds
So sweetly and so strong ?
Is it of earthly origin,
Or from an angel's tongue ?
- 2 Lo, 'tis my Saviour speaks,
Who by his powerful word,
To souls involved in dreary night,
Does light and life afford.
- 3 Yes, 'tis his voice, I hear,
Proclaiming love and peace ;
Oh may I now regard his call,
Before the sound shall cease.
- 4 My heart does he require,
He claims it as his due ;
Here, Lord, I yield it up to thee,
And bid the world adieu.

585. *Hearing the Word.* (C. M.)

- 1 **Z**ION'S fair courts are my abode,
In which my God appears ;
There he his promises fulfils,
Each saint his favour shares.
- 2 My God, I greatly love thy word
The record of thy will ;
My heart dilates with holy joy,
When I its influence feel.
- 3 Its precepts guide, its threatenings awe,
Its promises delight ;
It is my counsellor by day,
My comfort in the night.
- 4 My spirit for the sabbath pants,
That day of sacred rest,
To be divinely taught of thee,
And with thy presence blessed.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 5 Come then, oh condescend to come !
And as it was of old,
Let me approach the mercy seat,
'The covering cloud behold.

586. *Superior Advantages of the Gospel.*

(7. 6. Amsterdam.)

- 1 **BEAUTEOUS** are the feet of those,
Who gospel tidings bring,
Place on Zion's lofty mount
The standard of her King :
There they spread his name abroad,
'Tell his triumphs and his pains ;
How he shed his precious blood,
To cleanse our guilty stains.
- 2 Happy are the eyes that see,
In characters so plain,
What the righteous men of old
Long desired but in vain :
Blessed are the ears which hear,
Joyful hail the gospel's sound ;
Angels learn with holy fear
The mystery profound.

587. *Before Sermon.* (S. M.)

- 1 **DID** Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
The wondering angels see !
Be thou astonished, oh my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear ;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there 's no weeping there.

588. *Before Sermon.* (C. M.)

- 1 IN vain does Paul's persuasive tongue,
With arguments profound,
Diffuse among the listening throng,
The gospel's joyful sound.
- 2 Apollos, famed for eloquence,
Exerts his powers in vain ;
For sinners still enslaved to sense,
In unbelief remain.
- 3 Jesus, the work is wholly thine,
To form us all anew ;
Oh may thine influence divine,
Our stubborn hearts subdue !

589. *Song of Praise.* (C. M.)

- 1 YE saints, be joyful in your God,
To him your offerings bring ;
Rocks, hills and vales, and earth and seas,
With loud hosannas ring.
- 2 Let him receive the glory due
To his exalted name ;
With hearts enflamed, and seraphs' tongues
His wondrous deeds proclaim.
- 3 Praise him in elevated strains,
And make the world to know,
How great the Sovereign whom you serve,
And yet how gracious too.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

590. *Praise to the Redeemer.* (S. M.)

- 1 **A** WAKE, my active powers,
And raise his honours high ;
Who ever lives in heaven to plead,
Who deigned on earth to die.
- 2 And can I hope he died
For such a worm as me ;
Sustained my guilt and punishment,
When bleeding on the tree ?
- 3 Then come, ye ransomed ones,
In sacred concert join ;
And shout the great Redeemer's praise,
In accents all divine.

591. *Universal Love to God.* (C. M.)

- 1 **A** NGELS of God, to whom belongs
To execute his word ;
With ardour pure, affection strong,
Oh love your glorious Lord.
- 2 Ye happy spirits round the throne,
Who sojourned once in clay,
Like angels now complete in bliss,
Oh love as well as they.
- 3 Love him ye saints who dwell on earth,
And who his goodness know ;
From him you had your heavenly birth,
To him each gift you owe.
- 4 Your outward wants he will supply,
Your inward foes controul ;
Let every creature love the Lord,
And love him, oh my soul.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

592. *Universal Praise.*

(7s. Easter Hymn.)

- 1 **SAINTS**, in songs adore your God,
Hallelujah,
Spread his honours all abroad ; Hal.
Angel choirs, your powers employ, Hal.
To attest your sacred joy. Hal.
- 2 Sing the bleeding dying Lamb, Hal.
Earth and heaven his love proclaim ; Hal.
In one concert all unite, Hal.
Be his praises your delight. Hal.
- 3 Hail him on his royal thron , Hal.
Praise the sacred Three in One ; Hal.
In your lofty anthems join, Hal.
To adore the Power divine. Hal.

593. *Dismission.*

(8. 7. 4s. Painswick.)

- 1 **GRACIOUS** Lord, in love dismiss us,
From thy sacred house of prayer,
Condescend to own and bless us,
In the means appointed here :
Truth delivered,
May we treasure up with care.
- 2 Let the joys of thy salvation
Daily dwell upon our mind,
Make us thankful in each station,
To thy sovereign will resigned :
In thy worship
May we always pleasure find.

594. *Dismission.*

(7s. Cookham.)

- 1 **LORD**, thy blessing we implore
Ere we from each other part ;
Let us feel thy quickening power,
Let us all be one in heart.

BAPTISM.

- 2 As we from thy house retire,
Still may we our love retain ;
Feel a strong intense desire,
In thy courts to meet again.
 - 3 Seeds of truth now scattered here,
May they vegetate and grow,
Till the earth shall hear and fear,
And thy great salvation know.
-

BAPTISM.

595. *The Commission.* (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS, the Lord of heaven and earth,
To whom all creatures owe their birth,
Sends forth his edict and command,
Through every nation, every land—
- 2 Let men of high and low degree
Repent of sin, believe in me,
Then to the sacred stream repair,
And be with speed baptised there.
- 3 In the great name, let this be done,
Of God the Father, and the Son,
And of the holy Spirit too,
To whom are equal honours due.

596. *The Commission.* (L. M.)

- 1 **E**RE Christ ascended to his throne,
He issued forth this great command—
Go preach my gospel to the world,
And spread my name through every land.

BAPTISM.

- 2 To men declare their sinful state,
The methods of my grace explain ;
He that believes and is baptised,
Shall everlasting life obtain.
- 2 Dear Saviour, we thy will obey,
Not of constraint, but with delight ;
Hither thy servants come to-day,
To honour thine appointed rite.
- 4 Descend again, celestial Dove,
On these dear followers of the Lord ;
Exalted Head of all the church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.
- 5 Let faith assisted now by signs,
'The mysteries of thy love explore ;
And washed in thy redeeming blood,
Let them depart, and sin no more.

597. *Baptism Divinely Honoured.*

(148th. Portsmouth New.)

- 1 THE Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost unite,
To shed a lustre o'er
'This great mysterious rite ;
To Jordan's stream an honour 's given,
By Christ the Lord of earth and heaven.
- 2 'Twas there he found a grave,
And rose again to view ;
And now to us he shows
The way we should pursue ;
Buried with him, with him we rise,
'To endless bliss above the skies.
- 3 The Father by a voice,
Distinguishes his Son ;
Behold, the Spirit too
Does his obedience crown ;
To the eternal sacred Three,
Immortal praise and glory be.

BAPTISM.

598. *Baptism Divinely Honoured.* (L. M.)

- 1 **A**LL glory be to him who came,
From Galilee to Jordan's stream ;
There did he sink beneath the wave,
And to his saints a pattern gave.
- 2 Glory to him, who from on high
Proclaimed to all, both far and nigh,
That he in whom his glory shone,
Was his beloved and only Son.
- 3 Glory to the celestial Dove,
Who swift descending from above,
Rested upon Messiah's head,
And there a heavenly lustre spread.
- 4 Ye saints, with cheerfulness submit
To this mysterious solemn rite,
On which the sacred Three combine
To put an honour so divinc.

599. *The Ascription.*

(7s. Harts.)

- 1 **G**LORY to the spotless Lamb,
Once immersed in Jordan's stream,
Strict obedience to declare,
Pattern worthy of our care.
- 2 Glory to the Father too,
Who the wondrous act did view ;
Highly pleased with what was done,
Christ he owned his only Son.
- 3 To the Spirit, honours pay,
Who on that distinguished day,
Did the brightest lustre shed,
O'er the dear Redeemer's head.

BAPTISM.

- 4 Give to each the highest praise,
Lofly hallelujahs raise ;
One in nature, persons three,
Bless the sacred Trinity.

600. *Baptism of Christ.* (S. M.)

- 1 **WITH** ardent zeal inspired,
Lo, the Redeemer came,
From Galilee to be baptised
In Jordan's flowing stream.
- 2 ' Thus it behoveth me
To do my Father's will,
And thus in his appointed way,
All righteousness fulfil.'
- 3 The Spirit, like a dove,
Honours the mystic rite ;
And God proclaims him from above,
'The Son of his delight.
- 4 'Tis thus our glorious Head,
Instructs us to obey ;
The roughest paths we safely tread,
If he but leads the way.
- 5 Buried with Christ, we now
To a new life arise ;
A life of holiness below,
Of bliss above the skies.

601. *Christ's Baptismal Sufferings.* (L. M.)

- 1 **SEE** the eternal Son of God,
Deluged in wrath and bathed in blood ;
The waters rise, the billows roll,
In quick succession o'er his soul.
- 2 This baptism of Christ the Lord,
With feeling hearts let us record ;
The waters without this are vain,
A useless symbol would remain.

BAPTISM.

- 3 Unless my faith on Christ relies
Unless with him I die and rise,
Though I am plunged beneath the wave,
The rite assumes no power to save.
- 4 Not all the waters of the sea
Can wash my numerous sins away,
The crimson spots will still abide,
Till Jesus' blood shall be applied.

602. *Christ's Example.* (S. M.)

- 1 COME saints, and see the place
Where your Redeemer lay ;
No difficulties should be feared,
While Jesus leads the way.
- 2 The Ruler of the world,
And Lord of all supreme,
Is now by John the Baptist's hand
Immersed in Jordan's stream.
- 5 The Father sees and owns
The object of his love,
The Spirit on his head descends,
In likeness of a dove.
- 4 Come then, pursue the path
Your Saviour trod before ;
And think, whene'er you bear the cross,
The cross he also bore.
- 5 Descend the watery grave,
And never yield to fear ;
An honour is on you conferred,
To follow Jesus there.
- 6 With holy zeal and love,
Come all ye ransomed ones ;
The Spirit too will rest on you,
And God pronounce you sons.

BAPTISM.

603. *The Redeemer's Example.* (C. M.)

- 1 **B**URIED beneath the yielding wave,
The dear Redeemer lies ;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.
- 2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day,
Their ardent zeal t' express ;
And in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfil all righteousness.
- 3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain,
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away ;
When he commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.
- 5 Now we, dear Jesus, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise ;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise.

604. *Following Christ's Example.* (L. M.)

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord, ye humble souls,
Yourselves in solemn covenant join ;
To him who justly claims your all,
Your all with cheerfulness resign.
- 2 What he reveals, what he commands,
The one believe, the other do ;
To him commit your souls, and then
Your faith by your obedience shew.
- 3 The Lord's example, bright and fair,
Keep ever fixed before your eyes ;
He leads you to the watery grave,
And thence by faith he bids you rise.

BAPTISM.

Then trace his steps, and let his life
Be fairly copied out in yours ;
Exalt him in your loftiest songs,
And serve him with your noblest powers.

605. *Following the Lord.* (S. M.)

- 1 COME and behold the place,
Where once your Saviour lay ;
Acknowledge him the Lord of all,
And humble homage pay.
- 2 Hear what his lips pronounce,
See what his actions show ;
That which became the church's head,
Becomes its members too.
- 3 Laid in the watery grave,
He quickly rose again ;
Buried with him, we shall arise,
And endless life obtain.
- 4 Then may the Spirit crown,
With tokens of his grace,
The solemn service of this day,
And bid us go in peace.

606. *Following the Lord fully.* (8. 7. Mariners.)

- 1 KINDEST Saviour, we adore thee,
And thy sacred name confess ;
While we now appear before thee,
Condescend our souls to bless :
May thy Spirit and thy word,
Inward peace and joy afford.
- 2 Let us now with zeal and fervour,
Faithful own thy righteous cause,
Bless thee as our kind preserver,
Cheerful keep thy holy laws :
Let not words but actions show,
What to sovereign grace we owe.

BAPTISM.

- 3 In this rite by heaven appointed,
We may wash the body clean,
Yet may still be unacquainted
With the malady of sin :
Grant, oh Lord, that with the sign,
We may feel thy power divine.
- 4 Outward forms are unavailing,
To the soul estranged from God ;
They can ne'er afford him healing,
While he treads the downward road :
But when sanctified by grace,
We in them can Jesus trace.
- 5 Now we follow thine example,
Promised help do thou afford ;
Teach us on the world to trample,
Cleaving still to thee the Lord :
Hence depart with cheerful voice,
In thy ways may we rejoice.

607. *Following the Flock.* (S. M.)

- 1 DEAR Saviour, tell us where
Thy sweetest pastures grow,
Thither with haste would we advance,
Where living waters flow.
- 2 Direct us to thy flock,
With them may we abide,
Protected from the noon-day beams,
And resting near thy side.
- 3 How precious is thy fold,
To all the saints below ;
Beneath thy tender watchful care,
They feed, and thrive, and grow.
- 4 Here, Jesus we would come,
In thine appointed way ;
Obedient to thy high commands,
Our solemn vows we pay.

BAPTISM.

- 5 Oh bless this sacred rite,
To bring us near to thee ;
And may we find that as our day,
Our strength shall also be.

608. *Baptism a Test of Obedience* (8. 8. 6. Leach.)

- 1 ‘ **BURIED** with Christ,’ the scripture saith,
Is but a rite to show our faith,
In Christ our living head ;
And ’tis by faith again we rise,
Dependant on his sacrifice,
To raise us from the dead.
- 2 His bright example kept in view,
Instructs and animates us too,
And shows our feet the way ;
Thus when we sink beneath the stream,
We tell the world we love his name,
And his commands obey.
- 3 But we can only wash the flesh,
’Tis grace that forms the heart afresh,
This rite is but the sign ;
Whilst water makes the body clean,
His Spirit purifies from sin,
And makes our graces shine.

609. *Obedience Crowned with Joy.* (S. M.)

- 1 **CAN** water be withheld,
From those who have believed ;
Who through the holy Spirit’s aid,
Have Christ the Lord received ?
- 2 Ye humble souls, descend
Into the watery grave ;
Now place a cheerful confidence
In Jesus strong to save.

BAPTISM.

- 3 If he reveals his love,
As often he has done,
Rejoicing you will hence depart,
Nor you yourselves alone.
- 4 For all the saints with you
In melody will join,
And with one voice will celebrate
The mercy all divine.

610. *Baptising Day.*

(6, 7s. Refuge.)

- 1 JESUS, we thy followers are,
In the way to Canaan's land,
Let us all thy blessing share,
While obeying thy command :
Of our duty now apprised,
We are come to be baptised.
- 2 Let thy laws be our delight,
Humble homage may we pay,
All thy precepts, Lord, are right,
Why should creatures disobey ?
We thy will have recognised,
And are come to be baptised.
- 3 Thou the great example gave,
(Worthy our supreme regard)
When immersed in Jordan's wave,
We to follow are prepared :
As commanded and advised,
We are come to be baptised.
- 4 Sacred Spirit, heavenly dove,
Grant the substance with the sign,
While the outward rite we prove,
Deign within our souls to shine :
May we now with one accord,
Own subjection to the Lord.

BAPTISM.

611. *Baptising Day.* (S. M.)

- 1 NOT instituted forms
Can wrath divine appease,
Remove contracted guilt, or give
The burdened conscience ease.
- 2 While we the rite obey,
Our trust is in the Lord ;
From him our hopes of mercy rise,
By him are we restored.
- 3 Yet we our faith and love
By true obedience show,
We must not do that we may live,
But live that we may do.
- 4 Jesus the way prescribes,
'Tis ours the path to trace ;
And while we his commands fulfil,
To trust his promised grace.
- 5 Deign then, oh Lord, to bless
Thine ordinance to-day,
While we to thine adored name
Our duteous homage pay.

612. *Address to Candidates.* (L. M.)

- 1 YE humble worshippers of God,
Redeemed and saved by Jesus' blood,
His sacred steps with care explore,
And choose the path he trod before.
- 2 Inspired with zeal he meekly came,
To Jordan's highly honoured stream,
And there a bright example gave,
Immersed beneath the flowing wave.
- 3 The swelling billows round him rise,
Fit emblem of his agonies ;
His death and resurrection too,
Are here exhibited to view.

BAPTISM.

- 4 He sanctified this mystic rite,
That we in it might take delight ;
Come then as once your Saviour came,
And be baptised beneath the stream.
- 5 Behold the place where Jesus lay,
Believe in him, and him obey ;
He will sufficient grace afford,
Come now and own your sovereign Lord.

613. *Candidates Encouraged.*

(6. 7s. Refuge.)

- 1 COME, ye humble contrite souls,
Leave your doubts and fears behind ;
Trust in Jesus' mighty name,
And his mercy you shall find :
Yield obedience to his laws,
And defend his glorious cause.
- 2 Jordan's banks secure the waves,
Lest its streams again o'erflow ;
Then the ark your souls shall keep,
Safely form a passage through :
Now embarked in Jesus' cause,
Yield obedience to his laws.
- 3 Your Redeemer led the way,
Safe is found the path he trod ;
You have nothing hence to fear,
While you urge your way to God :
Yield obedience to his laws,
And avow his glorious cause.
- 4 Press ye on, believing souls,
Lo, your Captain's gone before ;
You who wear his easy yoke,
Shall his love and grace adore :
Now embarked in his dear cause,
Pay allegiance to his laws.

BAPTISM.

614. *Obligation and Encouragement.* (104th, Hanover.)

1 **WHAT** Christ once enjoined,
The same he does now,
And still on his rites,
Will honour bestow ;
In these we behold him,
And feast on his grace,
And when we thus serve him,
His conduct we trace.

2 With courage and strength,
His saints he inspires ;
Their hearts in his work.
Is what he requires ;
The timid and bashful
Have nothing to fear,
Believe and obey him,
And he will be near.

3 By Jesus sustained,
We sink and we rise,
And glory in what
The worldlings despise ;
Whilst thus our affections
With fervency glow,
Our joys are a heaven,
Commencing below.

615. *Divine Presence Implored.* (L. M.)

1 **HOSANNA** to the church's Head,
Who suffered in our room and stead ;
Baptised in tears, in sweat and blood,
He reconciled our souls to God.

2 Another baptism he ordains,
But not of sufferings or of pains ;
His yoke is easy, burden light,
Nor shall we sink beneath its weight.

BAPTISM.

- 3 Do thou, dear Saviour, lead the way,
Declare thy will, and we 'll obey ;
Through fire and water follow thee,
That where thou art, our souls may be.
- 4 Didst thou once seek the watery grave,
And wast thou plunged beneath the wave ?
Sure it becometh us no less,
Thus to fulfil all righteousness.
- 5 Lord, pour thy holy Spirit down,
And this thine institution own ;
By gracious signs, oh may we know,
That thou art with us here below.
- 6 With some delightful promise cheer,
Excite our love, dispel our fear,
Then we 'll depart with songs of praise,
'To thee devote our future days.

616. *By the Water Side.*

(8. 7. Mariners.)

- 1 JOHN fulfilled his sacred mission,
And baptised in Jordan's stream ;
Sinners who avowed contrition,
To the holy prophet came ;
Yielding to the sacred rite,
With submission and delight.
- 2 We professing faith in Jesus,
Now before the water stand,
Waiting for the Lord to bless us,
While obeying his command :
May we feel his power divine,
Have the substance with the sign.
- 3 All our hope and expectation
From his grace and mercy spring,
Jesus is our great salvation,
Jesus is our Lord and King :
We in Zion's courts will raise
Songs to our Deliverer's praise.

BAPTISM.

- 4 Plunged beneath the yielding waters,
We shall soon from thence ascend,
Happy sons and happy daughters,
Who to wisdoms voice attend :
Such and such alone shall find
Satisfaction to the mind.
- 5 Jesus, oh thou mighty Saviour,
Thine assistance we implore ;
Grant us tokens of thy favour,
Let us feel thy quickening power :
Be our leader and our head,
Now in duty's path we tread.

617. *Before the Administration.* (L. M.)

- 1 WE to this place are come to show,
What we to boundless mercy owe ;
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.
- 2 Our whole dependance is alone
On what the Lord himself has done,
Unless to his dear cross we fly,
In vain to rites do we apply.
- 3 Descend, celestial Spirit, down,
Vouchsafe this ordinance to crown ;
And let it, Lord, from hence appear,
That we thy sons and daughters are.

618. *The Administration.*

(148th. Carmarthen.)

- 1 LOOK down with kind regard,
On these thy servants, Lord ;
With joy have they received,
And loved thy holy word :
They fear it much,
Enjoy it more,
Since they have felt
Its saving power.

BAPTISM.

- 2 And now at thy command,
They come to be baptised ;
A rite by thee ordained,
And not by man devised :
 Oh may it, Lord,
 To them be blessed,
 Each grace divine
 Be now encreased.
- 3 This sacred rite to own,
Descend, celestial Dove ;
Expand thy balmy wings,
And on these waters move,
 That they may be
 A grave to sin,
 And these arise
 To life divine.
- 4 May they from hence depart,
Enflamed with holy zeal,
And cheerfully perform
Their heavenly Father's will :
 From fear released,
 And guilty shame,
 May they exalt
 His glorious name.

619. *The Administration.* (C. M.)

- 1 HOW great, how solemn is the work
 Which we attend to-day !
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
 Oh God, to thee we pray.
- 2 May we but feel as once we felt,
 When pained and grieved at heart ;
Thy kind forgiving, melting look
 Did quick relief impart.
- 3 Let graces then in exercise
 Be exercised again ;
And nurtured by a power divine,
 In vigour still remain.

BAPTISM.

- 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Our fortitude and joy ;
Vain world depart—let things above
Our constant thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee our Saviour and our God,
To all around we own,
Expel each daring rival lust,
Each traitor from the throne.
- 6 Do thou our inmost souls renew,
To heaven our passions raise,
That hence our lives, our all may be
Devoted to thy praise.

620. *After the Ordinance.* (L. M.)

- 1 NOW we 've fulfilled the sacred rite,
May Jesus' ways be our delight,
With joy espouse his righteous cause,
And zealous keep his holy laws.
- 2 Dear Lord, to thee we now resign
Our souls, and all we have as thine,
Now to thy humble followers show
Fresh tokens of thy love below.
- 3 To every subject of thy fear,
Let it be known that thou art here ;
Thy mercy and thy truth display,
Nor send thy servants grieved away.

621. *Signification of Baptism:*

(8. 7. Northampton Chapl.)

- 1 LO, this sacred institution
Shows the state that we are in,
All the subjects of pollution,
All unholy and unclean.
- 2 'Twas the Lord the rite appointed,
We his precepts must fulfil,
With our duty now acquainted,
Yield obedience to his will.

BAPTISM.

- 3 Now we sink beneath the waters,
Emblem of our death to sin ;
Thence ascending, grace has taught us,
We our lives anew begin.
- 4 May we feel a change internal,
Wrought by power and grace divine ;
Short of this, each form external
Will be found a fruitless sign.

622. *Signification of Baptism.* (S. M.)

- 1 **CONVINCED** of duty, Lord,
Before thee we appear ;
Excite our love and gratitude,
And fill with holy fear.
- 2 Buried with Christ we lie,
By faith in him we rise,
Behold him on Mount Calvary,
And trace him to the skies.
- 3 In this appointed rite,
As in a glass we see,
What once we were, what now we are,
Or ought at least to be.
- 4 Yet do we not expect
This rite will make us clean,
'Tis Jesus' blood, and that alone,
Can purify from sin.

623. *Baptism and Regeneration.* (C. M.)

- 1 **EXTERNAL** rites no virtue claim,
To change the carnal heart ;
'Tis not their province to renew,
Or inward life impart.
- 2 Judas, and Simon Magus too,
Were plunged beneath the wave ;
And yet the latter was the world's,
The former Satan's slave.

BAPTISM.

- 3 Regeneration is a change
Wrought by almighty power,
'Tis God's prerogative alone,
Our nature to restore.
- 4 When we can place a humble trust
In Christ the Lord alone,
Then in this instituted rite,
His holy name we own.
- 5 Dear Lord, we now obey thy word,
And come to be baptised ;
On us this honour is conferred,
By us may it be prized.
- 6 Afford thy sacred presence, Lord,
And shed abroad thy love,
That we may find encreasing joy,
And all thy ways approve.

624. *Baptism of the Eunuch.*

(8. 7. 4. Helmsley.)

- 1 **L**O, the Eunuch makes profession
Of his faith in Christ the Lord ;
Philip hears, and then enjoins him
To obey his sacred word :
Into Jordan
They descend with one accord.
- 2 When immersed, again ascending,
Lo, the Eunuch goes his way ;
Joyful at the deed performed,
Guided by a heavenly ray :
Now commissioned,
Jesus' glories to display.
- 3 Saints, behold this bright example,
And obey the mystic rite ;
'Tis your gracious Lord's injunction,
Let his word be your delight :
And he 'll bless you,
Guide your doubtful feet aright.

BAPTISM.

- 4 Let not shame or fear prevent you,
Christ commands and is your friend ;
He to whom you pay allegiance,
Will divine assistance lend :
Here is water,
Now to his commands attend.

625.

The Eunuch.

(C. M.)

- 1 **BEHOLD**, the Eunuch, when baptised,
Went on his way with joy ;
And who can tell what rapturous thoughts
Did then his mind employ.
- 2 ' Is that most glorious Saviour mine,
Of whom I lately read ?
Who bearing all my sins and griefs,
Was numbered with the dead ?
- 3 Is he, who left the lonesome grave,
Who reigns above the sky,
My advocate before the throne,
My portion when I die ?
- 4 Have I professed his holy name ?
Do I his gospel bear,
To Ethiopia's scorched lands,
And shall I spread it there ?
- 5 Blessed pool, in which I lately lay,
And left my fears behind ;
What an unworthy worm am I,
And God profusely kind !
- 6 Blessed emblem of that precious blood,
Which satisfied for sin ;
And of that renovating grace,
Which makes the conscience clean.
- 7 All ye who now have been baptised,
This pattern keep in view ;
The same your work, the same shall be
Your consolation too.

BAPTISM.

626. *Simon Magus.*

(104th, Harmony.)

- 1 **ONE** Simon of old,
Who hoped to deceive,
On hearing the word,
Professed to believe ;
His sin and transgression
He tried to conceal,
While yet he pretended
The truth to reveal.
- 2 The rite now ordained,
For saints to attend,
Did Simon receive,
Though worldly his end ;
But sooner or later,
The Lord will display,
The hearts of deceivers,
And cast them away.
- 3 But come, humble souls,
Who trust in the Lord,
To you now he calls,
And strength will afford ;
Let his invitation
Your spirits revive,
And you from the duty,
Shall comfort derive.

627. *Pool of Bethesda.* (L. M.)

- 1 **TO** famed Bethesda's pool there came,
The deaf, the blind, the halt and lame ;
Those waters by an angel moved,
A cure for all diseases proved.
- 2 Eternal Spirit, heavenly dove,
On these baptismal waters move ;
By them a healing power convey,
To take our sicknesses away.

BAPTISM.

- 3 Buried with Christ may we arise
To a new life above the skies,
And through thine energy divine,
Enjoy the substance with the sign.
- 4 Do thou oh Lord, our souls renew,
And make us holy, just and true ;
Whilst water makes the body clean,
Tis grace must purify from sin.

628. *Israel Baptised to Moses.* (C. M.)

- 1 WHEN Israel fled from Egypt's land,
And Pharaoh's host pursued,
Like brazen walls on either hand,
The waves erected stood.
- 2 The chosen tribes moved safely on,
And from the adverse shore,
Reviewed the dangers undergone,
And saw their foes no more.
- 3 Thus saints descend beneath the flood,
And then emerge again ;
Rejoice in Jesus' cleansing blood,
And see their thousands slain.
- 4 Redeemed from Satan's heavy yoke,
Like Jacob's sons they raise
Triumphant and harmonious songs,
To their Deliverer's praise.
- 3 In future seasons of distress,
His care will he renew ;
He brought *them* through the wilderness,
And will conduct *us* through.

629. *Naaman Washing in Jordan.* (8. 8. 6. Leech.)

HOW prone are we, like Syria's chief,
To slight those methods of relief,
Which sovereign power possess ;

BAPTISM.

- Wherein does Jordan's stream excel,
May not our Pharpar do as well,
And God delight to bless ?
- 2 But had his unbelief prevailed,
His leprosy had ne'er been healed,
Nor had he mercy found ;
And thus what fruit can we expect,
If we the appointed means neglect,
Where grace and peace abound ?
- 3 Sovereign of hearts, thy mind reveal,
Subvert our schemes, and bow our will
Submissively to thine ;
Oh may we haste to keep thy laws,
Nor be ashamed to own thy cause,
So honoured and divine.
- 4 Strengthened by thine efficient grace,
May we fulfil all righteousness,
Thy holy name revere ;
The bright example of the Lord,
Let us pursue with one accord,
And feel his presence here.
- 5 Beneath the stream he found a grave,
And rising from the yielding wave,
Confirmed the solemn rite ;
Like him may we both sink and rise,
With him ascend above the skies,
And dwell with him in light.

630. *The Waters of Jordan.* (S. M.)

- 1 WITH Jordan's honoured stream,
What other can compare ?
There God for Israel once appeared,
And wrought deliverance there.
- 2 Between its mighty waves,
The tribes of Jacob go ;
Like walls of brass the billows stand,
To form a passage through.

BAPTISM.

- 3 Yet greater wonders still
In Jordan are displayed,
The Lord of all is there baptised,
By whom the streams were made.
- 4 Thus far he condescends
His purpose to declare,
Then institutes the sacred rite,
For all his followers here.
- 5 Now in the watery grave,
Though not in Jordan's flood,
We bow submissive to his will,
And give ourselves to God.

631.

Noah's Ark.

(L. M.)

- 1 **WHEN** forty days' incessant rain
O'erwhelmed a world of sinful men,
One single ark the floods outbraved,
And a distinguished remnant saved.
- 2 Here God preserved a chosen few,
To people the whole earth anew ;
And here, dear Saviour, we may see
A type significant of thee.
- 3 In times of danger and distress,
'Thou art our Ark, our hidingplace ;
'There we in perfect safety dwell,
Nor fear the rage of earth and hell.
- 4 When big with wrath, the tempest roar,
We in thy promise rest secure ;
Baptism saves but as a sign,
Its virtue, not its own, but thine.
- 5 *This sacred rite presents to view,
Thy death and resurrection too ;
With thee we die, with thee we rise,
With thee shall reign above the skies.*

BAPTISM.

- 6 Water may purify the flesh,
But grace must form the heart afresh ;
'Tis this that makes our nature clean,
And washes from the filth of sin.

632. *Baptism and the Supper.*

(8. 8. 6. Leach.)

- 1 COME, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Who hear and fear and love his word,
Regard your Saviour's voice ;
To his loud call attend to-day,
Nor let excuses cause delay,
But make his will your choice.
- 2 Frequent his house, delightful place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Attractive and divine ;
Attend his sacred board, and there
With heavenly food your spirits cheer,
Th' appointed bread and wine.
- 3 To him be joined in lasting bands,
And homage pay to his commands,
Who is your all in all ;
Through fire and water, if he go,
Pursue his course, he'll help you through,
Nor suffer you to fall.
- 4 With zeal his righteous cause espouse,
Daily to him perform your vows,
And sound his praises higher ;
He died and rose again for you,
What more could the Redeemer do ;
What more could you desire ?

633. *Admonitions to the Baptised.* (L. M.)

YOUR work, ye saints, is not comprised
In being solemnly baptised ;
There is much more for God to do,
Much more that must be done by you.

BAPTISM.

- 2 An arduous race you have to run,
That race which you have just begun ;
There are few friends and many foes,
Those to assist while these oppose.
 - 3 Truths now professed must be maintained,
Th' immortal crown by striving gained ;
Your faith and hope and patience tried,
And all corruption mortified.
 - 4 Heavy afflictions you await,
Your strength but small, your burdens great ;
Resistance must be made to sin,
And you must keep your conscience clean.
 - 5 Then sit you down and count the cost,
Or efforts past will all be lost,
Unless with unremitting care,
In wisdom's paths you persevere.
 - 6 See that your armour be of proof,
And boast not till you put it off ;
'Tis when the last sharp struggle 's o'er,
That you may triumph—not before.
-

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

634. *Forming of a Church.*

(7a. Faversham.)

- 1 **D**EAD in sin, afar from God,
Straying in the downward road,
We as strangers all were found,
Careless of the gospel sound.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 Glory to the God of grace,
Who has bid us seek his face ;
Now we love his holy name,
Cheerfully his grace proclaim.
- 3 To the Lord, ourselves we give,
To his glory may we live ;
We our hands and hearts unite,
Gladly give the solemn plight.
- 4 Branches of the living vine,
Round the stem we feebly twine ;
May we all prolific prove,
Yield the fruits of faith and love.
- 5 Members of one family,
Let us all united be ;
Cherish sweet fraternal love,
Imitate the blessed above.
- 6 Witness ye who hear our vows,
Jesus' cause we now espouse,
Nor from him would e'er depart,
Let him reign in every heart.
- 7 Lord of all the church below,
Every needful aid bestow ;
Oh do thou our union own,
And with future blessings crown.

635. *Christian Union.* (L. M.)

- 1 SUBMITTING to the Saviour's laws,
Engaged in his most blessed cause,
Alike adorned with every grace,
And clothed with Jesus' righteousness.

Branches proceeding from one root,
The same their sap, the same their fruit,
Heirs of the same immortal crown,
Believers should each other own.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Together hear and praise and pray,
The same their end, the same their way ;
Till they at length in glory meet,
And worship at Immanuel's feet.
- 4 There strife and discord are no more,
But love scarce known to saints before ;
In the same work they ever join,
In the same robes of glory shine.

636. *Peace and Love.* (C. M.)

- 1 **L**ET me frequent the happy place,
Where mutual love is found ;
Where Jesus dwells, and heavenly grace
Bedews the sacred ground.
- 2 The Spirit there his gifts imparts,
Both various and divine ;
And God is pleased when pious hearts
In peaceful union join.
- 3 Had I an angel's charming tongue,
And could all mysteries prove ;
Yet still my faith and hope were wrong,
Without the grace of love.

637. *Unity and Love.* (S. M.)

- 1 **O**H blessed society,
Of saints in friendship joined !
From envy, wrath and malice free,
In words and actions kind.
- 2 No strife, but to excel,
No hatred, but of sin ;
A perfect harmony without,
Substantial peace within.
- 3 *Each other's joys they feel,
Each other's sorrows share ;
Unite in melody of praise,
In fervency of prayer.*

THE CHURCH.

- 4 Thus in the world above,
Myriads surround the throne :
In loftier worship they engage,
And all their hearts are one.

638. *Communion of Saints.* (S. M.)

- 1 LET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread,
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Let bitterness and wrath
Be banished far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

639. *Brotherly Kindness.*

(6, 7s. Mariners.)

- 1 LET true sympathy and love
Through our varied actions flow,
May our hearts with pity move,
When we hear a brother's woe :
'Tis the Lord's commandment still,
We this duty should fulfil.
- 2 Other's joys should we partake,
Kindly share in their distress,
This should do for Jesus' sake,
And our actions he will bless :
May our hearts more tender prove,
Grow in sympathy and love.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Jesus, lover of mankind,
Thou our guide and rule shalt be,
We in thine example find
Boundless love and sympathy :
While we thy compassion share,
Let us more thine image bear.

640. *Brotherly Forbearance.* (S. M.)

- 1 JESUS, the prince of peace,
Whom we profess to know,
Bids wrath and strife and discord cease,
Among his saints below.
- 2 'Tis his command that we
Should pass offences by,
Nor suffer anger to arise,
Our union to destroy.
- 3 The Lord has in himself
A glorious pattern given :
He suffered for his foes on earth,
And pleads for them in heaven.

641. *Sympathy and Love.* (S. M.)

- 1 OH what a pleasing sight,
A little heaven begun,
When saints in closest friendship joined,
Though many are but one.
- 2 No slander on their tongues,
The truth in love they tell,
Each other's joys and sorrows share,
In sweetest union dwell.
- 3 Into the festering wound,
The healing balm they pour ;
Jesus the Lord for them had done
Much more than this before.

THE CHURCH.

- 4 His bright example, they
Still keep within their view ;
Thus he on earth was wont to feel,
And thus was wont to do.

642. *A People Near unto Him.* (C. M.)

- 1 SO near are all thy saints to thee,
So precious in thy sight,
That thou O Lord, wilt ever own
And make them thy delight.
- 2 Thy sons they are, and daughters too,
The children of thy love ;
And thy paternal kind regard,
No more wilt thou remove.
- 3 No portion lies so near thy heart,
As Jacob's chosen race ;
On them is every gift bestowed,
From thine abundant grace.
- 4 When to release thy sons enslaved,
Proud Egypt felt thy power,
Sheba and Seba both were given,
Thy ransomed to restore.
- 5 Far greater price has since been paid,
Thy favoured ones to save ;
Thine own incarnate Son has died,
To rescue from the grave.
- 6 Then be thy saints for ever dear,
For ever near to thee ;
And while thy church is my abode,
Oh be thou near to me.

643. *Candidates for Communion.* (L. M.)

- 1 DO we with humble hearts enquire,
Who are the persons God invites,
To dwell within his house below,
And to attend its solemn rites ?

THE CHURCH,

- 2 The sacred word declares them such,
Whose hearts are changed by sovereign grace,
Who place their confidence and hope
In Jesus' blood and righteousness :
- 3 Who know the truth, and in the ways
Of holiness direct their feet,
Who love communion with the saints,
And shun the place where scorners meet.
- 4 With past attainments not content,
Increasing purity they seek ;
By whom uprightness is maintained
In all they do, in all they speak.
- 5 These are the men whom God invites,
For them we open wide the door,
Whate'er their birth or rank may be,
The bond or free, the rich, the poor.
- 6 Come then, ye happy waiting souls
To whom these characters apply ;
You're welcome here to be a guest,
Come and receive a rich supply.

644. *Candidates Confessing Christ. (S. M.)*

- 1 ALL ye that fear the Lord,
And love his holy name,
With kindness hear my broken speech,
While I his grace proclaim.
- 2 A sinner all forlorn,
A rebel I have been ;
By nature and by practice vile,
A wretched slave to sin.
- 3 Till late I felt no fear,
No consciousness of blame ;
But since the truth my heart has reached,

THE CHURCH.

- 4 The Saviour now I love,
His sacred name adore ;
And since his glories I have seen,
I fain would love him more.
- 5 But words are faint and few,
His wonders to unfold ;
And should I now the tale attempt,
His love could ne'er be told.
- 6 Whate'er my follies past,
How weak soe'er I am,
My trust alone I humbly place
In my Redeemer's name.
- 7 His people are my choice,
His cause is dear to me :
Here would I leave my solemn vows,
And his for ever be.

645. *Relating Experience.* (C. M)

- 1 OH how shall I a feeble worm,
The arduous task fulfil ;
How speak for Jesus' glorious name,
Or half his goodness tell.
- 2 Whilst I his wondrous power confess,
I tremble and adore,
Grateful if he my heart has gained,
Estranged from God before.
- 3 Weak is my faith, and weaker still;
My knowledge will be found ;
But he in whom I humbly trust,
Can make his grace abound.
- 4 Oh ye his saints who taste his love,
And deeper mysteries know,
Instruct my soul, and show my feet
The way I ought to go.

THE CHURCH

- 5 With you in sacred friendship joined,
Our Jesus to adore,
My soul would never wish to part,
But serve him evermore.

646. *Joining the Church.* (S. M.)

- 1 'OH Lord, thou art my Lord,
My portion and delight ;
All other lords I now reject,
And cast them from my sight.
- 2 Thy sovereign right I own,
Thy glorious power confess ;
Thy law shall ever rule my heart,
While I adore thy grace.
- 3 Too long, my feet have strayed
In sin's forbidden way,
But since thou hast my soul reclaimed,
To thee my vows I'll pay.
- 4 My soul to Jesus joined,
By faith and hope and love,
Now seeks to dwell among thy saints,
And rest with them above.
- 5 Accept, oh Lord, my heart,
To thee myself I give,
Nor suffer me from hence to stray,
Or cause thy saints to grieve.

647. *Joining the Church.* (C. M.)

- 1 WITNESS ye men and angels now,
Before the Lord we speak ;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break—
- 2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.
- 4 Oh guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways ;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

648. *Admission of Members.* (L. M.)

- 1 BELIEVING souls, of Christ beloved,
Who have yourselves to him resigned,
Your faith and practice both approved,
A hearty welcome here shall find.
- 2 Now saved from sin and Satan's wiles,
Though by a scornful world abhorred,
Now share with us the Saviour's smiles,
Come in ye ransomed of the Lord.
- 3 In fellowship we join our hands,
And you an invitation give,
Unite with us in sacred bands,
The pledges of our love receive.
- 4 Do thou who art the church's head,
This union with thy blessing crown ;
And still, oh Lord, revive the dead,
Till thousands more thy name shall own.

649. *Accessions to the Church.*

(8's Peculiar, Jerusalem New.)

- 1 THERE's joy both on earth and in heaven,
When prodigals sorrow and mourn ;
Their sins shall be wholly forgiven,
When they with contrition return :
When Jesus by them is adored,
He quickly his favours imparts ;
And all that is good will afford,
To enliven and comfort their hearts.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 The church when with clouds overcast,
How drooping its numbers appear !
But when the thick darkness is past,
How lively the aspect they wear !
Come saints, and with thankfulness tell
What Jesus for sinners has done ;
He 's saved them from death and from hell,
And caused them their Saviour to own.

650. *Increase of the Church.* (S. M.)

- 1 ZION, a mourner long,
Her new-born children sees ;
And with surprise and pleasure asks,
' Who hath begotten these ?'
- 2 In solitude she sat,
While these estranged had been ;
But lo, the rising morn presents
A new, a glorious scene.
- 3 The late beclouded sun
Its beams afresh displays,
The harps which on the willows hung,
Are now attuned to praise.
- 4 One here, another there
Are gathered to the Lord,
Trophies of his victorious grace,
And all-subduing word.
- 5 But oh, the happier day,
When round the blissful throne,
Jesus his scattered flock shall see,
Collected all in one.
- 6 Without a jarring note,
Or one discordant tongue,
Millions of millions there shall join
In one harmonious song.

THE CHURCH.

651. *God's Presence in the Church.* (C. M.)

- 1 IF God unveils his smiling face,
A heaven it is to me ;
His church becomes a seat of bliss,
Where I his glory see.
- 2 How vain the charms which creatures boast,
If once with his compared ;
His service is divinely free,
His work its own reward.
- 3 To celebrate his highest praise,
His holy will to do,
Is my delightful sweet employ,
The course I would pursue.
- 4 When he is near, my griefs disperse,
Like mists before the sun ;
When absent, darkness veils my skies,
And all my joys are gone.

652. *The Lord Dwelling in Zion.* (C. M.)

- 1 A GLORIOUS temple is the church,
And Christ the corner stone ;
Jehovah has declared it such,
And there has fixed his throne.
- 2 'Tis reared at infinite expense,
Adorned with heavenly skill ;
Is now God's chosen residence,
As once was Zion's hill.
- 3 Survey its bulwarks, tell its towers,
'Tis every way secured,
Against th' assaults of hostile powers,
To blood and war enured.
- 4 Hither the saints with joy divine,
Their grateful offerings bring ;
And here their tuneful voices join,
To praise th' eternal King.

THE CHURCH.

- 5 Here, Lord, my raptured soul would dwell,
Nor ever hence remove ;
Here would I all thy wonders tell,
And feast upon thy love.

653. *The Lord Building up Zion.* (C. M.)

- 1 **WHEN** God builds up fair Zion's walls,
More firm than solid brass ;
When sinners listen to his calls,
And trust his promised grace :
2 When he erects his kingly throne,
Where Satan's seat had been,
Casts high imaginations down,
And makes the leprous clean :
3 When those who once his truth denied,
Now seal it with their blood,
And rebels who his laws defied,
Pronounce them just and good—
4 'Tis then his glory breaketh forth,
As from a cloud, the sun ;
And angels shout to see on earth,
A little heaven begun.
5 Justice and truth and holiness,
Wisdom and power divine,
Uniting all their varied rays,
With brightest lustre shine.
6 Great God, to thee the work belongs,
To thee be all the praise ;
Let every heart and every tongue,
Loud hallelujahs raise.

654. *Building up Zion,* (L. M.)

- 1 **LOOK** with an eye of pity down,
Great God, from thine exalted throne ;
'Tis for thy church we offer prayer,
The object of thy tenderest care.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 It is a building thou hast raised,
By thy strong hand, thy name be praised ;
But unsupported, lo it falls,
Repair its ruins, build its walls.
- 3 It needs defence and fresh supplies,
Has many wants and enemies ;
Oh let thine arm encompass round,
Safety and comfort there be found.
- 4 Should earth and hell her strength assail,
Let neither earth nor hell prevail ;
Thou art its founder and its Lord,
Thy gracious presence there afford.

655. *Beauties of the Church.* (S. M.)

- 1 WASHED in the Saviour's blood,
And seated by his side,
In royal robes, behold the church,
Thy much-beloved bride.
- 2 How beauteous she appears,
Clothed with his righteousness,
With truth and meekness richly decked,
And every heavenly grace.
- 3 Ten thousand joys she feels,
Ten thousand glories shows,
Is both the wonder of her friends,
And terror of her foes.

656. *Glories of the Church.* (C. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD the church in rich array,
How glorious she appears :
Adorned with charms that ne'er decay,
And still new trophies wears.
- 2 Decked in the Saviour's righteousness,
She 's brighter than the sun,
E'en when it enters on its race,
Or blazes forth at noon.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 A splendid starry crown she wears,
A royal throne her seat ;
All carnal joys and earthly cares,
She treads beneath her feet.
- 4 Legions of angels round her wait,
To comfort and secure ;
Her heavenly form and blessed estate,
For ever shall endure.

657. *God's Plantation.* (S. M.)

- 1 **PLANTED** by God's right hand,
Where living waters flow,
Like stately trees, believers stand,
In comely orders grow.
- 2 Their fruit knows no decay,
Their leaf shall never fade ;
The Lord 's their keeper night and day,
And foes shall ne'er invade.
- 3 Their proper growth attained,
He will these plants remove,
To Canaan's rich and fertile land,
And genial climes above.

658. *Trees of Righteousness.* (L. M.)

- 1 **LET** me be like a fruitful tree,
Planted and watered, Lord, by thee ;
Guarded and fenced on every side,
The branches spreading far and wide.
- 2 Let not the summer's heat consume,
Nor winter's cold destroy its bloom ;
But may it flourish strong and fair,
And plenteous fruit perpetual bear.
- 3 May thy kind hand the soil improve,
Bedewed, enriched with heavenly love ;
Or if thy plant be sickly found,
Remove it safe to Eden's ground.

THE CHURCH.

659. *Fruits of Righteousness.* (C. M.)

- 1 **L**IKE trees on Zion's sacred hill,
The saints in order grow,
Planted of God, whose care and skill,
Their laden branches show.
- 2 Watered by heavenly showers, they yield
A rich and large encrease ;
And every spreading bow is filled
With fruits of righteousness.
- 3 Like withered branches on the vine,
Professors oft are found ;
But saints inspired with grace divine,
With life and fruit abound.
- 4 **J**ESU, thou art the vine, and we
The lesser branches are ;
Oh may we still abide in thee,
And fruit abundant bear.

660. *Fruitfulness Desired.*

(8. 7 4. Mariners.)

- 1 **M**AY I as a tree that 's fruitful,
Lord, within thy vineyard stand ;
By thee planted, let my branches
All be nurtured by thy hand :
Let me flourish,
Yielding fruit at thy command.
- 2 From the blights, the wind and tempests,
Lord preserve with tender care ;
Suffer not my leaf to wither,
Let it always green appear ;
Till transplanted
I shall be, in climes more fair.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Soon the time shall come appointed,
When thou wilt thy plant remove ;
May it in that land all fruitful,
Be an object of thy love :
There from tempests,
It secure and safe shall prove.

661. *Illness of a Pastor.* (C. M.)

- 1 **ENCOMPASSED** round with dreary shades,
Our gloomy state we mourn ;
Depressing fear the mind pervades,
Oh when will light return !
- 2 When shall disease, with all its train,
Be summonsed to depart ;
When shall our pastor rise again,
And cheer our drooping heart ?
- 3 The dread complaint do thou rebuke,
And spare thy servant, Lord ;
If thou but give one pitying look,
He soon shall be restored.
- 4 Long have we heard his lips proclaim,
The gospel's joyful sound,
Still may he live to bless thy name,
And spread thy truth around.
- 5 Still may we hear his cheering voice,
And find thee in the word ;
Our grateful hearts shall then rejoice,
And bless our living Lord.

662. *Bereaved Church.* (C. M.)

- 1 **ENWRAPT** in thickest shades of night,
Oh Lord, thy ways appear ;
But yet we own they all are right,
Though seemingly severe.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 Now we lament our errors past,
With sighs and groans and tears
The numerous moments spent to waste,
Amidst perplexing cares.
- 3 The labours of thy servant, Lord,
~~By us~~ were misimproved ;
Too little have we read thy word,
Too much the world have loved.
- 4 Thy visitation now is come,
Our pastor is no more ;
We meet within thy sacred dome,
And here our loss deplore.
- 5 Great God, while in our widowed state,
Oh leave us not forlorn ;
Help us to watch and pray and wait,
'Till thou in love return.
- 6 Let not the candlestick remove
From this thine own abode,
But let our supplications prove
That we prevail with God.
- 7 Oh send a messenger of peace,
A pastor of thy choice ;
Bid all our sighs and sorrows cease,
And cause us to rejoice.

663. *Church Provided with a Pastor.* (L. M.)

- 1 LORD, we adore thy sacred name,
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
From thee our timely succour came,
When overwhelmed in deep distress.
- 2 Accompanied with fervent prayer,
We sought a pastor of thy choice,
One who should heavenly tidings bear,
And cause thy people to rejoice.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 To our request, thine ear inclined,
And thou the blessing dost bestow,
Oh may we now in heart be joined,
And walk in peace and love below.
- 4 Long may thy servant feed thy sheep,
And lead them to the pastures fair ;
His watchful eyes, ne'er let them sleep,
When dangers or when foes are near.
- 5 With sacred influence from above,
Oh may his soul be richly fraught,
And we will praise thy grace and love,
Nor shall this season be forgot.

664. *Choice of Deacons.* (C. M.)

- 1 VOUCHSAFE, oh Lord, thy presence now,
Direct us in thy fear ;
Before thy throne we humbly bow,
And join in fervent prayer.
- 2 Give us the men whom thou shalt chuse ;
Thy house on earth to guide ;
Those who shall ne'er their power abuse,
Or rule with haughty pride.
- 3 Inspired with wisdom from above,
And with discretion blessed ;
Displaying meekness, temperance, love,
Of every grace possessed.
- 4 Sound in the faith, sincere, and grave,
And full of good report ;
Not such as filthy lucre crave,
Or praise or favour court.
- 5 Not slanderers, or double-tongued,
Or men of empty boast ;
But those to whom the praise belonged,
Of faithful, sober, just.

THE CHURCH.

- 6 These are the men we seek of thee,
Oh God of righteousness ;
Such may our deacons ever be,
With such thy people bless.

665. *Dismission of Members.* (S. M.)

- 1 EACH other we have owned,
And dwelt in peace and love ;
And now though called awhile to part,
We hope to meet above.
- 2 Adieu, ye friends beloved,
We bid you kind farewell,
And bless you now in Jesus' name,
Where'er you hence may dwell.
- 3 The mercy of the Lord
Attend the way you go,
His faithfulness and truth direct,
And bring you safely through.
- 4 To Jesus' tender care,
Our shepherd and our guide,
We now ourselves and you commend,
And trust him to provide.
- 5 Keep near your gracious Lord,
Let prayer and faith abound,
And when he gathers all his flock,
With them may we be found.

666. *Dismission.* (C. M.)

- 1 BOUNDED by his alwise decree,
Who fixes our abode,
We go and come at his command,
Confiding in our God.
- 2 Our pathway through the wilderness,
Though winding far around,
Shall still display unnering skill,
And lead to Canaan's ground.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 The dangerous journey we pursue,
Nor long remain at rest ;
But he who is our guardian friend,
Will deign to make us blest.
- 4 Happy if we at length shall meet
Around our Father's throne,
To bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his glories known.
- 5 Though for a season called to part,
Our hearts shall still be one,
Depending on his promised aid,
Believing on his Son.
- 6 The pledges of our love we give,
Our commendations too ;
To Jesus' care we now commit,
And bid you kind adieu.

667. *Exclusion of Members.* (S. M.)

- 1 HOW painful is the task,
A member to disown ;
Once by the church esteemed and loved,
And as a brother known.
- 2 Could aught prevent the deed,
The solemn deed declared,
How happy it for us had been,
From such a duty spared.
- 3 But oh, the love of Christ,
The love of truth demands,
This needful, painful sacrifice,
This duty at our hands.
- 4 Should we at sin connive,
Or any evil spare,
How could we give account at last,
When Jesus shall appear.

THE CHURCH.

- 5 His eyes as flames of fire,
Search all the churches through,
Nought can be hidden from his sight,
'Though veiled from mortal view.
- 6 To him may we ourselves,
In faithfulness approve ;
And while we mourn our humbled state,
Wait his reviving love.

668.

Exclusion.

(L. A)

- 1 LOVE is a pure and heavenly flame,
And much regards a brother's name ;
It hopeth all things and believes,
Nor easily a charge receives.
- 2 Yet if it could of sin allow,
And not a brother disavow,
Who has the christian name disgraced,
Affection then would be misplaced.
- 3 Yet it will strive and hope and wait
'The offending still to reinstate ;
And when a broken heart it views,
Its former friendship it renews.
- 4 Thus Lord, would we the grace possess,
And thus fulfil all righteousness ;
And while we now a friend disown,
Do thou the painful duty crown.
- 5 Lead him to mourn his follies past,
Afresh may he thy mercy taste ;
And should thy grace his soul restore,
We'll own and love him as before.

669.

Lord's Supper.

(S. M)

- 1 HERE, on this sacred board,
In various forms I see,
The mortal man, th' incarnate God,
Who lived and died for me.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 This broken bread bespeaks,
The sufferings he endured,
The deep, the death-conveying wounds
By which my wounds are cured.
- 3 Come then, my soul, partake,
The banquet is divine :
His body is the choicest food,
His blood the richest wine.
- 4 Ye hungry starving poor,
Join in the sweet repast ;
View Jesus in these symbols given,
And his salvation taste.

670. *Lord's Supper.* (L. M.)

- 1 FROM his high throne above the skies,
Jesus the Lord our wants supplies ;
By him our souls are daily fed,
With living water, living bread.
 - 2 In his own house the Lord appears,
And there a banquet he prepares ;
His promises and love divine
Are better than the richest wine.
- He gives himself to be our food,
His flesh for meat, for drink his blood ;
With joy may we attend the feast,
And of his rich salvation taste.

671. *Lord's Supper.*

(7s. Northampton Chapel.)

- 1 LORD, how sweet thy drawings are,
All attracting and divine ;
Nothing can with them compare,
Draw, oh draw this heart of mine.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 I have felt thine influence oft,
Let me feel it Lord again,
'The sweet bands of love were soft,
Yielding pleasure free from pain.
- 3 Draw me to thy mercy seat,
Lead me to thy sacred board ;
There to make my bliss complete,
Thine endearing smiles afford.
- 4 Draw my heart from earth and sense,
Let it feast on joys to come ;
When prepared for going hence,
Safely guide my spirit home.

672. *Lord's Supper.* (S. M.

- 1 OH for a glimmering sight
Of my expiring Lord !
Sure pledge of what yon worlds of light
Will to the saints afford.
- 2 In that delightful place,
Exempt from sin and pain,
They ever see his beauteous face,
And with him live and reign.
- 3 Now at the feast divine,
Which his own hand has spread,
May I behold him in the wine,
And see him in the bread.

673. *Spouse Seeking her Beloved.* (C. B.

- 1 ALL ye who tread fair Salem's streets,
And Zion's courts attend ;
If in your walks you chance to meet
My much-loved absent friend :
- 2 Oh tell him that to him alone,
My warm affections flow ;
In softest terms to him make known,
The griefs I undergo.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Oh tell him, while he hides his face,
That I his absence mourn ;
And every hour I lonely pass,
Distressed till he return.

674. *The Church's Espousals.* (L. M.)

- 1 THE day, the nuptial day is come,
When Christ from far conducts his bride,
In sumptuous state he brings her home,
And fondly seats her by his side.
- 2 In her fair form the Saviour spies
Those beauties which himself bestowed,
And she with holy transport flies
To the embraces of her God.
- 3 There a rich diadem of gold,
On her distinguished head she wears ;
New glories to her view unfold,
And all the bliss of heaven she shares.
- 4 Surrounding seraphs join to admire
Her beauteous form and heavenly dress,
Themselves ne'er wore such rich attire,
Nor such a robe of righteousness !

675. *The Church Triumphant.* (C. M.)

- 1 MYRIADS of spirits round the throne,
In humble posture stand ;
On every head a starry crown,
A palm in every hand.
- 2 Envy and strife are banished thence,
And angry passions cease ;
They neither give nor take offence,
But all is love and peace.
- 3 From different quarters of the globe
These happy spirits came ;
In Jesus' blood they washed their robes,
And triumphed in his name.

BIBLE SOCIETIES.

- 4 One glorious body now they make,
More glorious far their Head ;
Their souls to rapturous joys awake,
Their sorrows all are fled.
 - 5 Without a jarring note, they join
In ceaseless songs of praise ;
And to the sacred Three in One,
Loud hallelujahs raise.
-

BIBLE SOCIETIES.

676. *Gratitude for the Scriptures.* (L. M.)

- 1 VAIN is all human wisdom found,
Compared with God's most holy word ;
This is the food of hungry souls,
And this the warrior's conquering sword.
- 2 The staff on which his people lean,
While passing through this wilderness ;
A sovereign balm to heal their wounds,
A source of light and strength and peace.
- 3 Riches immense are here contained,
Beyond the treasures of Peru ;
Ye sons of men, his praise rehearse,
Who gives his sacred word to you.
- 3 With grateful hearts and glowing zeal,
Spread wide the dear Immanuel's name ;
Send forth his truth to distant lands,
Till all the world shall own his name.

BIBLE SOCIETIES

677. *Gratitude for the Scriptures.* (C. M.)

- 1 **N**OW be a tuneful song addressed,
To our indulgent God,
Who sends his word, a light to shine
And mark the heavenly road.
- 2 'Tis here a hidden treasure lies,
But we must dig to find ;
Thy word 's a cordial to the weak,
A guide to lead the blind.
- 3 Open our eyes, oh Lord, to see
The wonders in thy law ;
From hence may we our only hope,
And all our comforts draw.
- 4 Now while we feel its sacred power,
Our hearts with love shall glow ;
'To the wide world we 'll shout thy praise "
And all thy glories show.

678. *Excellencies of Scripture.* (C. M.)

- 1 **B**LESSED be the word, the fountain whence
Such streams of mercy flow !
A thousand sweets does it dispense,
A thousand joys bestow.
- 2 A compass 'tis, by which we steer,
Safe to the port of heaven ;
And none who seek direction here,
On rocks or sands are driven.
- 3 'Tis amply stored, like Sharon's field,
With herbs and fruits and flowers ;
Abundant fragrance it will yield,
Enriched with heavenly showers.
- 4 It is a firmament, where rolls
Many a radiant star,
While Christ the sun illumines the whole,
And sends his beams from far,

BIBLE SOCIETIES.

- 5 Oh thou who dost thy love reveal,
On us thy word bestow,
Grant we may all its influence feel,
Its saving virtues know.

679. *Light Shining in Darkness* (L. M.)

- 1 **WHEN** Israel through the desert passed,
A fiery pillar went before ;
Their guide by night through all the waste,
From Egypt quite to Canaan's shore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, oh God,
'Tis for our light and guidance given ;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers ;
Sets all our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
Its doctrines are divinely true ;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
Yields comfort and instruction too.
- 5 Ye British isles, who have this word,
Ye saints who feel its saving power,
Your efforts join with one accord,
To send it forth to every shore.

680. *Making known the Saviour.* (S. M.)

- 1 **BLESSED** be the boundless grace
Of our redeeming Lord,
Who sends his gospel from above,
And spreads it all abroad.
- 2 The gentile nations hear
The soul-reviving sound,
By them the Saviour now is sought,
By them the Saviour's found.

BIBLE SOCIETIES.

- 3 To us this word is sent,
To us this light is given,
To guide our doubtful feet aright,
And show the path to heaven.
- 4 Distinctions now have ceased,
And men of every tongue
Participate of Abraham's faith,
And join in Moses's song.
- 5 Oh Lord, extend thy word,
Still let it wider spread,
Till heathen lands shall learn thy name
And own thee as their head.

681. *Guide to Heaven.*

(6, 7s. Refuge.)

- 1 **M**AY the word, divinely bright,
Guide me in the heavenly way
When I err, direct me right,
Be my comfort night and day :
Precious book, may I explore,
Love and prize it more and more.
- 2 All its precepts may I chuse,
Yield to its divine controul,
Of its counsels none refuse,
Find them blessings to my soul :
Keep it ever near my side,
Make it my perpetual guide.
- 3 Aided by the Spirit's power,
Let my soul enraptured view,
Mysteries unknown before,
Ever grateful, ever new :
Sacred Spirit, rise and shine,
On this volume all divine.

BIBLE SOCIETIES.

682. *Treasures of the Word.* (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HE word of truth 's a spacious field,
Adorned with fragrant flowers ;
A golden mine, where we may search,
And make the treasure ours.
- 2 Here streams of milk and honey flow,
Divinely rich and free ;
Here Christ unveils his lovely face,
And bids us come and see.
- 3 Here 's living water, living bread,
And more than angels' fare ;
Millions of souls have been supplied,
And yet there 's much to spare.
- 4 Here, as upon the tree of life,
Fruits grow of various kind ;
And as in famed Bethesda's pool,
We help and healing find.
- 5 Come then, my soul, these truths attend,
With humble hope and fear ;
Here search for Christ, the pearl of price,
And thou shalt find him here.
- 6 Then widely spread his worth and fame,
Let heathens hear his voice ;
Oh send his word to every shore,
And bid the earth rejoice.

683. *Wells of Salvation.* (L. M.)

- 1 **O**H Lord, thy covenant and thy word
Sweet solace to the saints afford ;
And when oppressed with guilt and grief,
'Tis here they come and find relief.
*From hence their hope and comfort flow,
Their choicest blessings here below ;
As infants nourished by the breast,
They 're here supplied and richly blest.*

BIBLE SOCIETIES.

- 3 Hither, ye thirsty souls apply,
Salvation's wells are never dry ;
The waters through the desert glide,
And spread their virtues far and wide.
- 4 Such satisfaction nought can give,
As faith shall from the word derive ;
Yet all below is but a taste,
'Tis heaven that yields a full repast.

684. *The Refreshing Word.* (C. M.)

- 1 **DEAR** Lord, thy word of truth affords
A balm for every wound ;
Hence all our hopes of bliss arise,
And here our peace is found.
- 2 The tree of life, beneath whose shade
The weary pilgrim sits ;
And there regaling on its fruits,
With sweet refreshment meets,
- 3 The sure foundation of our faith,
And source of all our joy,
May it our warmest thoughts engage,
Our inmost souls employ.
- 4 But not on us alone bestow,
These records of thy love,
Let distant lands thy truth receive,
And all its blessings prove.

685. *The Rich and Faithful Word.* (8. 7. 4. Painswick.)

- 1 **FIXED** the covenant is, and certain,
Ratified by blood divine ;
Saints, with glowing exultation,
Celebrate the kind design :
Sing of mercy,
As it now in Jesus shines.

BIBLE SOCIETIE

- 2 Hence proceed unnumbered blest
Pardon, peace and endless joy,
These with covenant-truth record
Shall our daily thoughts employ
Precious bible,
Thus to bring a Saviour nigh.
- 3 All its promises and precepts,
All the doctrines it contains,
Are a rich and boundless treasure
Far exceeding earthly gains :
Sacred volume,
Antidote to mortal pains.
- 4 Let thy light be still extended,
Reaching all the human race,
Let the mighty conquering Saviour
Show the glories of his face :
Win the nations,
By his sovereign power and grace

686. *Superiority of the Scriptures*

- 1 OH Lord, thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright,
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit or delight.
- 2 Celestial beams it sheds,
To cheer this vale below ;
To distant lands its glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.
- 3 True wisdom it imparts,
Commands our hope and fear,
Oh may we hide it in our hearts,
And feel its influence there.

BIBLE SOCIETIES.

687. *Support and Comfort from the Word.*

(8. 7. Jewin Street.)

- 1 **WHEN** oppressed with sore affliction,
In the sacred word I find
Antidotes against dejection.
Sovereign balm to heal the mind ;
As I turn the volume over,
And explore each ample page,
Treasures new I oft discover,
Which my warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 But at times, alas, I wander,
Seem to read the word in vain,
And too oft that time I squander,
When true wisdom I might gain,
Pardon, Lord, my inattention,
Sacred energy impart,
To restore from this declension,
My deceitful wandering heart.
- 3 Shed on me thy rays transporting,
Dissipate the gloom within,
May I, to thy word resorting,
Rescued be from every sin ;
Let the joys of thy salvation,
Ever hence my powers engage,
Send thy truth to every nation,
Bid it shine from age to age.

688. *Preciousness of the Word.* (S. M.)

- 1 **MY** soul desires the word,
As infants seek the breast ;
To me its sacred promises,
Afford a constant feast.
- 2 When I behold the page,
Where Jesus' glories shine,
A genial warmth spreads o'er my soul,
The power of love divine.

BIBLE SOCIETIES.

- 3 Its precepts are a light,
To guide me lest I stray,
A shining lamp around my path,
To show my feet the way.
- 4 Its threatenings awe the mind,
And make me fear to sin ;
And while thy word is my delight,
It keeps my conscience clean.
- 5 'Tis here, in deep distress,
I solid comfort find ;
Beneath the frownings of the world,
It soothes the troubled mind.
- 6 From imperfection free,
In it all riches meet ;
Not purest gold is half so dear,
Nor honey half so sweet.

689. *Power of the Word.* (L. M.)

- 1 **A**ND is thy word, oh God, a fire ?
Let light and heat from thence proceed ;
The holy flame by it produced
Do thou with constant fuel feed.
- 2 Is it a hammer ? let it break
This hard unfeeling heart of mine,
And by its oft repeated strokes,
Prepare the way for joys divine.
- 3 Let not thy faithful servants, Lord,
Of fruitless labours e'er complain ;
Oh may this fire be never quenched,
This hammer never strike in vain.
- 4 Lord, send thy truth to every land,
Let pagans feel its mighty power ;
And let its wide dominion spread,
Till sin and death are known no more.

BIBLE SOCIETIES.

690. *Hope in the Promises.* (148th, Greenwich New.)

WITH transport I survey,
Thy promises, oh God !
Those springs of sacred joy,
And faith's delicious food :
Here truth and love
Their force unite,
And shine with rays
Divinely bright.

2 Thy solemn oath confirms
The grace which they contain ;
Whose hope is founded here,
Shall never hope in vain :
When billows swell
And tempests rise,
Hither my soul
For shelter flies.

3 Amidst my numerous griefs,
And heart distracting cares,
Oppressive loads of guilt,
And overwhelming fears ;
Let me but know
The promise mine,
What else I want,
I'll not repine.

691. *Delighting in the Word.* (L. M.)

1 MORE joy than earth can e'er afford,
Is found in God's delightful word ;
Be it my study night and day,
My guide through all the lonely way.

2 Clothed with a majesty divine,
Its doctrines and its precepts shine ;
Infinite wisdom, truth and grace,
Appear in all its promises.

BIBLE SOCIETIES.

- 3 'Tis here the Lord, as in a glass,
Displays the glories of his face,
Stoops from his high imperial throne,
And makes his great salvation known.
- 4 Then be his word to all addressed,
Able to make us wise and blessed,
'Till the whole earth shall own his name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

692. *Delighting in the Word.* (C. I)

- 1 OH thou who art my light, my hope,
My Saviour and my all,
I feel thy truth within my heart,
I hear thy gracious call.
- 2 Thy word like precious ointment spreads
Sweet fragrance through my mind,
In all my frame, so cold before,
A sacred warmth I find.
- 3 Though foes beset on every side,
And earthly friends forsake,
Here I can find a resting place,
Of solid peace partake.
- 4 Let Europe's sons to India's shores,
This sacred volume send ;
Spread far abroad its genial rays,
'Till time its course shall end.

693. *Dissemination of the Scripture* (8. 7. 4. *Mariners.*)

- 1 HAIL that blissful day approaching,
When the sacred word shall spread
To the earth's remotest regions,
And to life restore the dead :
When all nations
Shall acknowledge Christ their head.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

Precious bible, what a treasure
Is within thy pages stored,
Sacred promises and precepts,
Doctrines worthy of the Lord ;
Streams of mercy
Flowing wide and far abroad.

- 3 By their influence, the desert
Shall become a fertile plain,
Buds and blossoms spread their beauties,
Concord there begin its reign :
Precious bible,
May it still new conquests gain.
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SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

694. *Promulgation of the Gospel.* (L. M.,

- 1 ZION, from thee is sounded forth,
The word of an almighty God,
To tell the riches of his grace,
And spread his glories all abroad.
- 2 In terms expressive to unfold
The sinner's doom, and sin's desert,
The cross of Jesus to reveal,
And send conviction to the heart.
- 3 Unhappy they, estranged from God,
Whom neither wrath nor grace can move,
Who on the gospel cast contempt,
And still despise a Saviour's love.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

- 4 But to the sceptre:they must yield,
Or bow beneath resistless power ;
Oh may they tremble at thy word,
And saints with grateful hearts adore.

695. *Tidings of Salvation.*

(8. 8. 6. Mount Zion.)

- 1 **T**O us the joyful news is brought,
Both unexpected and unsought,
Of mercy rich and free ;
Jesus awhile forsakes his throne,
And for our lives resigns his own,
Upon the bloody tree.
- 2 For us he lived, for us he died,
Justice by him was satisfied,
The law no longer frowns ;
Pardon and peace through him are given,
A door is opened into heaven,
To sceptres and to crowns.
- 3 Then let the gospel trumpet blow,
Till distant lands the Saviour know,
And own his power divine ;
Nations unborn learn to adore,
His sovereign grace and conquering power,
And in one concert join.

696. *The Allsufficient Saviour.* (C. M.)

- 1 **I**S there a friend in earth or heaven,
Who can a mortal save ;
Can make a leprous sinner clean,
Redeem a helpless slave ?
- 2 Say, is there one who can appease
A sin-avenging God ;
Can save a soul o'erwhelmed with guilt,
By wrath and terror awed !

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

- 3 Yes, there is one who dwells on high,
Who this can do and more ;
Can save from sin and sin's desert,
By his unbounded power.
- 4 Jesus Immanuel is his name,
Who suffered on the tree,
And bore the weight of all my sins,
And bled and died for me.
- 5 Lo, now he lives, he ever lives,
And pleads what he has done ;
While God ten thousand crimes forgives,
'Through his atoning Son.
- 6 Now to thy cross, my Lord, I come,
And there would prostrate lie ;
Be thou propitious to my prayer,
Nor let a sinner die.

697. *Efficacy of the Gospel.* (L. M.)

- 1 OH may the gospel swiftly spread,
Revive the living raise the dead ;
A glorious work be now begun,
And millions tell what God has done.
- 2 Let those who never felt before,
Now feel the gospel's vital power,
And languid souls who own thy love,
Receive fresh visits from above.
- 3 Arise, thou sun of righteousness,
With light and life the nations bless ;
In Zion, long the sinner's scorn,
Be numerous sons and daughters born.

698. *Success of the Gospel.* (C. M.)

- 1 A WAKE, 'awake ! thou mighty Arm,
Which hast such wonders wrought ;
Which captive Israel freed from harm,

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

- 2 Art thou not it which Rahab slew,
And crushed the dragon's head ?
Constrained by thee, the waves withdrew
From their accustomed bed.
- 3 Again thy wonted prowess show,
Be thou made bare again ;
And let thine adversaries know,
That they resist in vain.

699. *Want of Success Lamented.*

(8. 7. 4. Helmsley.)

- 1 **H**EAVENLY truth in love dispensed,
Few, alas, with joy embrace :
Closed their eyes and ears to mercy,
Sinners slight the God of grace :
Self-deluded,
Downwards rush with rapid pace.
- 2 Though Jehovah often speaketh,
Hardened, they refuse to hear,
Carnal pleasures still pursuing,
They are caught in Satan's snare :
Disappointed,
Yet the world is still their care.
- 3 Lord, these careless souls to waken,
Send thy holy Spirit down ;
Now the labours of thy servants,
With thy special blessing crown :
To the wanderers,
Be thy grace and mercy shown.
- 4 Let fair Zion's sons be gathered,
Own thee as their sovereign head ;
In remotest lands and nations,
May thy glorious gospel spread :
Power celestial,
Raise to life the numerous dead.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

700. *Prayer for Ministers.* (L. M.)

- 1 **FATHER** of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be !
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge,
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge ;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine ;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, enflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them aright to sow the seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labour, Lord, in vain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound ;
In humble strains thy grace adore,
And feel thy new-creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains,
And light thro' distant realms be spread,
Till Zion rears her drooping head.

701. *Union to spread the Gospel.* (L. M.)

- 1 **WHERE'ER** the blustering north-wind blows,
And spreads its frosts or fleecy snows ;
Where'er the sun with quickening ray,
Shines all abroad and gives the day—
- 2 Where'er the lesser orbs of light
Dart forth their beams and gild the night,
There may his heralds loud proclaim,

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

- 3 In work so pleasing, so benign,
Let all the saints in concert join ;
A name so great, a love so strong,
In every world demands a song.

702. *Triumphs of the Saviour.* (C. M.)

- 1 GO forth, ye saints, behold your Lord,
With radiant glory crowned ;
The wondrous progress of his word
Shall spread his fame around.
- 2 Where'er the sun begins its race,
Or stops its swift career,
Both east and west shall own his grace,
And Christ be honoured there.
- 3 Ten thousand crowns, encircling show
The victories he has won ;
Oh may his conquests ever grow,
While time its course shall run.
- 4 Ride forth, thou mighty conqueror, ride,
And millions more subdue ;
Destroy our unbelief and pride,
And we will crown thee too.

703. *Converts Flocking to Zion.* (L. M.)

- 1 LO, who are these that soar on high,
Above the reach of grief and woe ;
See with what haste to Christ they fly
And sing his praises as they go.
- 2 Once they pursued the downward road,
Sinful and vile as well as we ;
Were strangers to themselves and God,
Enslaved, unwilling to be free.
- 3 Jesus, 'tis thine almighty grace
That brings the wandering sinners home ;
'Tis that which bids them seek thy face,
'Tis that constrains their souls to come.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

- 4 The beams of truth direct their flight,
Thy goodness guards the dangerous way ;
Thus they ascend to realms of light,
And regions of eternal day.

704. *Promises Fulfilled.* (C. M.)

- 1 YE distant lands, and nations near,
Behold your Saviour God ;
The joyful news attentive hear,
And spread it all abroad.
- 2 His opening lips and outstretched arms
Invite you near his seat,
Whilst on his face unnumbered charms
In full perfection meet.
- 3 Let Israel now adore their Lord,
His love their thoughts employ ;
The promise left on long record
Shall yield abundant joy.
- 4 In righteousness have I declared,
The word shall not return,
I will be honoured, loved and feared,
Through mine anointed Son.
- 5 Then look to me, and be ye saved,
Through earth's remotest bound ;
By sins and idols now enslaved,
In me your help is found.

705. *Coming of Christ's Kingdom.* L. M.

- 1 ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad ;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.
- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners see thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

- 3 Oh let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord ;
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

706. *Encrease of Christ's Kingdom.* (L. M.

- 1 SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns,
Through distant lands his triumphs spread
And sinners freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.
- 2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Zion's gates arrive ;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.
- 3 Oppressors bow beneath his feet,
O'ercome by his victorious power ;
Princes in humble posture wait,
And scorners tremble and adore.
- 4 Gentiles and Jews shall him obey,
Nations remote their offerings bring,
And unconstrained their homage pay
To their exalted Lord and King.
- 5 Oh may his conquests still encrease,
And every foe his arm subdue ;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories shew.
- 6 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above ;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

707. *Rapid Spread of the Gospel.*

(8. 7. 4. *Mariners.*)

- 1 SEE the vivid lightnings flashing,
Turning darksome night to day,
Swift the motion, great the power,
Nothing can obstruct the way ;
All creation
Pay their homage and obey.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 2 Thus shall spread the glorious gospel,
 'To the earth's remotest bound,
Distant empires, lands and nations,
 Soon shall hear the solemn sound ;
 Darkness fleeing,
 Light shall every where abound.
- 3 Grace and mercy then descending,
 Shall the stubborn heart subdue,
Christ reveal his great salvation,
 'To the gentile and the jew ;
 Numerous converts
 Shall appear like morning dew.
- 4 Lo, he comes in state and glory,
 Bands celestial line the way,
Saints go forth, and meet your Saviour,
 And the deepest reverence pay ;
 Join your triumphs,
 Hail the joyful happy day.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

708. *New Year's Day.* (C. M.)

- 1 **A**NOTHER year is quickly gone,
 With its revolving days,
And yet how little have I done,
 For my Creator's praise !
- 2 I have a warfare to maintain,
 Against the world and sin ;
But oh, what little ground I gain,
 How slothful have I been

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 3 My sands, alas, how fast they run,
How swift my moments fly ;
And yet my work is scarce begun,
Now death approaches nigh.
- 4 My heart is hard and stubborn still,
My wild affections rove ;
Grace has but half subdued my will,
But half obtained my love.
- 5 God's holy laws I still transgress,
His righteous will oppose ;
My follies every day encrease,
My debt still larger grows.
- 6 Impartial Judge, how shall I bear
Thy scrutinising view ?
Oh may I better live this year,
Or never live it through !

709.

New Year.

(C. M.)

- 1 **A**WAKE, believing souls, awake,
Your solemn vows renew,
To him who died upon the cross,
And pleads in heaven for you.
- 2 Awake, my dull inactive soul,
Nor more indulge delay ;
Let acts of piety and love
Mark each revolving day.
- 3 Each day of this new year, would I
Devote, oh God to thee ;
Each day of this new year, do thou
Impart new strength to me.

710.

New Year.

(C. M.)

- 1 **Q**UICKLY my days have passed away,
How soon alas, they 're gone !
Life's gayest scenes decline in haste,
Just like the setting sun.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 2 Always in motion, ne'er at rest,
My minutes onward roll ;
Swift to pursue their destined course,
And soon will reach the goal.
- 3 Eternal pains or endless joys
Stand waiting at the door,
The moments past or those to come,
Are not within my power.
- 4 God of my strength and of my hope,
In whom I live and move,
Help me by thine instructive grace
The present to improve.
- 5 And if through this revolving year,
Thou shouldst my life prolong,
Oh may thy wisdom guide my steps,
Thy praise employ my tongue.

711. *New Year.* (S. M.)

- 1 MY few revolving years,
How swift they glide away !
How short the term of life appears—
When past, but as a day
- 2 A dark and cloudy day,
Made up of grief and sin,
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.
- 3 Lord, through another year,
If thou permit my stay,
With diligence may I pursue
The true and living way.

712. *Shortness of Life.* (C. M.)

- 1 OUR life is like a vapour, gone,
Our moments swiftly fly ;
Scarcely our sands begin to run,
Ere we begin to die.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 2 Our days on earth are but a span,
A sudden breath of air ;
Lord, what a brittle thing is man,
How vain is mortal care.
- 3 Various unnumbered ills attend
Our weak and helpless frame,
Our fleeting life, so soon it ends,
It scarce deserves the name.
- 4 No weaver's shuttle moves so fast,
No stream so swiftly flows ;
Time bears us on with rapid haste,
To endless joys or woes.
- 5 Sickness and sorrow round us wait,
And nature is infirm ;
Our age to seventy years is set,
Alas, how short the term !
- 6 Or should we by uncommon strength
To fourscore years attain,
Yet feebleness will come at length,
And bring disease and pain.
- 7 Oh may I learn the heavenly art,
T' improve each passing hour ;
And what my hands shall find to do,
Dispatch with all my power.

713. *Brevity of Human Life.* (L. M.)

- 1 **THIS** world 's an inn, where all we do
Is just to take a transient view ;
And when we fain would longer stay,
Death comes and hurries us away.
- 2 Like tender flowers we spring and grow,
Like them we droop and wither too ;
Our life 's a dream, and from the womb,
Short is the journey to the tomb.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 3 How few of all the sons of men
Attain to three score years and ten,
And if they should that term survive,
They rather mourn and sigh than live.
- 4 The little space that yet remains,
Is occupied with griefs and pains ;
Nature beneath its burden bends,
And all the frame to ruin tends.
- 3 Great God, impart thy quickening grace,
And make me strong to run my race ;
Henceforth may all my talents be
Devoted wholly, Lord, to thee.

714. *Time Improved.* (C. M.)

- 1 LET us employ our active powers,
Ere youthful vigour's fast ;
The present time alone is ours,
'This day may be our last.
- 2 The hour of death is hastening on,
'There's but a step between ;
The work which must so soon be done,
'Tis time that we begin.
- 3 The prince of darkness labours still,
And hurls his darts abroad ;
Shall we not then with steadfast zeal,
As active be for God ?
- 4 Awake, awake, my drowsy soul,
With might thy work pursue ;
'Tis strange that thou shouldst be so dull,
Who hast so much to do.

715. *Improvement of Time.* (L. M.)

- 1 LIFE is the only time for man,
To seek the Lord and wisdom gain ;
The Spirit and the word invite,

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 2 The present time, and that alone,
Is all that we can call our own ;
Nor can the art of man ensure
Another year, another hour.
- 3 Then let us knock at mercy's gate,
And pardon seek, ere 'tis too late ;
The work of life can ne'er be done,
When health and strength and breath are gone
- 4 Whate'er our hands shall find to do,
To-day may we with zeal pursue ;
Seize the swift moments as they fly,
And live as we would wish to die.

716. *Grateful Recollections.*

(148th. Burnham.)

- 1 **A**WAKE, our souls, and sing
The glories of the Lord ;
A grateful tribute bring,
All ye who love his word :
Whilst heart and tongue with joy unite,
Let heavenly grace the song indite.
- 2 Salvation to our God,
And never-ceasing praise ;
Let us his love record,
And sounds of honour raise :
'Twas he redeemed our souls from death,
And gave them a diviner breath.
- 3 'Tis he our strength renews,
Our broken frame repairs,
With pity still he views
Our numerous griefs and cares :
Immortal sweets descend and crown
Our years, whilst we the blessing own.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 4 His power our lusts subdues,
His grace our sins forgives,
Lost comforts he restores,
And drooping souls revives :
His truth endures, his promise stands,
Give him the thanks his love demands.
- 5 His honours to proclaim,
Should pardoned souls forget,
Or saints that know his name,
In thankless silence sit,
Untutored beasts would learn to praise,
And lifeless stones their voices raise.

717. *Address to Youth.* (C. M.)

- 1 **A** MIDST the cheerful bloom of youth,
With ardent zeal pursue,
The ways of piety and truth,
With death and heaven in view.
- 2 Fair wisdom's paths with sweets are strewed,
And pleasures all refined ;
There joys divine are shed abroad,
That suit the immortal mind.
- 3 Youth is the most accepted time,
To love and serve the Lord ;
A flower presented in its prime,
Will much delight afford.
- 4 He 'll crown with peace your rising years,
And make your fruit encrease ;
Will guide you through this vale of tears,
And bid your sorrows cease.
- 5 Give him the morning of your days,
And be for ever blessed ;
'Tis none but those in wisdom's ways

TIMES AND SEASONS.

718. *Admonitions to Youth.* (L. M.)

- 1 WHEN** youth devote their early days,
 To vain delights and sinful ways,
Their prospects darken as they rise,
And fills them with a dread surprise.
- 2** Diseases are the fruit of sin,
 The malady lies deep within ;
An evil course the mind impairs,
And leaves them full of guilt and fears:
- 3** Sin strengthens with encreasing days,
And grows when nature's self decays ;
Indulged, it makes their fetters strong,
And leads the captive slaves along.
- 4** Beware, ye thoughtless, now beware,
 No more presume to persevere ;
To-day with supplications come,
To-morrow death may call you home.
- 5** With earnestness for mercy cry,
And God will listen to your sigh ;
Now plead for pardon through his Son,
And he 'll forgive what you have done.

719. *Snares of Youth.* (C. M.)

- 1 FRAIL** youth are in a slippery path,
 Beset with mighty foes ;
Surrounded with disease and death,
Unnumbered sins and woes.
- 2** Their passions war against the soul,
 And lead their feet astray ;
Submitting to the world's controul,
They shun the narrow way.
- 3** To vanities of time and sense,
 Their youthful hearts are prone ;
How difficult to draw them thence,
 To seek a heavenly crown.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 4 Great God, the work is wholly thine,
To guide our erring youth ;
Do thou their wandering hearts incline,
To seek the ways of truth.
- 5 Restrain impetuous passions, Lord,
Upwards direct their eyes ;
Give them a heart to know thy word,
And all thy counsels prize.

720. *Early Piety Recommended.*

(6. 7s. Mariners.)

- 1 **LOVELY** youth, with ardent zeal,
Wisdom's flowery path pursue,
There shall you sweet pleasures feel,
Ever springing, ever new :
Sacred peace and joy combined,
Hopes and comforts all refined.
- Earth with all its boasted store,
Cannot such delights impart,
All its joys are mean and poor,
Giving anguish to the heart :
From its vanities retire,
Seek the Lord with strong desire.
- 3 Give to him your early bloom,
Make his counsels your delight,
Let his temple be your home,
Love and serve him day and night :
Then shall you his blessings prove,
Feel the transports of his love.

721.

Old Age.

(C. M.)

- 1 **OLD** age, with all its sickly train,
Soon makes its dread approach ;
Langour, debility and pain,

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 2 Life's gaieties have charms no more,
Its pleasures but appal :
The busy scenes and toils are o'er,
The honey turned to gall.
- 3 The lucid orbs of vision fail,
And give a glimmering light ;
Successive clouds of grief prevail,
Transforming day to night.
- 4 Associates and friends once dear,
On earth are known no more ;
Minds uncongenial now appear,
A race unknown before.
- 5 How dark the scene, how full of woe,
Alas for hoary age ;
Yet grace will still a balm bestow,
Their sorrows to assuage.
- 6 There is a friend who still abides,
More dear than all that 's lost :
And he who in this friend confides,
May yet of comforts boast.
- 7 'Tis Jesus, who will ne'er forsake,
But make his friends his care ;
To him your griefs and sorrows take,
And he your griefs will share.
- 8 Soon will he bring your weary feet
To his eternal rest,
Then shall your joys be all complete,
When in his mansion blessed.

722.

Winter.

(L. M.)

1 **W**INTER obtrudes his deepening shades,
And sovereign like, our land invades :
His banner now has he unfurled,
And sways his sceptre o'er the world.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 2 The flowing streams he binds in chains ;
And fetters down our fertile plains ;
Kingdoms and empires feel his power,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore.
- 3 The sun, he circumscribes his race,
Restrains his beams, and veils his face ;
His icy mantle spreads around,
And humid vapours leave the ground.
- 4 Creatures the gloomy aspect mourn,
And wait reviving spring's return ;
Stern winter then resigns his reign,
And languid nature smiles again.
- 5 Oh Lord, 'tis winter with my soul,
Do thou its chilling power controul ;
Dispel the mental clouds that rise,
And deign to bless with brighter skies.

723. *Winter and Spring.* (L. M.)

- 1 **T**HE various changing seasons owe,
Their revolutions to the Lord ;
The hoary frost and fleecy snow,
And winds and clouds obey his word.
- 2 He sends the cold, and o'er the streams,
His arms an icy mantle fling ;
Again his sun's enlivening beams,
Restore the blessings of the spring.
- 3 The moon and stars at his command,
Swiftly perform their destined race,
None can his mighty power withstand,
Or his mysterious footsteps trace.
- 4 He rules the storm by sea and land,
At his rebuke the tempest dies,
And in the hollow of his hand,
The whole extent of nature lies.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

724.

Spring.

(C. 1)

- 1 **S**TERN winter now no longer reigns
With rude impetuous sway,
Verdure and bloom adorn our plains,
And bring the smiling day.
- 2 Hail, lovely spring, with all thy train,
Thrice welcome to our hearts ;
The solar beam revives again,
And genial warmth imparts.
- 3 The feathered tribes ascend on high,
And chant their grateful lay ;
In songs symphonious tell their joy,
And hail the happy day.
- 4 Great God, thou author of the spring,
'Thy love our songs demands ;
To thee our tribute now we bring,
And raise our hearts and hands.
- 5 We bless thee for the prospect fair
Of future rich supplies,
And while we all thy bounties share,
Let grateful incense rise.
- 6 Enliven, Lord, our languid souls,
'There shed thy beams again ;
Nor let us like the frozen poles,
In barrenness remain.

725.

Seed Time.

(C. 1)

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, we humbly bow
Before thy sacred throne,
From thee our varied comforts flow,
From thee and thee alone.
- 2 We plead the promise in thy word,
That seed-time shall be given ;
Now verify thy promise, Lord,
And send us help from heaven.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 3 Let not the husbandman complain
Nor murmur nor repine,
And say his toils are all in vain,
For want of aid divine.
- 4 Look down with tenderness, oh Lord,
And make thy goodness known ;
Whilst thou the precious seed afford,
Do thou the labour crown.
- 5 Then we will give thee lasting praise,
For all thy love and care ;
Unite in fervent grateful lays,
For prospects bright and fair.

726. *Alarming Drought.* (C. M.)

- 1 OH Lord, we tremble at thy frown,
And dread thy scourging hand ;
The varied sins and crimes we own,
Of this our guilty land.
- 2 But spare, oh Lord, in mercy spare
The herbage of the field ;
And under thy paternal care,
May it abundance yield.
- 3 Restrain the solar fervid ray,
And grant refreshing rains ;
Restore the verdure from decay,
And drench the parched plains.
- 4 But speak the word, and soon shall rise
The faint and withered grain ;
And hopeful prospects of supplies,
Our hearts shall raise again.
- 5 Then we our gratitude will show,
To our preserver, God ;
Our songs of melody shall flow,
And spread his praise abroad.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

727. *Threatening Rain.* (C. M.)

- 1 **E**NTER not into judgment, Lord,
 With us a guilty race ;
Thy needful succour now afford,
 And help us in distress.
- 2 Let not the waterspouts descend,
 Nor burst upon our plains ;
But in thy mercy condescend
 To stay the sweeping rains.
- 3 Command the clouded sun to shine,
 And shed a constant ray ;
Directed by a hand divine,
 Our night shall turn to day.
- 4 Oh let its fructifying beam,
 The precious grain mature ;
And we thy goodness will proclaim,
 Whose promise shall endure.
- 5 Wonder and love shall tune our tongues,
 For all thy kindness shown,
While thankful we in joyful songs,
 Thy gracious hand will own.

728. *Harvest.* (C. M.)

- 1 **F**AIR spring, with all its beauties, yields
 To summer's fervid ray ;
Gay verdure now adorns the fields,
 And blessings crown the day.
- 2 The husbandman with joy beholds
 The fruits of all his pain,
At length his cultured land unfolds
 Rich sheaves of golden grain.
- 3 Thankful to see a plenteous crop,
 In songs the gift he owns ;
Cheerful again he sows in hope,
 And God his labour crowns.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 4 Thus may the heralds of the Lord
Behold a prospect fair.
Where'er they sow the precious word,
Abundant fruit appear.
- 5 Lord, grant us all divine success,
Amidst our arduous toil ;
The seed shall have a large encrease,
If thou prepare the soil.
- 6 A joyful harvest they shall have,
Who now in sadness sow ;
And those shall live to sing above,
Who wept for sin below.

729.

Harvest.

(S. M.)

- 1 THE ripened grain appears,
The harvest hour is come ;
The lowly reapers soon with joy,
Shall shout the harvest home.
- 2 How pleasing is the toil,
When God our efforts owns ;
The labour great, appears but small,
If he with blessings crowns.
- 3 Go forth, ye humble swains,
And house the golden store ;
Return with diligence and speed,
And you shall gather more.
- 4 Lord, let thy servants see
They labour with success ;
While sowing seeds of gospel truth,
Do thou their efforts bless.
- 5 Oh may the promised hour,
The welcome season come,
When all thy servants shall unite,
To shout the harvest home.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

730. *Final Harvest.* (L. M.)

- 1 **L**IFT up your joyful eyes and see
A plenteous harvest all around,
The crop matured, and not a grain
Shall useless fall upon the ground.
- 2 A harvest of immortal souls,
Prepared by sovereign grace and power ;
Nor heat nor cold, nor winds nor storms,
Shall hurt, nor birds of prey devour.
- 3 An arm divine protects the saints,
Omniscience visits their abode ;
And he 'll conduct them safely home,
Their kind protector and their God.
- 4 Oh happy day, when every sheaf
Ripened for glory shall be found ;
When all the saints are gathered in,
'The joy of harvest shall resound.

731. *Opening a Place of Worship.* (7s. Harts.)

- 1 **G**LORY to the God of grace,
Who for us provides a place,
Where he will his love reveal,
And his saints his wonders tell.
- 2 Not as once in days of old,
Overlaid with purest gold ;
Nor of cedar can we boast,
Nor of Hiram's mighty host.
- 3 'To thine honour, Lord, we rear
This a humble house of prayer ;
Here erect thy mercy seat,
With thy children deign to meet.
- 4 Now we consecrate to thee,
Let it, Lord, accepted be,
Through thy blest and only Son,
All our hearts and hands have done.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 5 Here thy sacred truth display,
Here assert thy sovereign sway ;
Let thy glorious gospel shine,
Aided by a power divine.

732. *Opening a Place of Worship.* (C. M.)

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of every good,
Before thy throne we bow,
And bless thee for thy gift bestowed
On pilgrims here below.
- 2 Our hearts and hands hast thou inclined
To raise this house of prayer,
Oh may we seek and ever find
Thy gracious presence here.
- 3 Lord, may thy heralds long proclaim
The wonders of thy grace,
And sinners taught to fear thy name,
Abundantly encrease.
- 4 Here may thy children sweetly feed
On manna sent from heaven,
Drink freely at the fountain-head,
Whence living streams are given.
- 5 Here let our offspring and their sons
Be of the Saviour blessed,
And thus while time its circuit runs,
Find here a settled rest.
- 6 To the eternal sacred Three,
The great mysterious One,
Now may his house devoted be,
To thee and thee alone.

733. *Meeting of Ministers.* (C. M.)

- 1 **F**AIR Zion's sons with pleasure meet,
To mingle prayer and praise ;
In bonds of love each other greet,
And each his tribute pays.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 2 To Jesus, their exalted head,
They due allegiance show ;
To Canaan's land by him are led,
Where milk and honey flow.
- 3 Great are the victories they achieve,
And great the joys they feel ;
They all their strength from Christ receive,
To know and do his will.
- 4 What is the bliss which monarchs boast,
Or what the worldlings' gain,
Compared with shouts of Israel's host,
The triumphs they obtain ?
- 5 More splendid far is their renown,
More durable their peace ;
'Tis theirs to wear the brighter crown,
Whose conquests never cease.
- 6 Dear Saviour, lead thine honoured bands.
And clothe thy foes with shame ;
Now issue forth thy high commands,
And spread abroad thy name.

734.

Ordinations.

(S. A)

- 1 OH bless the Lord, our souls,
Our shepherd and our head ;
Though in a weary barren land,
We still are richly fed.
- 2 He under-shepherds gives,
His little flock to guide ;
And by his faithful tender care,
Will constant food provide.
- 3 Then may they watch for souls,
And see when danger's near,
That they a true account may give.
When Jesus shall appear.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 4 In tenderness and love,
Let them their charge fulfil,
Examples be to all the flock,
And teach them all thy will.
- 5 With such a shepherd, Lord,
Oh may we now be blessed ;
Be sweetly fed and nourished here,
And in thy pasture rest.

735.

Ordinations.

(S. M.)

- 1 YE elders feed the flock
Committed to your care,
The solemn charge you now receive,
The voice of Jesus hear.
- 2 Let purest motives guide,
And sacred zeal enflame ;
The oversight you freely take,
In your great Master's name.
- 3 Dominion ne'er assume,
In lowly form appear ;
The heritage alone is God's,
And he 's the ruler there.
- 4 In doctrine and in word,
In purity and love,
Be ye examples to the flock,
While ye the truth approve.
- 5 The Shepherd soon will come,
To whom the sheep belong ;
Oh may you then with joy appear,
Amidst the happy throng.
- 6 He Lord of all below,
His heritage will claim ;
Will bless the steward, faithful found,
His honours loud proclaim.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 7 He on his head shall place
A bright unfading crown,
And then before assembled worlds,
Will he his servant own.

736. *Pastors the Gift of Christ.* (C)

- 1 JESUS ascends above the skies,
And pours his blessings down ;
'Tis thence his church receives supplies,
From him and him alone.
- 2 The various gifts on men bestowed,
And by his power ordained,
Are all the purchase of his blood,
The trophies he has gained.
- 3 He sits a sovereign to command,
His heralds know his voice ;
They in obedient posture stand,
And in his strength rejoice.
- 4 Beneath his blessing and his care,
Shall they successful prove ;
His church shall flourish strong and fair
Enriched with faith and love.
- 5 Thus shall his glorious cause encrease,
Till earth resembles heaven ;
By him who is the God of peace
Shall Satan hence be driven.

737. *Parting Hymn.* (C.)

- HOW sweet the interview with friends,
Whose hopes and aims are one ;
All earthly pleasures it transcends,
And swift the moments run.
- 2 Of sympathy and love possessed,
Our sorrows we impart ;
And when with pure enjoyments blest
They go from heart to heart.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 3 Pursuing still our way to bliss,
A weak and feeble band,
We trust in Christ our righteousness,
Who will our strength command.
- 4 Though for a season we must part,
As urgent duties call,
Still we remain but one in heart,
And Jesus is our all.
- 5 Oh may his glorious cause encrease,
And we his wonders tell ;
Now bid us, Lord, depart in peace,
And now, dear friends, farewell.

738. *In Time of Sickness.*

(8, 6. Mottingham.)

- 1 OH thou all holy, wise and just,
Whom heaven and earth obey ;
Thou only object of my trust,
Whose word can sink me into dust,
Or raise my feeble clay.
- 2 Yielding to what thou shalt propose,
Behold, thy creature lies ;
Resigned to dwell along with those,
Who in the silent grave repose,
Or to new health arise.
- 3 If now the last decisive day
Of my frail life draw near,
My soul while fainting with dismay,
From rising crimes in dread array,
Do thou with mercy cheer.
- 4 Or if my past iniquity,
My dying hour molest,
Yet oh then save me when I die,
Nor to my parting soul deny,
An entrance into rest

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 5 But if thy boundless grace should spare
My fleeting life again,
Let sin no more my soul ensnare,
But love and warm devotion there,
In blissful union reign.
- 6 This for the honour of thy name,
And through the Saviour's blood,
Not as desert, but grace I claim,
And in the most submissive frame,
Implore of thee, my God.

739. *Time of General Sickness.* (C. M.)

- 1 **THE** Lord in judgment now appears,
And spreads his wrath abroad ;
Sinners are filled with boding fears,
By righteous vengeance awed.
- 2 Seised by inveterate disease,
What crowds of victims fall ;
Unsparring death relentless preys,
Nor spares the great or small.
- 3 Lord, we our sin and guilt confess,
Yet mercy would implore :
To mitigate our sore distress,
Display thy mighty power.
- 4 Say, 'tis enough—and give command,
Disease shall then retire,
And rosy health revive our land,
Now trembling at thine ire.
- 5 If this too great a favour seem,
Lord, bow our wills to thine ;
'Thou still thy chosen wilt redeem,
And give them life divine.

740. *Time of General Sickness.* (L. M.)

- 1 **BLESS'D** is the man, whose confidence
Is fixed on God, his strong defence ;
Midst dangers he shall dwell secure,
And view eternal blessings sure.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 2 Though pestilential vapours spread
Their baleful influence o'er his head,
'Though noxious fumes infect the air,
Fearless he breathes, and safely there.
- 3 Though the thick arrows round him fly,
And thousands sicken, thousands die ;
Unawed he hears expiring groans,
And God's preserving goodness owns.
- 4 Or if commissioned, the disease,
Among the rest, the christian seize ;
E'en then his trembling lips rejoice,
And death but elevates his voice.

741. *Recovery from Sickness.* (C. M.)

- 1 LET all my powers unite to bless
My Saviour and my God,
Proclaim aloud his richest grace,
And spread his fame abroad.
- 2 When sore diseases threatened death,
'Twas he restrained their power,
Did then prolong my fleeting breath,
My feeble frame restore.
- 3 I mourned and chattered like a dove,
And none could help afford,
Till God in boundless grace and love,
Pronounced the healing word.
- 4 He spake, and lo, afflicting pains
My wasted limbs forsook ;
Death threw his poisoned dart in vain,
For he repelled the stroke.
- 5 What shall I render to my God,
For his distinguished love ?
With joy I 'll visit his abode,
And all his gifts improve.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

742. *Recovery from Sickness.* (C. M)

- 1 **ENCOURAGED** by thy love and care,
I bend the suppliant knee,
And offer in thy house of prayer,
My vows, oh Lord, to thee.
- 2 When languor seized my feeble frame,
And threatened speedy death,
From thee the timely succour came,
Which gave me back my breath.
- 3 Now by thy power and grace restored,
And rescued from the grave,
What shall I render to the Lord,
Who mighty is to save.
- 4 To thee my kind delivering friend,
I yield my sinful heart,
My all I give, till life shall end,
Nor from thee will depart.
- 5 Upheld by thine almighty grace,
My love to thee I'll prove,
With zeal will run the christian race
Till I arrive above.

743. *Time of Persecution.* (L. M)

- 1 **WHEN** wicked men with envious rage,
Against thy righteous cause arise,
Great God, do thou their wrath assuage,
Avert the evils they devise.
- 2 If for some wise and gracious end,
Our foes are suffered to prevail ;
Mercy, oh Lord, in judgment send,
Nor let our strength and courage fail.

Sustain us in the gloomy hour,
And guide us through the thorny road ;
Exert for us thy mighty power,
Be our protector and our God.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

744. *Persecution.* (S. M.)

- 1 **WOULD** those who thirst for blood,
Thy little flock devour ?
Lord, change their hearts or check their rage.
By thine almighty power.
- 2 When dangers compass round,
May thine uplifted arm
Restrain or frustrate their designs,
Who seek to do us harm.
- 3 'Midst savage beasts of prey,
Thou art our confidence ;
From men more savage far than they,
Be thou our sure defence.
- 4 To thee, almighty God,
In all our straits we come ;
Do thou protect us in the way,
And bring us safely home.

745. *Under National Calamities.* (L. M.)

- 1 **OH** God, our only help and hope,
The nation's shield, the church's prou:
Now condescend again to smile
On our distinguished native isle.
- 2 From thy high throne above the skies,
Behold what wicked men devise ;
Avert, oh Lord, the threatened storm,
And disconcert the schemes they form.
- 3 Utter thy voice, impress with fear,
Let them thine awful power revere ;
And learn from thine uplifted rod,
That Britain still is dear to God.
- 4 Oh thou whose rule and sovereign sway,
All things in heaven and earth obey,
Abase the proud, exalt the poor,
Let sinners tremble at thy name

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 5 For Zion's sake, that favoured name,
Clothe all our enemies with shame ;
Our thankful voices then shall raise
Loud songs to our deliverer's praise.

746. *Safety amidst Public Danger.* (L. .

- 1 COME, humble souls, and place your trust
In God, the faithful, wise and just ;
His promises will he fulfil,
To all who love and do his will.
- 2 When wrath o'erwhelms a guilty land,
His covenant truth shall firmly stand,
A sure retreat, a strong defence,
Nor shall you e'er be driven thence.
- 3 You, he 'll in perfect safety keep,
Amongst the number of his sheep ;
Or if in public griefs you share,
His hand will still the faithful spare.

747. *Prayer for Peace.* (L. M.

- 1 ON Britain long a favoured isle,
But now o'erwhelmed with sin and sha
Deign, mighty God, once more to smile ;
The same thy power, thy grace the same.
- 2 Let peace descend with balmy wing,
And all its blessings round her shed ;
Her liberties be well secured,
And commerce raise its fainting head.
- 3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound ;
The din of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground.
- 4 Let hostile armies from their hands,
Cast down the sword and cruel spear ;
Unite in friendship's sacred bands,
Nor one discordant voice be there.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 5 Thus save, oh Lord, a guilty land ;
Millions of tongues shall then adore,
The honour of thy name extend,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore.

748. *Thanksgiving for Peace.* (C. M.)

- 1 SOVEREIGN of heaven and earth, behold
The nation at thy feet ;
There rich and poor, and young and old,
In lowly posture meet.
- 2 Thither would we with grateful frame,
Our thankful tribute bring,
And celebrate the glorious name
Of our exalted King.
- 3 He breaks the bow and cruel sword,
And makes the wars to cease ;
Come, let us magnify the Lord,
Who gives the nation peace.
- 4 The warlike trump no more we hear,
Inviting to the field ;
No more do hostile armies wear
The helmet and the shield.
- 5 The thundering cannon cease to roar,
Nor spread destruction round ;
The murderous engines now no more
Tear up the fertile ground.
- 6 Commerce erects her fainting head,
And trade revives again ;
Our numerous fleets the seas o'erspread,
And fearless plow the main.
- 7 Before the Majesty of heaven,
Our mercies past we own ;
The work of peace alone was thine,
Let praise surround the throne.

THE WORLD.

749. *Time no Longer.*

(8. 7. 4. Hemsley, Painswick.)

- 1 SAINTS, behold the mighty angel,
 Standing on the earth and sea ;
Lo, his hand he lifts to heaven,
 Swears that time no more shall be :
 Awful moment,
 Where shall now the sinner flee !
 - 2 Short is time, e'en at the longest,
 Man's frail life is shorter still ;
All his days are full of sorrow,
 That will soon their course fulfil :
 Happy mortal,
 Who performs his Maker's will.
 - 3 May the awful hour approaching,
 Sink within my thoughtless mind,
So that when I hence am summoned,
 Cheerful I may feel resigned :
 At that moment,
 Let me, Lord, thy mercy find !
-

THE WORLD.

750. *Voyage of Life.* (L. M.)

- 1 THIS world 's a rough and stormy sea,
 Where winds arise and tempests roar ;
On every hand the quicksands lie,
 The rocks are near, remote 's the shore.

THE WORLD.

- 2 Though mountainous the waters stand,
And dare to lift their voice on high ;
When Jesus speaks, at his command,
'The waves subside, the tumults die.
- 3 The soul 's a vessel rudely tossed,
By tempest on this troubled sea ;
But not a saint shall e'er be lost,
Who seeks for refuge, Lord, in thee.
- 4 Then let the swelling billows roar,
In awful majesty be drest ;
I'll brave them all to gain the shore,
'The haven of eternal rest.

751. *World an Insufficient Portion.* (S. M.)

- 1 UNFRUITFUL are my schemes,
And my enjoyments vain ;
Still I am seeking something new,
But nought substantial gain.
- 2 O'er all the globe I range,
Earth, air, and sea explore ;
But still my wandering soul remains
As wretched as before.
- 3 In search of earthly good,
The repetition cloy ;
Farewel, thou vain delusive world,
And welcome, heavenly joys.

752. *Created Good Unsatisfying.* (C. M.)

- 1 LET others worldly riches prize,
I scorn this earthly clod ;
My portion is above the skies,
My Saviour and my God.
- 2 In all that men call good and great,
No pleasure can I find ;
A lofty house, or large estate,

THE WORLD.

- 3 Were the Peruvian mountains mine,
With all their hidden store,
Did I in gold and jewels shine,
I still should wish for more.
- 4 Not Cræsus' wealth, nor Cæsar's power,
Were I of both possessed,
Could inward peace and joy restore,
Or ease the troubled breast.
- 5 Restless I rove from place to place,
And search from pole to pole,
'Till Jesus shows his lovely face,
'There 's nought can cheer my soul.

753. *Snares of the World.*

(6. 7s. *Marinera.*)

- 1 QUIT, my soul, terrestrial things,
Flee the phantoms of a day ;
Earthly joys abound with stings,
From the syrens turn away :
To a higher bliss aspire,
Suited to thy large desire.
- 2 They who make the world their choice,
Soon will sink beneath the shade ;
For a season they rejoice,
Pains and sorrows then invade :
Oh my soul, now be it thine,
To pursue a bliss divine.
- 3 Flee the dread alluring bait,
Flee the poisoned hook concealed ;
Though the world its calls repeat,
Never to the tempter yield :
Seek protection from the Lord,
Who his succour will afford.

THE WORLD.

754. *The World's Insufficiency.* (L. M.)

- 1 NOT honour, pleasure, wealth or power,
Those short-lived comforts of an hour,
Can yield contentment to the mind,
Which thirsts for blessings more refined.
- 2 Not all that men call good or great,
Their pomp, their majesty and state,
Can e'er afford substantial rest,
Or soothe the sorrows of the breast.
- 3 What in this world I seek in vain,
In thee, my God, I shall obtain ;
'Thy fulness is an endless store,
An ocean wide without a shore.
- 4 Amidst ten thousand dangers here,
My faith would never yield to fear ;
'That bliss which I in thee enjoy,
Shall never fail and never cloy.

755. *Vanity of the World.* (C. M.)

- 1 UNVEIL thy glories to my view,
And bid me taste thy love ;
Be thou, oh Lord, my treasure here,
And fix my thoughts above.
- 2 Riches are vain and empty things,
And pleasures soon decay ;
Honour's a puff of noisy breath,
And sceptres pass away.
- 3 The world how mean, with all its store,
Compared with thee, my Lord ;
Its transitory joys how few,
How little they afford.
- 4 Ye glittering vanities, begone,
Ye false delights, adieu !
My glorious Lord fills all the space,
And leaves no room for you.

THE WORLD.

756. *Vanity of Worldly Riches.*

(7s. Feversham.)

- 1 **WHILE** the miser boasts his store,
He but aggravates his sin :
While he counts his treasures o'er,
Conscience smites and frowns within.
- 2 Riches of uncertain date,
Ne'er can make us truly blest ;
Earthly grandeur, pomp and state
All are empty things at best.
- 3 I 've a treasure in the skies,
Where my Saviour sits and reigns ;
He my every want supplies,
Jesus soothes my inward pains.
- 4 Richest blessings I possess,
From his fulness they are given ;
He's my strength and righteousness,
He prepares my seat in heaven.

757. *Vanity of Riches.* (C. M.)

- 1 **VAIN** is the sinner's pomp and state,
Dear Lord, compared with thee !
All that the world calls good and great,
Is sordid dust to me.
- 2 When conscience stings and justice frowns,
Created helps are vain ;
Nor sparkling gems, nor glittering crowns,
Can ease the inward pain.
- 3 When nature to distemper yields,
And sicknesses abound,
In large estates and fruitful fields,
No comfort can be found.
- 4 When death with his commission comes,
To bear the soul away,
Not all the miser's hoarded sums
Can bribe a moment's stay.

THE WORLD.

- 5 Let others then their riches boast,
While Satan blinds their eyes ;
Lord, in thy mercy I would trust,
And this vain world despise.

758. *Worldly Allurements.*

(6, 8's. Gloucester.)

- 1 VAIN world be gone, fly swiftly hence,
No more from God seduce my mind ;
In all the flattering joys of sense,
No solid pleasure can I find :
They leave an aching void within,
No peace have they who live in sin.
- 2 Arise, my soul, awake my powers,
The only real good pursue ;
A good replete with richest stores,
And yielding pleasures ever new :
There thou may'st take a full repast,
While everlasting ages last.

759. *Created Good Insufficient.* (L. M.)

- 1 WITH eager search for real good,
The sinner treads the world around ;
Not knowing that the bliss he seeks
Beneath the skies, can ne'er be found.
- 2 Cease, foolish man, thy vain pursuit,
Thy soul on shadows cannot feed ;
Blessings that suit th' immortal mind,
Must from a nobler source proceed.
- 3 Silver and gold, and pomp and power,
The worldling's wish may satisfy ;
But cannot give his conscience peace,
Or his internal wants supply.
- 4 Fall prostrate then before the throne,
Seek pardoning mercy, quickening grace ;
Nor be content till faith discern
A smile upon thy Father's face.

THE WORLD.

760. *Emptiness of Worldly Enjoyment*

(8, 8, 6. Chatham.)

- 1 UNHEEDFUL man, to put thy trust
In sordid gain and glittering dust,
So subject to decay !
To make the things of time and sense
Thy hope, thy joy and confidence,
The creatures of a day.
- 2 Honour's an empty breath of wind,
Pleasures still leave a sting behind,
And human power is vain ;
The largest stores of wealth possessed,
To be by all the world caressed,
Are but a shadowy gain.
- 3 Ye flattering prospects, now adieu,
Superior joys have I in view,
Than all you can afford ;
My best affections now ascend,
To him who is my dearest friend,
My Saviour and my Lord.

761. *Illusions of the World.* (L. M.)

- 1 LET busy mortals here below
Forbear to love an empty show,
Renounce the world's delusive joys,
Its fading pomp and deafening noise.
- 2 Its best delights are mixed with gall,
Uncertainty attends them all ;
Its passing pleasures only seem
A gliding shade, an airy dream.
- 3 This world 's a labyrinth of woe,
How weak is man to love it so ;
How worthless all its riches are,
Gotten with pain and kept with care.

THE WORLD.

- 4 No more let earth our hearts engross,
Let us account its gold but dross ;
Faith brings a better world in view,
More lasting and substantial too.

762. *The World Unsatisfying.* (L. M.)

- 1 PLEASURES and honours all combined,
Yield no contentment to the mind ;
All earthly joys are mixed with pain,
They make our expectations vain.
- 2 How poor, alas, are things below !
Transient the bliss, but long the woe ;
Then flee, my soul, the fatal snare,
Of earth's delusive charms beware.
- 3 Come, Jesus, show thy lovely face,
And lodge me in thy kind embrace ;
Then let the world to atoms fall,
Thou art my portion, thou my all.

763. *Renunciation of the World.* (C. M.)

- 1 TO thee, my God, oh let my soul
Be bound by sacred ties ;
On thee be fixed, and day by day,
To greater nearness rise.
- 2 Be gone, vain world, with all thy charms,
Nor hence disturb my peace ;
Enticing pleasures, wealth and power,
Your fruitless efforts cease.
- 3 Fly swiftly hence, ye gilded scenes,
Let every sin depart ;
The God of heaven asserts his claim,
And grace commands my heart.

THE WORLD.

764. *World Renounced.* (L. M.)

- 1 **B**E GONE thou vile seducer, go !
Thy charms shall not deceive me so ;
Could I in endless riches roll,
These would not ease a wounded soul.
- 2 Should glittering robes my flesh adorn,
Were I to crowns and sceptres born ;
Yet all the pageantry and state
Would scarce a single grief abate.
- 3 Through faith's perspective now I see.
Earth's gaudy scenes are vanity ;
Now the sole objects of my choice,
Are heavenly wealth and heavenly joys.
- 4 To that blessed world above the skies,
My daily, hourly thoughts arise ;
And there at length I hope to find,
Treasures that suit th' immortal mind.

765. *Forsaking the World for Christ.* (104th, Harmony.)

- 1 **V**AIN world, depart hence,
With all your proud store,
I've loved you too long,
Will love you no more ;
To Jesus the Saviour,
My soul shall aspire,
He is the best portion
That we can desire.
- 2 He gives me relief,
From sorrow and pain,
Has rescued from death,
Again and again ;
My foes he can vanquish,
And make them retreat,
Their wiles and their projects,
His skill can defeat.

THE WORLD.

- 3 Arise then, my soul,
With cheerfulncss sing,
Adore thy blessed Lord,
And hail him as King ;
Let thy best affections,
From creatures remove
Ascend to thy Saviour,
And give him thy love.

766. *Deadness to the World.* (L. M.)

- 1 VAIN is the world with all its joys,
When faith a better country spies ;
Our souls forsake the empty noise,
With ardour seek their native skies.
- 2 Let others live on serpent's fare,
Or make the shining dust their food ;
Gold is not worth a christian's care,
And nought beneath our God is good.
- 3 A thousand larger globes than this,
Can never fill th' immortal mind ;
Upwards we soar to realms of bliss,
And seek for pleasures more refined.
- 4 The world's alluring charms appear
A phantom, when exposed to view ;
Oft have we bought its wealth too dear,
And now we bid a long adieu.

767. *The Believer's Better Portion.* (S. M.)

- 1 LET earthly monarchs boast
The honours of a throne,
Tell of their wide extended coast,
And kingdoms call their own.
- 2 Should both the Indies pour
Their treasures at their feet,
I envy not their boundless store,
Their shining

THE WORLD.

- 3 Jesus far better things
Hath purchased with his blood ;
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us near to God.
- 4 Our pardon to procure,
He suffered in our stead ;
To make eternal blessings sure,
His soul an offering made.
- 5 From his acutest pain,
Our greatest triumphs flow ;
And soon shall we in glory reign,
Where joys immortal grow.

768. *The Lord the Best Portion.*

(11s, Geard.)

- 1 LET men who are carnal,
Enjoy mirth and wine,
I seek not their pleasure,
Their aim is not mine :
The one thing that 's needful,
That far better part,
The joys of salvation
Shall gladden my heart.
- 2 Let mortals grown wealthy,
Boast much of their store ;
Amidst great abundance,
They 're wretched and poor ;
Let monarchs spread widely
Their pomp and renown,
Yet grace in the lowly
Surpasses their crown.
- 3 The Lord is my portion,
The joy of my heart,
And from broken cisterns,
I cheerfully part :
The smiles of my Saviour
Are dearer to me,
Than earth's fading honours.
Or treasures can be.

THE TEMPTER.

769. *Farewel to the World.* (S. M.)

QUICKLY, vain world, begone
And vanish from my eyes !
Thy flattering offers I reject,
Thine utmost rage despise.
Too oft hast thou engaged,
And drawn my heart from God,
Whilst numerous enemies and snares
Beset the path I trod.
In thee I sought for bliss,
But sought, alas, in vain ;
Thy transient mirth and empty joys,
End in remorse and pain.
Away, false world, away
With all thy boasted store
Since I substantial bliss have found,
I seek thy smiles no more.

THE TEMPTER.

770. *Satan Wandering to and fro.* (C. M.)

ALL round the globe does Satan trace,
Nor keeps a certain road ;
Sworn foe to all the human race,
And enemy to God.
He forms his plots and lays them deep,
Th' unwary to decoy ;
Lo, now he flies, and now he creeps,
To ruin and destroy.

THE TEMPTER.

- 3 Alluring baits does he present,
To draw the soul to sin ;
Excites to wrath and discontent,
Works every lust within.
- 4 Let rich and poor, and young and old,,
Of Satan's wiles beware ;
He to presumption tempts the bold,
The timid to despair.
- 5 He wanders still from place to place,
And waits th' unguarded hour,
The truly pious to distress,
The wicked to devour.
- 6 But thanks to our almighty king,
Who does his power restrain ;
If Jesus his assistance bring,
The tempter tempts in vain.

771. *Satan's Temptations.* (L. M.)

- 1 SATAN, by promised scenes of bliss,
Seeks the unthinking to ensnare ;
Then plunges in the deep abyss
Of endless woe, and black despair.
- 2 The carnal mind is his abode,
And there he rules with sovereign sway ;
'Tis he who tempts our hearts from God,
And sends his Spirit grieved away.
- 3 First he allures the soul to sin,
And bids tumultuous passions rise ;
Then spreads a horrid gloom within,
And flashes wrath before our eyes.
- 4 Saviour, restrain the tyrant's power,
Bind him in adamantine chains ;
Vain are his efforts to devour,
Where grace preserves, and Jesus reigns.

THE TEMPTER.

772.

Satan Resisted.

(S. M.)

- 1 **VILE** tempter, quick be gone,
Thy snares are spread in vain ;
Thy fiery darts, to wound my soul,
Retort on thee again.
- 2 Though in an angel's form,
Through the disguise I see ;
Thou art an enemy to God,
A cruel foe to me.
- 3 Thine artful stratagems
Shall teach me to beware ;
Great is thy cruelty and rage,
And great shall be my care.
- 4 Or should I feeble prove,
Know, Jesus is my friend ;
Through him thy base attempts shall fail,
And in confusion end.
- 5 He conquered on the cross,
And will new conquests gain ;
Begone, seducer vile, be gone,
Thy snares are spread in vain.

773.

Satan's Devices.

(C. M.)

- 1 **SATAN**, by artifice and fraud,
Unwary souls decoys ;
Draws the affections off from God,
Allures, and then destroys.
- 2 With subtle art he spreads the net,
Ye saints, in time beware ;
Be circumspect, and guard your feet
Against the dangerous snare.
- 3 Though he assumes an angel's face,
As oftentimes he will ;
Yet swiftly flee this foe to peace,
For he is Satan still.

THE TEMPTER.

- 4 To God approach by fervent prayer,
And his assistance crave ;
Then will he make your souls his care,
Who mighty is to save.

774. *The Accuser.* (S. M.)

- 1 **BASE** tempter, hence depart,
The dreadful charge withdraw ;
Too true indeed, I 've often sinned,
But Christ has kept the law.
- 2 Shouldst thou with crimes accuse,
The guilty charge I own ;
But trust the promise and the grace
Of God's incarnate Son.
- 3 That boundless grace and love,
Which thou shalt never share,
Is the foundation of my hope,
A refuge from despair.
- 4 Enhanced as is my guilt,
Couldst thou encrease the score,
I 'd fly the swifter to the cross,
And watch and pray the more.

775. *Satan a Dreaded Enemy.* (S. M.)

- 1 **I FEAR** the serpent's hiss,
The prowling lion's roar,
The tempter's fascinating wiles,
And his destroying power.
- 2 What subtle arts he tries,
To draw me into sin !
Presents th' alluring bait, but hides
The baneful hook within.
- 3 He makes fair promises
Of safety, peace and joy ;
And where his craft does not prevail,
He 'll open force employ.

THE TEMPTER.

- 4 A thousand forms he takes,
As best may suit his end ;
Now a bright angel he appears,
And now a hateful fiend.
- 5 But why should I of him
Be slavishly afraid ?
Jesus, whose heel the serpent bruised,
Shall bruise the serpent's head.

776. *Satan's Various Temptations.* (C. M.)

- 1 UNSTABLE souls, the slaves of sense,
The tempter oft beguiles,
Approaching with some fair pretence,
He veils his artful wiles.
- 2 Sometimes he tempts us to presume,
And then to deep despair ;
'Tells us, in Christ there is no room,
No refuge for us there.
- 3 To youth he says, 'tis yet too soon,
A dying prayer will do ;
To hoary age, the time is gone,
To form the life anew.
- 4 When carnal objects we pursue,
He strews them in our way,
Enticing baits presents to view,
And makes us soon his prey.
- 5 Now he assumes a form divine,
The simple to allure,
Extols their duties with design,
Their ruin to secure.
- 6 A God all mercy or all wrath,
He'll place before our view,
Severe to mark the least offence,
Or careless what we do.

DEATH.

- 7 Great God, his various schemes confound
Bind up this haughty foe ;
Then shall our tongues thy praise resound
Our hearts with joy o'erflow.
-

DEATH.

777. *Reflections on Death.* (C)

- 1 **L**EARN, oh my soul, what 'tis to die !
Th' event how solemn, and how nig
When every tongue shall silent be,
These eyes no pleasing object see.
- 2 The active limbs, the comely face,
Turned to a mass of rottenness ;
The name forgot, the substance gone,
No more admired, no longer known.
- 3 But thou, my soul, must then remain,
In everlasting joy or pain ;
The bliss of heaven with angels share,
Or else be plunged in black despair.
- 4 Then be these solemn thoughts impress'd
With power divine on every breast ;
And ere another moment pass,
Oh let us seek renewing grace.
- 5 Quickly to Jesus may we fly,
And on his righteousness rely ;
Lo, our eternal all's at stake,
Awake, our slumbering souls, awake.

DEATH.

778. *Death Inevitable.* (C. M.)

- 1 **I** F I must die'—oh let me die,
Trusting in Jesus' blood ;
That blood which full atonement made,
And reconciles to God.
- 2 ' If I must die'—then let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below,
For pleasures all refined.
- 3 ' If I must die'—as die I must,
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing,
To my celestial home.
- 4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view ;
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

779. *Preparation for Death.* (L. M.)

- 1 **A**ND is it so that I must die,
Ere long resign my fleeting breath ?
Jesus, I on thy grace rely,
Who hast by dying conquered death.
- 2 Extract the tyrant's fatal sting,
Nor let a cloud obscure the day ;
That I on faith's expanded wing,
May joyful mount and soar away.
- 3 Death is an entrance into life,
To those who are by grace prepared,
A stroke that ends our mortal strife,
And ushers in the great reward.
- 4 Leaning upon my Saviour's breast,
I bid adieu to every fear,
While in his arms I sink to rest,
And leave a world of sin and care.

DEATH.

780. *Death of a Sinner.* (S. M.)

- 1 **D**EATH ! 'tis an awful word,
And fills the mind with fear ;
But joyful is a dying bed,
If thou, oh God, art near.
- 2 Let but my numerous sins
Behind thy back be cast.
The poisonous sting of death is gone,
The bitterness is past.
- 3 To unbelieving man,
Wrath quickly follows death ;
The dreaded portion he receives,
When he resigns his breath.
- 4 To mortals all around,
He looks for help in vain ;
Nor means, nor ministers, nor friends
Can mitigate his pain.
- 5 But let sufficient grace,
In my last hours be given,
'Twill spread a lustre over death,
And be the dawn of heaven.

781. *The Dying Sinner.* (C. M.)

- 1 **O**H what amazing horrors seize
The sinner at his death !
With what reluctance and despair,
He yields his parting breath.
- 2 He gives a groan, and straight is gone
Where woeful spirits dwell ;
A victim to eternal wrath,
The quenchless flames of hell.
- 3 Some drops of this tremendous storm
Might fall at times before ;
But now it bursts upon his head,
In one relentless shower.

DEATH.

- 4 Oh may I, ere it be too late,
To Jesus' cross repair ;
From thence derive a cheering hope,
And find salvation there.
- 5 Supported by his powerful grace,
And sprinkled with his blood,
I'll rest secure from every ill,
Nor dread an angry God.

782. *The Sinner's Doom.* (S. M.)

- 1 VIEW the expiring saint !
When outward comforts cease,
God is his alsufficient help,
And gives him inward peace.
- 2 Varied his course has been,
With many clouds o'ercast ;
Though oft distressed with doubts and fears,
He conquers all at last.
- 3 With grateful heart he views
What grace for him has done,
Yet for acceptance he depends
On Jesus' blood alone.
- 4 Not so the man profane,
Most awful is his close ;
Despairing, in the grave he sinks,
Amidst foreboding woes.
- 5 The deathless worm shall gnaw,
The quenchless fire consume,
And wrath in all its direful forms
Is his eternal doom.

783. *The Dying Saint.* (L. M.)

- 1 SEE, whilst the saint expiring lies,
Upward he lifts his longing eyes ;
In praise he spends his latest breath.

DEATH.

- 2 Oh who can tell what secret power
Supports him in the gloomy hour ;
What unseen hand is with him there,
Or whence proceeds that cheerful air ?
- 3 A smile upon his lips appears,
His face a heavenly aspect wears ;
Each grief removed, each sin forgiven,
On earth he feels the dawn of heaven.
- 4 Sinners behold, and wondering cry,
Thus, like the righteous, let me die ;
But such an end they 'll never find,
Who leave not such a life behind.

784. *Victory over Death.* (C. M.)

- 1 **L**ET unbelievers, void of grace,
Tremble at death's alarms ;
Fearless we meet its cold embrace,
With Jesus in our arms.
- 2 What tho' the enemy should spread
His terrors all abroad ;
Shall that the object be of dread,
Which brings us home to God.
- 3 Dismissed from clay, the spirit flies,
And near its Saviour shines ;
The leprous house demolished lies,
And dust our dust refines.
- 4 Death, death is yours, ye saints proclaim
The triumphs of your Lord ;
Jesus ! oh may the sacred name,
Be loved, revered, adored !

785. *Saint taking his Flight to Heaven.* (S. M.)

- 1 **D**EATH is no dreadful sound,
To souls who love their God ;
With joy they leave this thorny ground,
And seek a new abode.

DEATH.

- 2 Behold the dawning day,
The saint extends his wings ;
With rapid flight he soars away,
And as he goes, he sings.
- 3 ' Farewel, ye kindred worms,
'That feed on dust below ;
Yonder I see celestial forms,
And haste to join them too.
- 4 Farewel, deceitful earth,
No longer boast thy charms ;
In Christ I view superior worth,
And rush into his arms.'
- 5 Let sinners, void of grace,
Fear their approaching end ;
Jesus gives death an angels face,
And makes the foe a friend.

786. *Come, Lord Jesus.* (S. M.)

- 1 I COME, the Saviour cries,
Ye longing souls, I come ;
Then gently through the yielding skies,
He bears his children home.
- 2 Long has the aspiring saint
Stood waiting for the call,
And joyful now without a plaint,
Can leave this empty hall.
- 3 His cheerful look bespeaks,
A soul prepared to die ;
Through all its bonds the spirit breaks,
Nor gives a parting sigh.
- 4 Of God and heaven possessed,
He now forgets his cares ;
Nor sorrow more disturbs his rest,
Nor sin revives his fears.

JUDGMENT.

- 5 But careless sinners, who
In slumbers spend their days,
Shall pass through scenes of various woe,
In one eternal woe.

787. *The Journey's End.* (L. M.)

- 1 ALL praise to him whose wondrous grace
Withdraws from sin my wandering feet,
Conducts in paths of righteousness,
And makes my happiness complete.
- 2 His wisdom guides, his power defends,
His liberal hand supplies my wants ;
How rich the bounties which he sends,
The blessings that he daily grants.
- 3 Then what I have by grace attained,
I'll hold it fast till Jesus come ;
Sweet day, when all my griefs shall end,
And I shall reach my final home.
- 4 Scarce worth a thought this globe appears,
When faith its pinions spreads abroad,
Mounts up the high ascent, and bears
The soul aloft to heaven and God.
-

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

788. *Coming of the Great Day.* (L. M.)

- 1 A WAKE, our souls, behold how nigh
The day, when from their bases hurled,
Mountains and hills shall mouldering lie,
Avenging flames consume the world.

JUDGMENT.

- 2 The ocean's troubled waves ascend
In streams, and leave the burning shore ;
The solid earth convulsions rend ;
And skies and stars are seen no more.
- 3 Chaos again assumes its seat,
And darkness fills its ancient throne ;
In wild disorder, atoms meet,
And nature dies with awful groan.
- 4 But Jesus lives when nature dies,
His love survives sin's wrecks and spoils ;
Pleased with the change, his saints arise,
And view below their finished toils.
- 5 When sinners' hopes abortive prove,
And with the world their joys expire,
Then shall we sing unchanging love,
And ever feel the sacred fire.

789. *Resurrection and Judgment.* (S. M.)

- 1 SOON shall the trumpet spread
Its animating sound—
Awake, arise, ye numerous dead,
Ye nations under ground.
- 2 The solemn call 's obeyed,
In wondrous crowds they come,
Reluctantly, and all dismayed,
To hear their final doom.
- 3 Be that important day
Impressed upon my mind,
Let me with constant fervour pray,
That I may mercy find.
- 4 Oh let my heart rejoice,
To find the Judge my friend ;
His love shall then attune my voice,

JUDGMENT.

790. *The Day of Account.* (C. M.)

- 1 **HE** comes, he comes ! the Son of God
Descends from yonder sky ;
Bright clouds compose his lofty scat,
And round him angels fly.
- 2 Millions of millions trembling stand
Before his awful throne,
Summoned a strict account to give,
Of works which they have done.
- 3 Oh then may all my fears subside,
My sins and sorrows end,
And in the Judge may I behold
My Saviour and my Friend.

791. *The Great and Terrible Day.* (C. M.)

- 1 **WHEN** God comes forth, with terrors clad,
From his resplendent seat,
What mortal can his power evade,
His arm of vengeance meet.
- 2 Impetuous lightnings swiftly glide,
Hoarse thunders round him roar ;
Tempests and storms rage far and wide,
And spread from shore to shore.
- 3 The sea its wonted bed forsakes,
And stars come rushing down ;
The earth to its foundation shakes,
And sinks beneath his frown.
- 4 Sinners, now pierced with guilty stings,
Dread his avenging eye ;
And mighty conquerors, potent kings,
To rocks and caverns fly.
- 5 In Jesus' spotless righteousness,
Oh may I then appear ;
And 'midst the terror and distress,
I need not yield to fear.

JUDGMENT.

792. *Prepare to meet thy God. (L. M.)*

LO, Jesus spreads abroad his wrath,
And vengeance sits upon his brow ;
Tremble, ye rulers of the earth,
And at his feet ye nations bow.

Now lift your suppliant hands, nor more
Against unequal strength rebel ;
Fierce and resistless is that power,
Which angels dread and devils feel.

With true repentance seek his face,
Love and adore th' incarnate God ;
Sinners who dare resist his grace,
Shall sink beneath his iron rod.

Soon shall that dreadful day appear,
When he will fix your final doom ;
Oh seek for mercy now with care,
Before that awful moment come.

793. *Looking for Mercy in that Day.*

(8. 7. 4. Painswick; Jordan.)

SEE, the Saviour comes to judgment,
Wearing his imperial crown ;
Robed with brightest flames celestial,
Dusky clouds he makes his throne :
By his glory
And his sceptre he is known.

Now the trumpet wakes the nations,
O'er the world its sound is spread ;
Shakes the earth, pervades the ocean,
Calls to life the numerous dead :
Now poor sinner,
Whither canst thou hide thy head !

JUDGMENT.

- 3 Life in every urn is breathing,
Every prison yields its store ?
Souls and bodies are uniting,
Joining now to part no more :
Day of wonders,
Day of God's almighty power.
- 4 Rebels who the Saviour slighted,
Now confused before him fly ;
Refuge take in rocks and mountains,
To evade his piercing eye :
Fear his vengeance,
Seek for safety far and nigh.
- 5 But the mountains cannot hide them,
Rocks regard not when they pray ;
'Midst the general conflagration,
Rocks and mountains melt away :
Every refuge
Disappears in that great day.
- 6 Jesus, but reveal thy mercy,
Tell oh tell me I am thine ;
Then amidst dissolving nature,
I will sing of grace divine ;
Swell thy triumphs,
And in hallelujahs join.

794. *Wrath and Mercy.* (C. M.)

- 1 **O**N spreading clouds, the Judge supreme
Comes flying all abroad ;
Mountains and rocks and seas proclaim
The presence of their God.
- 2 Ten thousand spirits near his throne,
In humble forms adore ;
While nations sink beneath his frown,
Or tremble at his power.

JUDGMENT.

- 3 Now he appears in majesty,
And draws his flaming sword,
A guilty world in terror fly,
Before their sovereign Lord.
- 4 Rejoice, ye saints, this mighty One
Is your unfailing friend ;
That arm which casts the rebel down,
The righteous shall defend.

795. *Equity and Mercy.* (S. M.)

- 1 THE Lord, the righteous Judge,
Explores the hearts of men ;
The meanest service done to him,
He will requite again.
- 2 The sinner he condemns
To never-ceasing woe,
Where storms of fiery vengeance beat,
And tears of anguish flow.
- 3 The saint he takes to heaven,
To be completely blessed,
Where foes nor fears can e'er invade,
Or guilt distract his breast.
- 4 Justice and mercy then
Will both be clearly seen,
Glory is the reward of grace,
And wrath the fruit of sin.

796. *Sinners and Saints.* (148th, Greenwich New.)

- 1 YE various tribes of men,
Behold a coming God,
In splendid state he rides,
And casts his wrath abroad :
Before his throne shall all appear,
And from his lips shall all hear.

JUDGMENT.

800. *Confidence at Christ's Appearing.* (C. M.)

- 1 **JESUS**, descend with glory crowned,
Make bare thy mighty arm ;
Let the archangels trumpet sound
The dread and loud alarm.
- 2 Let the rebellious race appear
Before thine awful seat,
There the decisive sentence hear,
Thy just displeasure meet.
- 3 See the whole globe of earth on fire,
And towns and forests blaze,
While those who made them their desire,
Are filled with wild amaze.
- 4 Let sinners now to mountains pray,
To rocks for shelter fly ;
Mountains will shake as well as they,
The rocks in fragments lie.
- 5 But saints the scene with calmness view,
Now their redemption's near ;
Their Judge is their Redeemer too,
Whose love forbids their fear.

801. *The Final Sentence.* (L. M.)

- 1 **THE** trumpet sounds, the Judge descends,
A numerous guard surround his throne ;
His once-dishonoured form appears
Far brighter than the noon-day sun.
- 2 Millions before him trembling stand,
And wait the great decisive word—
Depart to everlasting woe,
Or come ye blessed of the Lord.
- 3 According to their deeds performed,
The righteous sentence shall be given ;
For saints and sinners is prepared,
A dreadful hell or glorious heaven.

JUDGMENT.

802. *Final Sentence.*

(8. 7. 4. Painswick.)

- 1 **L**O he comes, the King of glory,
See, he rends the yielding sky ;
Heavenly flaming guards attend him,
And the fearful lightnings fly :
Awful grandeur,
Sinner now thy doom is nigh !
- 2 Earth and elements dissolving,
Orbs of light their lustre lose ;
The dread trumpets sound tremendous,
Bids the graves their dead disclose :
The pale nations
Now appear as friends or foes.
- 3 Thousand times ten thousand standing,
Bow before his radiant throne ;
Summoned now to the tribunal,
What for sinners can be done ?
Awful crisis,
When each ray of hope is gone !
- 4 Oh the dreadful consternation,
When they hear the sentence given,
Never more to be repealed,
Parting them from bliss and heaven ;
And to tophet,
In confusion they are driven.
- 5 Oh may I at that dread moment,
In the Judge behold a friend ;
Hear his voice in loudest accents,
Bid me to his throne ascend ;
Join the chorus
That shall never never end.

803. *The Final Separation.* (S. M.)

- 1 **T**HE trumpet's solemn sound,
The lightnings spread abroad.

HEAVEN.

- 2 Behold, the Judge at hand,
With majesty and power ;
The tribes of men before him stand,
Some tremble, some adore.
- 3 Each action, word and thought,
Now stripped of all disguise,
To the impartial test is brought,
Exposed before his eyes.
- 4 Now causeless fears subside,
False hopes no more beguile,
Whilst his unerring hands divide
The precious from the vile.
- 5 The one he calls by name,
And seats them near his throne ;
The other fills with grief and shame,
And dooms to woes unknown.
- 6 Then be it all my care,
Each hour to watch and pray ;
And oh may sovereign grace prepare,
For that tremendous day !



HEAVEN.

804.

Sight of Heaven.

(L. M.)

- 1 ASCEND, my soul, to Pisgah's hill,
Which overlooks the promised land ;
Go view from thence the fertile fields,
And there with joy and wonder stand.

HEAVEN.

- 2 Then wish, as David did, for wings,
The wings of the celestial dove,
To bear thee up from earthly things,
To those delightful seats above.
- 3 There Jesus, clothed in bright array,
Displays his banner, plants his throne;
There night is turned to endless day,
Nor sin nor sorrow there is known.
- 4 Speed fast away, ye days and years,
Come death, convey me swiftly home;
Adieu to all my doubts and fears,
My brightest joys are yet to come.

805. *Worship of Heaven.* (C M.)

- 1 **H** EAVEN is the seat of light and bliss,
Where perfect spirits dwell;
There they behold the Saviour's face,
And all his glories tell.
- 2 In rapturous songs to Jesus' name,
They grateful spend their breath;
Eternally his grace proclaim,
Who saves from sin and death.
- 3 Prostrate before his feet they lie,
And high their voices raise;
Worthy the Lamb, once slain they cry,
And give him endless praise.
- 4 Let lasting honours crown his head,
Who bought us with his blood;
And every tongue and nation spread
His triumphs all abroad.
- 5 When shall we join the sacred throng,
And worship with them there;
Lofty like theirs shall be our song,
And God vouchsafe to hear.

HEAVEN.

806. *Glories of Heaven.* (C. M.)

- 1 **WITH** joy, ye saints, direct your eyes,
Up to the world of perfect light ;
Thither the happy spirit flies,
And faith and hope are turned to sight.
- 2 There living waters ever flow,
And floods of purest pleasure roll ;
Such as on earth we cannot know,
And fruits celestial feast the soul.
- 3 The happy saint forgets his cares,
Substantial joys are all his own ;
Troubles no more he feels or fears,
For ever seated near the throne.
- 4 There sits the Saviour and unfolds
The mysteries of redeeming grace,
While every humble soul beholds
The dazzling lustre of his face.

807. *Redeemed Around the Throne.* (C. M.)

- 1 **LOOK** up, my soul, to yonder world,
The lofty throne of God ;
Myriads of saints around him stand,
Washed in the Saviour's blood.
- 2 There they behold his smiling face,
And taste his richest love ;
For them he suffered here below,
With him they reign above.
- 3 There greek and jew, and bond and free,
In holy raptures join ;
The Word incarnate they adore,
And sing of grace divine.
- 3 Oh could I reach those blissful seats,
Like them my voice I'd raise,
And celebrate in highest strains
My great Redeemer's praise.

HEAVEN.

808. *Songs of the Redeemed.* (L. M.)

- 1 **QUIT** this vain world, my soul, ascend
To regions far above the skies ;
There dwells my Saviour and my Friend,
And there my noblest treasure lies.
- 2 There happy spirits ever sing
Their Maker's praise with ardent zeal ;
Pure is the tribute which they bring,
Transporting are the joys they feel.
- 3 In brightest robes of righteousness,
They in full chorus stand arrayed ;
Angels themselves ne'er wore a dress
So dearly bought so richly made.
- 4 Lord, could I reach that blissful place,
In lofty accents I 'd proclaim
The boundless treasures of thy grace,
And sing hosannas to thy name.

809. *Adoration of the Redeemer.* (C. M.)

- 1 **THRICE** happy spirits, round the throne
Of their victorious King ;
Humbly they bow before his feet,
And loud hosannas sing.
- 2 Amidst the wonders they behold,
It is their joy supreme,
To see him honoured and adored;
Who did their souls redeem.
- 3 With holy transport they admire
Each feature of his face,
His wisdom, truth and righteousness,
And condescending grace.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
With one consent they cry ;
To him be growing honours given,
Through all eternity.

HEAVEN.

810. *Freedom from Sin and Sorrow.* (L. M.)

- 1 IN heaven the heart o'erflows with love,
And every eye beholds its God ;
The passions now no longer rove,
The soul is washed in Jesus' blood.
- 2 Sin is for ever banished thence,
Extatic raptures fill the mind ;
The low delights of flesh and sense
Are changed for pleasures all refined.
- 3 Oceans of bliss incessant roll,
Nor Satan tempts, nor tyrants frown ;
No transient clouds o'erspread the soul
And guilt and grief are never known.
- 4 Oh could we drop this cumbrous clay,
Soon would we climb the upper road ;
On wings of love fly swift away,
Till we shall reach the throne of God.

811. *Freedom from Sin and Sorrow.* (L. M.)

- 1 VIEW the bright ranks in order stand,
And round the throne appear ;
Now free from each polluting sin,
And each distracting care.
- 2 They know no grief, nor suffer pain,
Their sighs are turned to songs ;
Celestial love enflames their souls,
And praise employs their tongues.
- 3 In Jesus' righteousness arrayed,
How beautiful and fair !
Rich the enjoyments they partake,
And bright the crowns they wear.
- 4 Could I but hope at length to join
The spirits of the just,
I 'd trample on this empty world,
Nor cleave to earth and dust.

HEAVEN.

812. *Perfection in Heaven.* (L. M.)

- 1 **UPWARD** my soul transported flies,
To yonder scenes above the skies,
Where Christ unveils his lovely face,
So full of majesty and grace.
- 2 No thorns o'erspread the sacred ground,
Nor sin nor sorrow there is found ;
No anxious fear, no heart distress,
But perfect peace and holiness.
- 3 There living streams of pleasure flow,
Unknown, untasted here below ;
Or if a transient taste be given,
It is the antepast of heaven.

813. *Perfect Purity and Love.* (L. M.)

- 1 **LORD**, with transporting joy we view
The glories of thy courts above ;
May we with zeal our course pursue,
To those bright realms of bliss and love.
- 2 There holiness divine appears,
And peace has fixed her blessed abode ;
There every shining spirit wears,
The image of its maker, God.
- 3 The jarring passions lose their power,
And sin no longer rules the mind ;
The happy soul is now no more
In chains of unbelief confined.
- 4 The mingled streams of grace and love,
In sweet meanders ever flow ;
Command, oh God, our souls above,
Or spread a heaven for us below.

814. *Resting from their Labours.* (L. M.)

- 1 **UPWARD** I raise my longing eyes,
And eager view the distant prize,
Where ransomed souls released from pain.

HEAVEN.

- 2 Safe landed, now their work is done,
And with their guilt, their griefs are gone ;
No enemy can reach them there,
No wants they feel, nor dangers fear.
- 3 Blessings immense employ their tongues,
Love is the burden of their songs ;
That love which first imparted breath,
And saved them from the second death.
- 4 There may I have my fixed abode,
Near my Redeemer and my God,
Where seas of bliss for ever flow,
And all that goodness can bestow.

815. *The Haven of Rest.* (C. M.)

- 1 **TOSSED** on the wide tempestuous sea,
With numerous wants oppressed,
How welcome must the harbour be,
Of safety and of rest !
- 2 Such is the world of bliss to those,
Who shall an entrance find ;
There storms and tempests, fears and foes,
No more distress the mind.
- 3 There saints, nor sin nor sorrow know,
But taste unmingled love ;
All that they wished or hoped below,
They now enjoy above.

816. *The Heavenly Mansions.* (C. M.)

- 1 **WHEN** faith lifts up her piercing eyes,
And looks within the veil ;
Where there are streams which ever flow,
And springs that never fail :
- 2 Where every want shall be supplied,
And every fear suppressed ;
My active soul expands her wings,
And longs to be at rest.

HEAVEN.

- 3 Fain would I reach that distant land
Of light, and bliss, and love ;
And go from praying saints below,
To praising saints above.
- 4 Blessed Jesus, who art gone before,
Those mansions to provide ;
Through sins and sorrows, fears and foes,
Be now my guard and guide.
- 5 Removed from hence, upon thy head
I'll ever place the crown ;
And in harmonious accents tell,
The wonders thou hast done.

817. *Joys of Heaven Perpetual.* (L. M.)

- 1 HEAVEN'S perfect bliss shall ever last,
Fresh pleasures still succeed the past ;
The meanest saint shall there possess,
Transcendant joy and blessedness.
- 2 Nor guilt nor shame, nor slavish fear
Shall ever find admittance there ;
He then shall praise who used to pray,
And all his night be turned to day.
- 3 There every heart and every tongue
Shall join in one unceasing song,
Saints and angelic hosts adore
Redeeming love, creating power.

818. *Heaven and Hell.* (L. M.)

- 1 NOR heart can think, nor tongue can tell,
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell ;
The wrath or mercy of a God,
His smiling face, his chastening rod.
- 2 His boundless goodness has prepared
For all his saints, a rich reward,
Successive scenes of pure delight,
An endless day without a night.

HEAVEN.

- 3 But on the wicked he will pour
Brimstone and fire, a dreadful show
And from his presence banish those
Who dare his laws and grace oppose

819. *Longing for Heaven.*

- 1 **H**OW blessed the shining forms :
Who dwell so near their God
They ever taste his richest love,
Nor fear his lifted rod.
- 2 Thus freed from every toil and care
Fain would we leave our clay ;
Some friendly seraph, come and be
Our lingering souls away.
- 3 When shall we reach the blissful shore
Lord, call thy prisoners home ;
Our hearts and joys are gone before
Come death, and Jesus, come.
- 4 But why impatient of delay,
So eager to be gone ?
Our God commands a longer stay,
His sovereign will be done.

820. *Longing for Heaven.*

(8. 7. 4. Jordan.)

- 1 **F**AREWEL earth, with your vain
Now I bid you all adieu ;
Nought below I find substantial,
Nothing I expect from you :
Your bestowments
Sink and lessen in my view.
- 2 Quite uncertain are your riches,
Honour's but a puff of wind ;
All your gifts and boasted treasure
Cannot fill the empty mind ;
Though you promise,
Few performances I find.

HEAVEN.

- 3 I pursue a bliss much higher,
Far above yon azure skies ;
Thither I with ardent wishes,
Often lift my eager eyes ;
There 's the treasure,
And the bliss that never dies.
- 4 Come then death, and stay no longer,
Gently snatch my soul away ;
Then to worlds of light and glory,
I shall haste without delay :
Fly to Jesus,
And enjoy eternal day.


821. *Longing for Home.* (C. M.)

- 1 BLESSED be the Lord who has prepared
For all his saints a place ;
And humble souls who live by faith,
Shall see his smiling face.
- 2 There they are safe from every foe,
Exempt from every fear ;
No blasting wind or beating storm,
Nor ravenous beast is there.
- 3 No cross events corrode the heart,
No sins the peace destroy ;
Delightful scenes on every hand,
The raptured thoughts employ.
- 4 Ye lingering moments, fly away,
I long to be released ;
Why tarry, Lord, thy chariot wheels,
And keep me from my rest !

822. *The Final Adieu.* (C. M.)

THERE is a world of perfect bliss,
Above the starry skies ;
Fatigued with sorrows and with sins,
I thither lift my eyes

DOXOLOGIES.

- 2 Immortal crowns of purest gold
Do there for conquerors wait,
Honours immense and wealth untold,
And joys that ne'er abate.
 - 3 Jesus, that never-setting sun,
There spreads his brightest rays ;
And every heart and every tongue
Unite in rapturous praise.
 - 4 'Tis there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within ;
The mind with guilt no more oppressed,
The conscience calm and clean.
 - 5 Discord and strife are banished thence,
Distrust and slavish fear ;
No more we hear the pensive sigh,
Or see the falling tear.
 - 6 Farewel to earth and earthly things,
In vain they tempt my stay ;
Come angels, spread your downy wings,
And bear me swift away.
 - 7 I long to see my Father's face,
And love and sing like you ;
Adieu, adieu, my dearest friends,
Vain world, once more adieu !
- 

DOXOLOGIES.

823.

(C. M.)

- 1 TO God the Father, glory be,
Ye saints, in him rejoice ;
Ye are the objects of his love,
And his eternal choice.

DOXOLOGIES.

2 Glory to his co-equal Son,
In feeble flesh arrayed ;
That he might all our sins atone,
He suffered in our stead.

3 Glory to God the Spirit too,
Who by his mighty power,
Does our benighted souls renew,
Our wandering feet restore.

824. (C. M.)

1 THE Father gives, the Son redeems,
The Spirit sanctifies ;
To each let our melodious hymns,
Like incense daily rise.

2 For renovating, strengthening grace,
And reconciling blood,
For pardon, peace and holiness,
Adore the triune God.

825. (C. M.)

1 THE Father chose the saints in Christ,
Their surety and their head ;
To make atonement for their sins,
His blood the Saviour shed.

2 That blood, to purify their souls,
The Spirit now applies ;
Then to the sacred Three in One,
Let grateful songs arise.

826. (S. M.)

1 GLORY to God most high,
The Father and the Son,
And Holy Ghost, in persons three,
In sacred essence one.

DOXOLOGIES.

827. (C. M.)

ALL glory to the sacred three,
The sacred three in One ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be equal honours done.

828. (L. M.)

PRAISE him who gave to all things birth,
Praise him, inhabitants of earth ;
In lofty strains, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

829. (S. M.)

TO the eternal Three,
In will and essence One,
Be universal homage paid,
And equal honours done.

830. (C. M.)

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who made the earth and heaven,
Of equal dignity possessed,
Be equal honours given.

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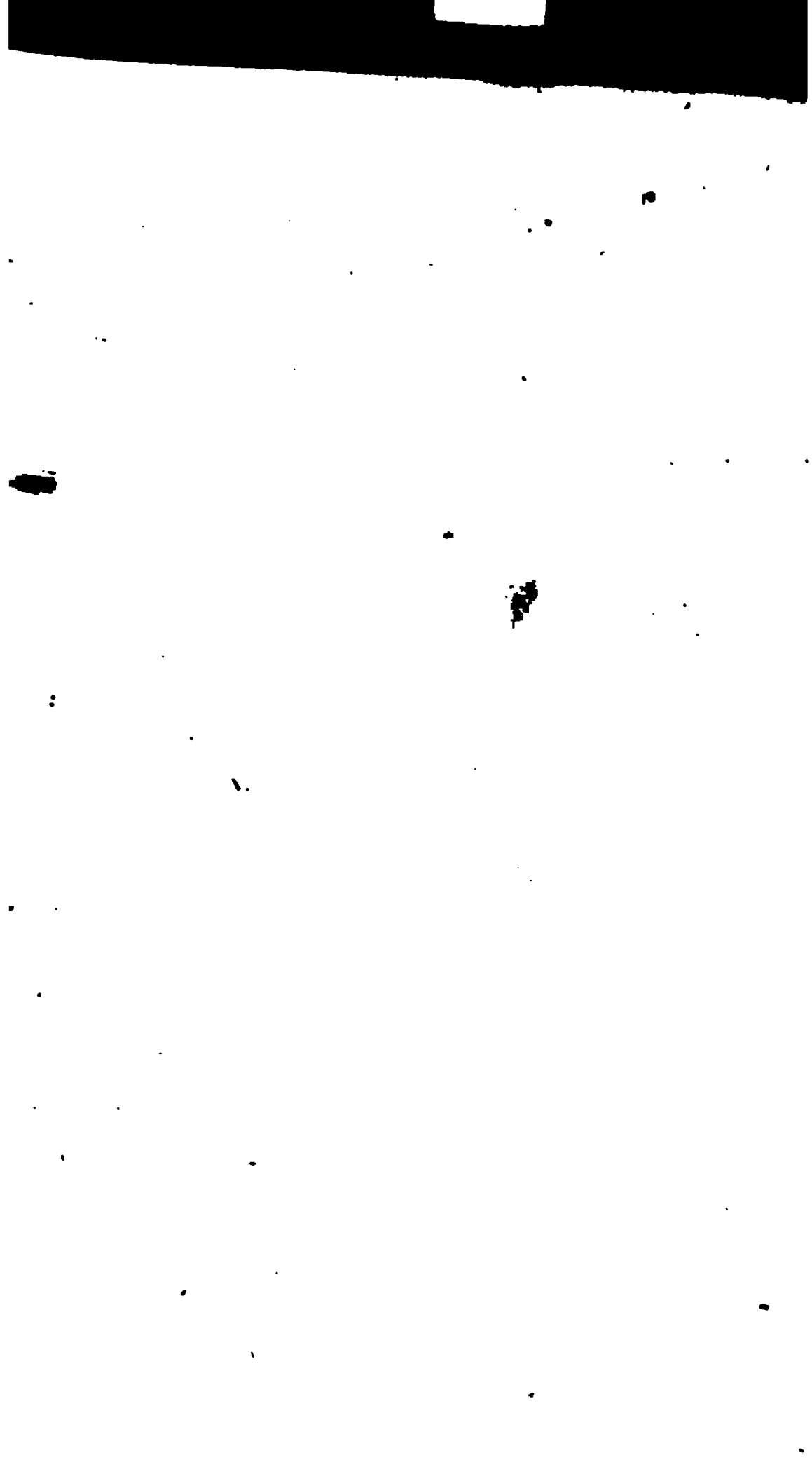
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